THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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* * * *

Three styles of suits will be particularly popular this Fall. In many ways the most interesting is the new broad shouldered style with the fitted waist and peak lapels. It is shown in the photograph here. A young man's style:—if you are well built and like your clothes with a touch of swagger, this is the model for you. (Wear it with the plain vest if you prefer.)

Then there is the somewhat more conservative style—with shoulders not quite so broad, and the waist less closely fitted. Instead of the sharp *peak* lapels, it has the *notch* lapel shown at right. If you are a business executive, either junior or senior, you will take to this type very well. It is smart—but with a touch of dignity.

A NOTCH LAPEL

All Society Brand suits have the new Snug-Ease Shoulder, an exclusive feature assuring a smooth, snug effect at the shoulders and neck.

* * *

Next comes the college style—for all undergraduates, and any man whose campus days are not far behind him. A three button coat with straight back; notch lapels. (Very good with the top button left open and the lapels rolled to the second button.)

Such are the principal styles for Fall. You'll see them everywhere. But, mind you—all suits worn this Fall will not be equally good looking! Their smartness will depend entirely on the maker—on the way the maker cuts the style into the clothes. Only the maker who cuts clothes correctly can give a suit distinction. Be sure your Fall suit is in keeping with your type—but be sure also that it is absolutely correct in cut!

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Two common mistakes in skin-care

Complexion faults usually come from faulty skin-care—too much pampering, on one hand, or neglect on the other. Actually, complexions need two all-important things—first, to be kept as clean as possible and, second, if they are too dry, to be kept soft and pliant. More elaborate measures are unnecessary and often harmful.

A simple but perfect beauty treatment

If you wish to improve the texture and vitality of your skin, try this simple treatment every night:

First, use a good cold cream to soften dust and make-up, and wipe it off. Then, with a cake of Ivory Soap, work up a good bubbly lather on a washcloth and wash your face thoroughly. The smooth, clear Ivory lather goes down into the pores and removes the traces of dirt and cream and excess natural oils. (Unremoved oil hardens in the pores and forms a tiny white spot. If it catches a point of dirt, it forms a blackhead. You should never massage cold cream into the pores and leave it there—wash it off with Ivory.) Finally, rinse your face in warm water, then in cold. If your skin is dry, rub in a little cold cream at the very end. This treatment cleanses, stimulates and lubricates. The cleansing is perfect for your skin *because Ivory is pure.* Its smooth, clear lather cleanses the pores, without irritation. It is kind to a skin even as sensitive as a baby's. It rinses off completely, leaving your face smooth, refreshed—youthfully radiant, ready to face the sunlight unafraid.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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PEACE-BUILDING

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE stone of the international peace-builders is a substance of words. On a phrase of monolithic simplicity they would rest the structure of a new world without war.

This is not to be said with any cynical inflection. Is not war founded on phrases? Alcibiades complained of the Spartans that you had to harangue them until you made their flesh creep before you could move them to war. The terrible Cato ended every speech in the Roman senate with the words: "Rome is in danger; and it is my opinion, fathers, that Carthage must be destroyed." When the Romans could bear it no longer they went and murdered Carthage. Liberty, equality, fraternity—these were French words that violently overturned the divine order of Europe a century and a quarter ago, and there is yet no accepted definition of their meaning. Recall the phrases that supported the World War. On the German side, "The iron ring"—"A place in the sun." On the Allied side, "Defend civilization against the Hun." On the American side, "War to end war"—"Make the world safe for democracy."

You cannot conceive war without phrases. They may be false, unsound, fanatical. That does not matter. It is necessary only that the phrase shall be the word sign of an idea. There is apparently no limit to the power of such a phrase to influence human behavior. It will move people to incredible heights of heroism, to madness, to martyrdom, to slaughter and to self-destruction.

Why, therefore, may not peace among nations, like war, be founded on a phrase that shall nobly dramatize the idea of peace? There seems at first no rational difficulty with that thought. The miracle, perhaps, is only to find the right phrase. The requisites are two: It shall be simple, since it will stand as the word sign of a universal idea; and it shall be unqualified, for if you say you will keep the peace, "if," or "provided," or "but," you are talking truce, not peace; you are already making reservations as to war.

May Not Peace Among Nations, Like War, be Founded on a Phrase?

The Corner Stone

SO NOW observe the peace-builders at their exertions. Having found their phrase stone, they quarry it carefully, lift it free of all stultifying verbiage and begin moving it into public view. Suppose it reads: "We, all the civilized people in the earth, renounce war forever." This seems truly the ideal corner piece for an edifice of international peace, emotionally pure and flawless. It stirs the noblest sentiments of humanity. A procession forms to assist moving it to the moral eminence of an international vow. Zeal for it rises prodigiously, and as it rises it becomes aggressive. Who will dare to reject this stone? Any nation refusing to subscribe to it will be thereby convicted of preferring an outlaw existence.

No nation will reject it flatly. It is something else that happens. This object the people bear forward with lofty passion is emotionally perfect only. If they could set it in place without stopping to reason about it, they would have at least an act of pure faith to remember. This, it appears, they cannot do. As they are about to set it in place reason demands to be heard. Reason asks and emotion answers in a colloquy somewhat like this:

"What shall we rest it on?"

"On the moral opinion of mankind."

"Is it the opinion of mankind that war is wrong?"

"That is answered. Look! Millions of people, representing all the civilized countries in the world, stand anxiously prepared to perform this act of renunciation."

"But which of these will renounce the war they last fought, or any war of their own past, or confess a sense of war guilt?"

"That is unnecessary. Hitherto the moral plight of the world has precisely been that to make war was not a crime. Hereafter, all nations having signed this renunciation, war will be a crime, and one that makes war will be deemed a criminal."

"How will that one be dealt with?"

"As an outlaw nation."

"How shall we avoid making war on the outlaw?"

"That cannot be avoided. Defense of the peace against the peace breaker is defensive war."

"Then the right to wage defensive war is reserved?"

"Certainly. People will never renounce the right of self-defense. It is contrary to instinct, to all natural feelings."

"Then let us say we renounce all war save defensive war, and define what we mean by defensive. Otherwise something is left to be understood, outside the writing, and that which is understood, though undefined, people may interpret as they please."

"No. The writing must be simple and it must be unqualified in any way. Once you begin to load it with reservations and definitions you deliver it into the hands of legalists whose business it is to make anything seem either true or untrue."

"So. And yet a treaty that renounces all war save wars of defense, and omits to define what defense is, turns out, does it not, to be merely an undertaking to keep the peace in time of pence?"

"By discussion we miss the great point. The moral sense of the world, for the first time, is prepared to renounce all wars of aggression."

Much to be Understood

"THEN why not say that what we renounce are wars of aggression, and define what aggression is, thereby at the same time defining what defense is, since, of course, there is no defense but against aggression?"

"There is the same objection as before. Definitions, as we have learned, are a bog for the unwary and a chart for the wicked. Knowing what the definitions are, the aggressor may subtly prepare a case of defense."

"In that case we may expect, in the future as in the past, that a nation as it goes to war will be heard calling upon the moral opinion of the world to witness the righteousness of its cause in self-defense. How shall aggression be distinguished from defense?"

"No nation surrenders its power of moral judgment."

"Yet none of this is in the writing. This is a treaty that unconditionally renounces war. It is understood that we mean aggressive war, yet aggression is not defined. It is understood that we reserve the right to make war in self-defense, yet defense is not defined. It is understood, furthermore, that nations do not surrender the power of independent moral judgment or the freedom to act accordingly. How now is the world changed, except to be perhaps more involved in make-believe than before?"

This colloquy, taking place in public, runs at length to such questions as: What is war? When is the use of force not war? Are nations equally responsible? Can the strong be trusted to know what is good for the weak and do it to them, and must the weak

submit? Will people forsake the right to give their lives in an aggressive spirit for ideals of truth and liberty?

There is presently a great commotion of doubt, rumor, clashing doctrines. People fall into groups. The purists are for setting the stone as it is, but they have lost the day. It has been too much examined. There are then the reservationists, the definitionists and lastly the legalists, who are for submitting all these questions to a body of profound jurists.

The career of a peace phrase, you see, will be very different from that of a war phrase. The explanation is not simply that one appeals to the civilized feelings, whereas the emotions that rise to the other are those of fear, hate, revenge and love of conquest, possessing primitive intensity still.

War is a state of unreason. If the authority of reason had not failed, the war would not be. In this condition people need a phrase—that is to say, an emotional image to which they may surrender their reason. They part with it as a piece of luggage that hinders the exertion of combat, knowing that when the struggle is over they shall want it back and value it again. An intellectual person may perform this act consciously, with a sense of devotion. Most people do it unconsciously. After that the phrase is immune from destructive examination for the duration of the war. There is nothing to examine it with. Moreover, it is forbidden to examine it, and the individual who insists may be deemed guilty of disloyalty to the tribal idea for which his people are giving their lives. The obvious danger is that criticism of it may weaken its authority over the imagination.

Peace, oppositely, is a state of reason. The faculties of reflection, forethought, criticism and definition, from the acids of which the war phrase must be held immune, are free to act upon the peace phrase destructively; and the danger to it is that it will be either examined to death or defined beyond meaning. If people at war stop to analyze deeply the meaning of their phrases, they may lose their morale. Equally it is true that if you begin to criticize and define a peace phrase you may lose your faith in peace-building.

Therefore, you may say, that way is impractical. The two emotional requisites of an ideal phrase stone are that it shall be simple and unqualified, and these very properties, since they will not bear the stress of reason, doom it to destruction. To face the fact is to be sincerely realistic.

A Formula Formally Presented

NEVERTHELESS, the world in quest of a phrase on which to found international peace is at this moment a momentous reality. Within the allusive outline of the peace-builders' frustrations turns a story of fact. It has been running in the newspapers for more than a year, with the misfortune only to have become at length so involved in the language of diplomacy and world politics that a great many people have lost both the narrative sense of it and what change it signifies.

Two things are new in our world. One is of degree, one is of kind.

First, as to the thing of degree, there is a power of opinion against war such as never existed before. This is not to speak of moral opinion. That also is undoubtedly rising. But much more to the true uses of peace-building is the rise of reason against war—not that war is wrong or criminal, not that it is terrible, but that in the modern case it fails as an instrument of national policy. In short, the military theory of war is bankrupt. Why this is so—what has happened to that theory—belongs to a separate discussion. Here it is to be noted as a fact of which the reason is beginning to be seized. Even the militarists are confessing it.

Secondly, as to the thing which is new in kind, it is this: That the nation now supreme in physical power—the one, moreover, that is itself invulnerable—is holding out to the world a simple, unqualified renunciation of war. Nothing like this has ever happened until now. Not long since it could scarcely have been imagined.

How the American people come to be doing this is where the story of fact begins.

Seeing that the potentiality of the United States for making war now is greater than that of any other nation, and also how this power is regarded by others—with wonder, dismay and fear—you might suppose that when it should go forth in the world, holding out a parchment on which is written an unqualified renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, signatures would fairly fall upon it. Not at all.

As the narrative goes on you will see that no enigma is solved. The natural difficulties of peace-building have not been reduced. It may easily seem, indeed, that they are intensified. Yet this, if it were true, might mean only that the world was facing them in a more resolute and dogged spirit. War has very ancient defenses in the memories and instincts of the race, and these would be all the more active and formidable if the institution of war were once really in danger. Certainly it is significant that the principal rôle in this story of fact is our own. We are not by any repute an impractical or visionary people.

In Paris, March, 1927, Prof. James T. Shotwell, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and Monsieur Briand, Foreign Minister of France, were exchanging thoughts on the frailties of nations, both as peace-builders. Professor Shotwell is nothing else. Monsieur Briand, of course, is obliged to think also politically. He was saying what a pity it was that the people of one nation were never able to make themselves quite clear to the people of another. There was just then on his desk a treaty of arbitration to be renewed with the United States. He wished to make more of it. But how? There must be something he could say to broaden and deepen it. Perhaps Professor Shotwell could suggest the right thing.

As a private citizen Professor Shotwell could not properly suggest anything for the French Foreign Minister to say to the American Government. But if it was that Monsieur Briand wished to make an international speech or give an interview to the press to promote Franco-American understanding, then he knew something to which the American people would respond. He had been thinking it up. He had the formula on his mind, in fact, and he would be pleased to leave it with Monsieur Briand, which he did. His suggestion was that France should propose an outright renunciation of the thought of war forever as an instrument of national policy between France and the United States.

On the sixth of April, following, which was the anniversary of the Americans' appearance in the World War, Monsieur Briand gave an interview to the Associated Press, saying, by the Shotwell formula, that France would be happy to sign with the United States a treaty forever renouncing war between the two countries. The interview was printed in the American press and produced at first no reverberation whatever. It seemed to have fallen flat. As the French would say, it got no press—not even a bad one. And as it was addressed to the American people informally and not to the American Government, it was no business of the State Department to take it up. Then the Carnegie peace-builders wrote several letters to the editors. Here, they said, was the grandest gesture toward a new peace that had ever been made, and why was it so cruelly ignored? Presently, to everyone's surprise, the thought began to move. One after another the large interior papers took it under editorial comment; the small-town papers followed, then the rural press. Hundreds of editorials appeared, asking what the American Government was doing or meant to do for world peace.

The State Department is very sensitive to pressure of that kind. Through the French ambassador at Washington it sends word to Monsieur Briand in France that if he has any such proposal to make to the American Government it will be sympathetically considered.

In due time the State Department receives from the French Government the draft of a Pact of Perpetual Friendship Between France and the United States. It reads simply that the two countries unqualifiedly and forever renounce war as an instrument of national policy in their dealings with each other and agree to settle all their disputes in a peaceable manner—the very formula suggested to Monsieur Briand by Professor Shotwell.

It is clear that Monsieur Briand has two motives. One is that of the peace-builder, the other is political.

Why Not Make it Multilateral?

IF SUCH a treaty as this is signed between France and the United States it may advance the cause of world peace. Then again it may not. For in one light it will be read by all the rest of the world as a Franco-American alliance. In a situation not unimaginable, the French Government could hold such a paper out to Germany or to England, saying: "You see? Whatever happens, the United States is perpetually bound not to go against France in war."

If there is any doubt as to the light in which Europe will regard this treaty, it is dispelled the next morning when the ambassadors of all the other great European powers are found sitting on the steps of the State Department waiting for the secretary to arrive. They ask him: "Is it true that the United States is about to sign a treaty of perpetual alliance with France?"

The Secretary of State answers: "Gentlemen, I can tell you this: The United States will sign no treaty with France that she will not be happy to sign also with any one of you."

Thereupon the ambassadors report severally to their chancelleries, saying there will be no Franco-American alliance.

And now begins the famous Kellogg-Briand correspondence.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg, salutes Excellency, Monsieur Briand, Foreign Minister of France, and begs leave to say three things: First, the formula is perfect. Secondly, a much larger thought has occurred to the American Government—namely, that the world will advance much faster toward the blessings of peace if all the great nations sign a treaty renouncing war in these unqualified terms; not just France and the United States alone.

Thirdly, the United States proposes to strike hands with France and together they will ask such powers as England, Germany, Italy and Japan to sign the same pact, calling it a multilateral treaty, and thereafter leave it open to signature by all the civilized nations of the world.

The Secretary of State does not say what is uppermost in his mind, which is that if the United States signs such a treaty with France alone it will be politically construed as an alliance. Never in all this correspondence is that thought mentioned. But in such matters there is much direct, informal talk off the suave record.

Upon receiving Mr. Kellogg's note, Monsieur Briand sends the French ambassador around to the State Department to ask very pointedly why the United States cannot sign with France alone a simple treaty renouncing war. How can its refusal to do so, how can any hesitation whatever, be reconciled with its peace-building pretensions? Mr. Kellogg puckers his countenance at the French ambassador and says: "Suppose I should tell you that the United States had signed such a treaty with Germany alone. What would France think?"

"France would explode," says the French ambassador, startled off his guard.

Says Mr. Kellogg: "Convey my compliments, please, to Excellency, Monsieur Briand, and tell him I should suppose so."

It is Monsieur Briand's turn for the waters of deep thought. How can the French Government, loving peace as it does, refuse to join the American Government in asking the powers of the world to sign an unqualified renunciation of war? But, of course, if it comes to that, the political motive is defeated. Monsieur Briand has great resources of subtlety. He salutes the American Secretary of State and says himself three things.

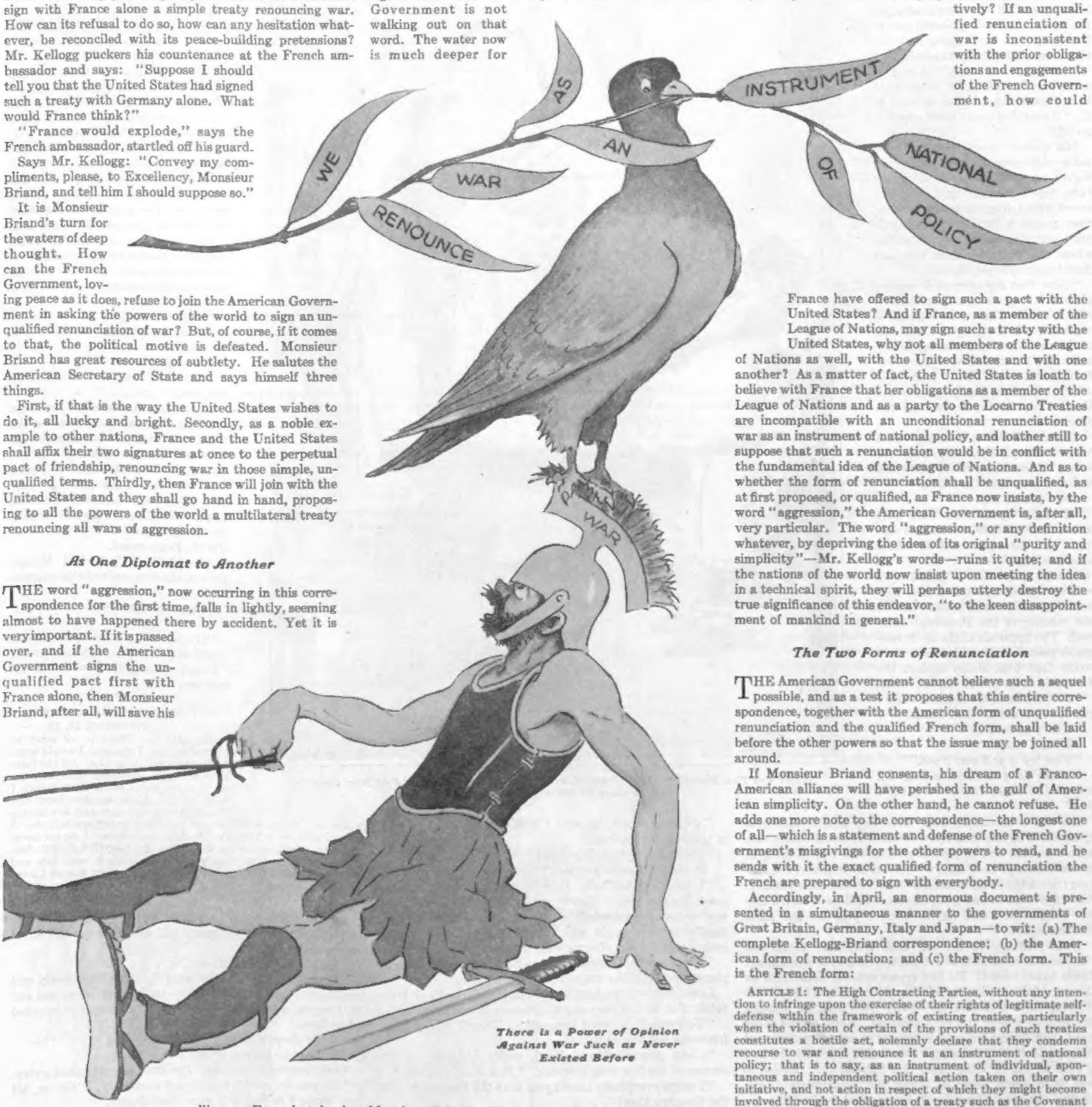
First, if that is the way the United States wishes to do it, all lucky and bright. Secondly, as a noble example to other nations, France and the United States shall affix their two signatures at once to the perpetual pact of friendship, renouncing war in those simple, unqualified terms. Thirdly, then France will join with the United States and they shall go hand in hand, proposing to all the powers of the world a multilateral treaty renouncing all wars of aggression.

As One Diplomat to Another

THE word "aggression," now occurring in this correspondence for the first time, falls in lightly, seeming almost to have happened there by accident. Yet it is very important. If it is passed over, and if the American Government signs the unqualified pact first with France alone, then Monsieur Briand, after all, will save his alliance. For what he is proposing to sign at once with the United States, as an example to other nations, is the original pact renouncing war in unqualified words, but what he proposes that France and the United States shall then offer to be signed by the other nations is a pact renouncing only wars of aggression.

Mr. Kellogg answers Monsieur Briand with a premonition of sorrow. The heart of the American Government is set upon attaching all the principal powers of the world to an unqualified renunciation of war. Its objection to signing such a pact first with France alone is that the other nations are then confronted with a rigid document. The dotted line for them. How would they feel, never having been consulted at all? But there is another matter. The American Government is surprised to see that in the form of renunciation proposed by France to be offered to other countries as the universal treaty the word "aggression" has been introduced. The American Government cannot believe it got there by design or that it has any particular significance. That is to say, it trusts that the French Government is not walking out on that word. The water now is much deeper for Monsieur Briand. He writes at length a muddled note. The American Government, he says, must have heard of the League of Nations and that France has the honor to belong to it; and of the famous Locarno Treaties and that France has put her name to them. True, France had been willing, and is still willing, to sign with the United States an unqualified renunciation of war. But since the United States has insisted upon making this a multilateral treaty, open to the signatures of all nations, France has been obliged to remember her obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations and under the Locarno Treaties. How to reconcile these prior obligations with an unqualified renunciation of war all around she simply cannot imagine. Therefore, into the formula now proposed to be signed with other nations she has been obliged to write the qualifying word "aggression." For war of aggression, and that only, is what the League of Nations has agreed to condemn.

Mr. Kellogg answers this with logic. He asks: Is there something members of the League of Nations may do separately that it would be improper for them to do collectively? If an unqualified renunciation of war is inconsistent with the prior obligations and engagements of the French Government, how could France have offered to sign such a pact with the United States? And if France, as a member of the League of Nations, may sign such a treaty with the United States, why not all members of the League of Nations as well, with the United States and with one another? As a matter of fact, the United States is loath to believe with France that her obligations as a member of the League of Nations and as a party to the Locarno Treaties are incompatible with an unconditional renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, and loather still to suppose that such a renunciation would be in conflict with the fundamental idea of the League of Nations. And as to whether the form of renunciation shall be unqualified, as at first proposed, or qualified, as France now insists, by the word "aggression," the American Government is, after all, very particular. The word "aggression," or any definition whatever, by depriving the idea of its original "purity and simplicity"—Mr. Kellogg's words—ruins it quite; and if the nations of the world now insist upon meeting the idea in a technical spirit, they will perhaps utterly destroy the true significance of this endeavor, "to the keen disappointment of mankind in general."



There is a Power of Opinion Against War Such as Never Existed Before

The Two Forms of Renunciation

THE American Government cannot believe such a sequel possible, and as a test it proposes that this entire correspondence, together with the American form of unqualified renunciation and the qualified French form, shall be laid before the other powers so that the issue may be joined all around.

If Monsieur Briand consents, his dream of a Franco-American alliance will have perished in the gulf of American simplicity. On the other hand, he cannot refuse. He adds one more note to the correspondence—the longest one of all—which is a statement and defense of the French Government's misgivings for the other powers to read, and he sends with it the exact qualified form of renunciation the French are prepared to sign with everybody.

Accordingly, in April, an enormous document is presented in a simultaneous manner to the governments of Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan—to wit: (a) The complete Kellogg-Briand correspondence; (b) the American form of renunciation; and (c) the French form. This is the French form:

ARTICLE 1: The High Contracting Parties, without any intention to infringe upon the exercise of their rights of legitimate self-defense within the framework of existing treaties, particularly when the violation of certain of the provisions of such treaties constitutes a hostile act, solemnly declare that they condemn recourse to war and renounce it as an instrument of national policy; that is to say, as an instrument of individual, spontaneous and independent political action taken on their own initiative, and not action in respect of which they might become involved through the obligation of a treaty such as the Covenant of the League of Nations or any other treaty registered with the League of Nations. They undertake on these conditions not to attack or invade one another.

And the American form is simply this:

ARTICLE 1: The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international

(Continued on Page 93)

THE FRESHEST BOY

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IT WAS a hidden Broadway restaurant in the dead of the night, and a brilliant and mysterious group of society people, diplomats and members of the underworld were there. A few minutes ago the sparkling wine had been flowing and a girl had been dancing gayly upon a table, but now the whole crowd were hushed and breathless. All eyes were fixed upon the masked but well-groomed man in the dress suit and opera hat who stood nonchalantly in the door.

"Don't move, please," he said, in a well-bred, cultivated voice that had, nevertheless, a ring of steel in it. "This thing in my hand might—go off."

His glance roved from table to table—fell upon the malignant man higher up with his pale saturnine face, upon Heatherly, the suave secret agent from a foreign power, then rested a little longer, a little more softly perhaps, upon the table where the girl with dark hair and dark tragic eyes sat alone.

"Now that my purpose is accomplished, it might interest you to know who I am." There was a gleam of expectation in every eye. The breast of the dark-eyed girl heaved faintly and a tiny burst of subtle French perfume rose into the air. "I am none other than that elusive gentleman, Basil Lee, better known as the Shadow."

Taking off his well-fitting opera hat, he bowed ironically from the waist. Then, like a flash, he turned and was gone into the night.

"You get up to New York only once a month," Lewis Crum was saying, "and then you have to take a master along."

Slowly, Basil Lee's glazed eyes returned from the barns and billboards of the Indiana countryside to the interior of the Broadway Limited. The hypnosis of the swift telegraph poles faded and Lewis Crum's stolid face took shape against the white slip cover of the opposite seat.

"I'd just duck the master when I got to New York," said Basil.

"Yes, you would!"

"I bet I would."

"You try it and you'll see."

"What do you mean saying I'll see, all the time, Lewis? What'll I see?"

He was a handsome boy, with very bright dark-blue eyes, which at this moment were fixed upon his companion with boredom and impatience. The two had nothing in common except their age, which was fifteen, and the lifelong friendship of their fathers—which is less than nothing. Also they were bound from the same Middle Western city for Basil's first and Lewis' second year at the same Eastern school.

But, contrary to all the best tradition, Lewis the veteran was miserable and Basil the neophyte was happy. Lewis hated school. He had grown entirely dependent on the stimulus of a hearty vital mother, and as he felt her slipping farther and farther away from him, he plunged deeper into misery and homesickness. Basil, on the other hand, had lived with such intensity on so many stories of boarding-school life that, far from being homesick, he had a glad feeling of recognition and familiarity. Indeed, it was with some sense of doing the appropriate thing, having the traditional rough-house, that he had thrown Lewis' comb off the train at Milwaukee last night for no reason at all.

To Lewis, Basil's ignorant enthusiasm was distasteful—his instinctive attempt to dampen it had contributed to the mutual irritation.

"I'll tell you what you'll see," he said ominously. "They'll catch you smoking and put you on bounds."

"What are You Doing?" Basil Demanded. His Roommate Looked at Him Stonily. "I'm Moving In With Wales," He Said

"No, they won't, because I won't be smoking. I'll be in training for football."

"Football! Yeah! Football!"

"Honestly, Lewis, you don't like anything, do you?"

"I don't like football. I don't like to go out and get a crack in the eye." Lewis spoke aggressively, for his mother had canonized all his timidities as common sense. Basil's answer, made with what he considered kindly intent, was the sort of remark that creates lifelong enmities.

"You'd probably be a lot more popular in school if you played football," he suggested patronizingly.

Lewis did not consider himself unpopular. He did not think of it in that way at all. He was astounded.

"You wait!" he cried furiously. "They'll take all that freshness out of you."

"Clam yourself," said Basil, coolly plucking at the creases of his first long trousers. "Just clam yourself."

"I guess everybody knows you were the freshest boy at the Country Day!"

"Clam yourself," repeated Basil, but with less assurance. "Kindly clam yourself."

"I guess I know what they had in the school paper about you ——"

Basil's own coolness was no longer perceptible.

"If you don't clam yourself," he said darkly, "I'm going to throw your brushes off the train too."

The enormity of this threat was effective. Lewis sank back in his seat, snorting and muttering, but undoubtedly calmer. His reference had been to one of the most shameful passages in his companion's life. In a periodical issued by the boys of Basil's late school there had appeared, under the heading Personals:

> If someone will please poison young Basil, or find some other means to stop his mouth, the school at large and myself will be much obliged.

The two boys sat there fuming wordlessly at each other. Then, resolutely, Basil tried to reinter this unfortunate souvenir of the past. All that was behind him now. Perhaps he had been a little fresh, but he was making a new start. After a moment, the memory passed and with it the train and Lewis' dismal presence—the breath of the East came sweeping over him again with a vast nostalgia. A voice called him out of the fabled world; a man stood beside him with a hand on his sweater-clad shoulder.

"Lee!"

"Yes, sir."

"It all depends on you now. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," the coach said, "go in and win."

Basil tore the sweater from his stripling form and dashed out on the field. There were two minutes to play and the score was 3 to 0 for the enemy, but at the sight of young Lee, kept out of the game all year by a malicious plan of Dan Haskins, the school bully, and Weasel Weems, his toady, a thrill of hope went over the St. Regis stand.

"33-12-16-22!" barked Midget Brown, the diminutive little quarterback.

It was his signal ——

"Oh, gosh!" Basil spoke aloud, forgetting the late unpleasantness. "I wish we'd get there before tomorrow."

II

ST. REGIS SCHOOL, EASTCHESTER
NOVEMBER 18, 19——

Dear Mother: There is not much to say today, but I thought I would write you about my allowence. All the boys have a bigger allowence than me, because there are a lot of little things I have to get, such as shoe laces ect. School is still very nice and am having a fine time, but foot ball is over and there is not much to do. I am going to New York this week to see a show. I do not know yet what it will be, but probably the Quacker Girl or little boy Blue as they are both very good. Dr. Bacon is very nice and there is a good phycisian in the village. No more now as I have to study Algebra.

Your Affectionate Son,
BASIL D. LEE.

As he put the letter in its envelope a wizened little boy came into the deserted study hall where he sat and stood staring at him.

"Hello," said Basil, frowning.

"I been looking for you," said the little boy, slowly and judicially. "I looked all over—up in your room and out in the gym, and they said you probably might of sneaked off in here."

"What do you want?" Basil demanded.

"Hold your horses, Bossy."

Basil jumped to his feet. The little boy retreated a step.

"Go on, hit me!" he chirped nervously. "Go on, hit me, 'cause I'm just half your size—Bossy."

Basil winced. "You call me that again and I'll spank you."

"No, you won't spank me. Brick Wales said if you ever touched any of us ——"

"But I never did touch any of you."

"Didn't you chase a lot of us one day and didn't Brick Wales ——"

"Oh, what do you want?" Basil cried in desperation.

"Doctor Bacon wants you. They sent me after you and somebody said maybe you sneaked in here."

Basil dropped his letter in his pocket and walked out—the little boy and his invective following him through the door. He traversed a long corridor, muggy with that odor best described as the smell of stale caramels that is so peculiar to boys' schools, ascended a stairs and knocked at an unexceptional but formidable door.

Doctor Bacon was at his desk. He was a handsome, red-headed Episcopal clergyman of fifty whose original real interest in boys was now tempered by the flustered cynicism which is the fate of all head masters and settles on them like green mold. There were certain preliminaries before Basil was asked to sit down—gold-rimmed glasses had to be hoisted up from nowhere by a black cord and fixed on Basil to be sure that he was not an impostor; great masses of paper on the desk had to be shuffled through, not in search of anything but as a man nervously shuffles a pack of cards.

"I had a letter from your mother this morning—ah—Basil." The use of his first name had come to startle Basil. No one else in school had yet called him anything but Bossy or Lee. "She feels that your marks have been poor. I believe you have been sent here at a certain amount of—ah—sacrifice and she expects ——"

Basil's spirit writhed with shame, not at his poor marks but that his financial inadequacy should be so bluntly stated. He knew that he was one of the poorest boys in a rich boys' school.

Perhaps some dormant sensibility in Doctor Bacon became aware of his discomfort; he shuffled through the papers once more and began on a new note.

"However, that was not what I sent for you about this afternoon. You applied last week for permission to go to New York on Saturday, to a matinée. Mr. Davis tells me that for almost the first time since school opened you will be off bounds tomorrow."

"Yes, sir."

"That is not a good record. However, I would allow you to go to New York if it could be arranged. Unfortunately, no masters are available this Saturday."

Basil's mouth dropped ajar. "Why, I—why, Doctor Bacon, I know two parties that are going. Couldn't I go with one of them?"

Doctor Bacon ran through all his papers very quickly. "Unfortunately, one is composed of slightly older boys and the other group made arrangements some weeks ago."

"How about the party that's going to the Quaker Girl with Mr. Dunn?"

"It's that party I speak of. They feel that their arrangements are complete and they have purchased seats together."

Suddenly Basil understood. At the look in his eye Doctor Bacon went on hurriedly:

"There's perhaps one thing I can do. Of course there must be several boys in the party so that the expenses of the master can be divided up among all. If you can find two other boys who would like to make up a party, and let me have their names by five o'clock, I'll send Mr. Rooney with you."

"Thank you," Basil said.

Doctor Bacon hesitated. Beneath the cynical incrustations of many years an instinct stirred to look into the unusual case of this boy and find out what made him the most detested boy in school. Among boys and masters there seemed to exist an extraordinary hostility toward him, and though Doctor Bacon had dealt with many sorts of schoolboy crimes, he had neither by himself nor with the aid of trusted sixth-formers been able to lay his hands on its underlying cause. It was probably no single thing, but a combination of things; it was most probably one of those intangible questions of personality. Yet he remembered that when he first saw Basil he had considered him unusually prepossessing.

He sighed. Sometimes these things worked themselves out. He wasn't one to rush in clumsily. "Let us have a better report to send home next month, Basil."

"Yes, sir."

"I Don't Want to Go," He Said Indifferently. "Why Do You Want to Ask Me?"

Basil's Own Coolness Was No Longer Perceptible. "If You Don't Clam Yourself," He Said Darkly, "I'm Going to Throw Your Brushes Off the Train Too"

Basil ran quickly downstairs to the recreation room. It was Wednesday and most of the boys had already gone into the village of Eastchester, whither Basil, who was still on bounds, was forbidden to follow. When he looked at those still scattered about the pool tables and piano, he saw that it was going to be difficult to get anyone to go with him at all. For Basil was quite conscious that he was the most unpopular boy at school.

It had begun almost immediately. One day, less than a fortnight after he came, a crowd of the smaller boys, perhaps urged on to it, gathered suddenly around him and began calling him Bossy. Within the next week he had two fights, and both times the crowd was vehemently and eloquently with the other boy. Soon after, when he was merely shoving indiscriminately, like everyone else, to get into the dining room, Carver, the captain of the football team, turned about and, seizing him by the back of the neck, held him and dressed him down savagely. He joined a group innocently at the piano and was told, "Go on away. We don't want you around."

After a month he began to realize the full extent of his unpopularity. It shocked him. One day after a particularly bitter humiliation he went up to his room and cried. He tried to keep out of the way for a while, but it didn't help. He was accused of sneaking off here and there, as if bent on a series of nefarious errands. Puzzled and wretched, he looked at his face in the glass, trying to discover there the secret of their dislike—in the expression of his eyes, his smile.

He saw now that in certain ways he had erred at the outset—he had boasted, he had been considered yellow at football, he had pointed out people's mistakes to them, he had shown off his rather extraordinary fund of general information in class. But he had tried to do better and couldn't understand his failure to atone. It must be too late. He was queered forever.

He had, indeed, become the scapegoat, the immediate villain, the sponge which absorbed all malice and irritability abroad—just as the most frightened person in a party seems to absorb all the others' fear, seems to be afraid for them all. His situation was not helped by the fact, obvious to all, that the supreme self-confidence with which he had come to St. Regis in September was thoroughly broken. Boys taunted him with impunity who would not have dared to raise their voices to him several months before.

This trip to New York had come to mean everything to him—surcease from the misery of his daily life as well as a glimpse into the long-awaited heaven

(Continued on Page 68)

WILD SWAN

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

SHARON had heard that they were up on Sabre Lake—two of them—but the thing had slipped his mind, although it may have lingered at the back of his subconsciousness. Bob Carton, who was riding for the Forest Service, had told him. After which we need not mention them again, or even tell what they were, until we actually come to them.

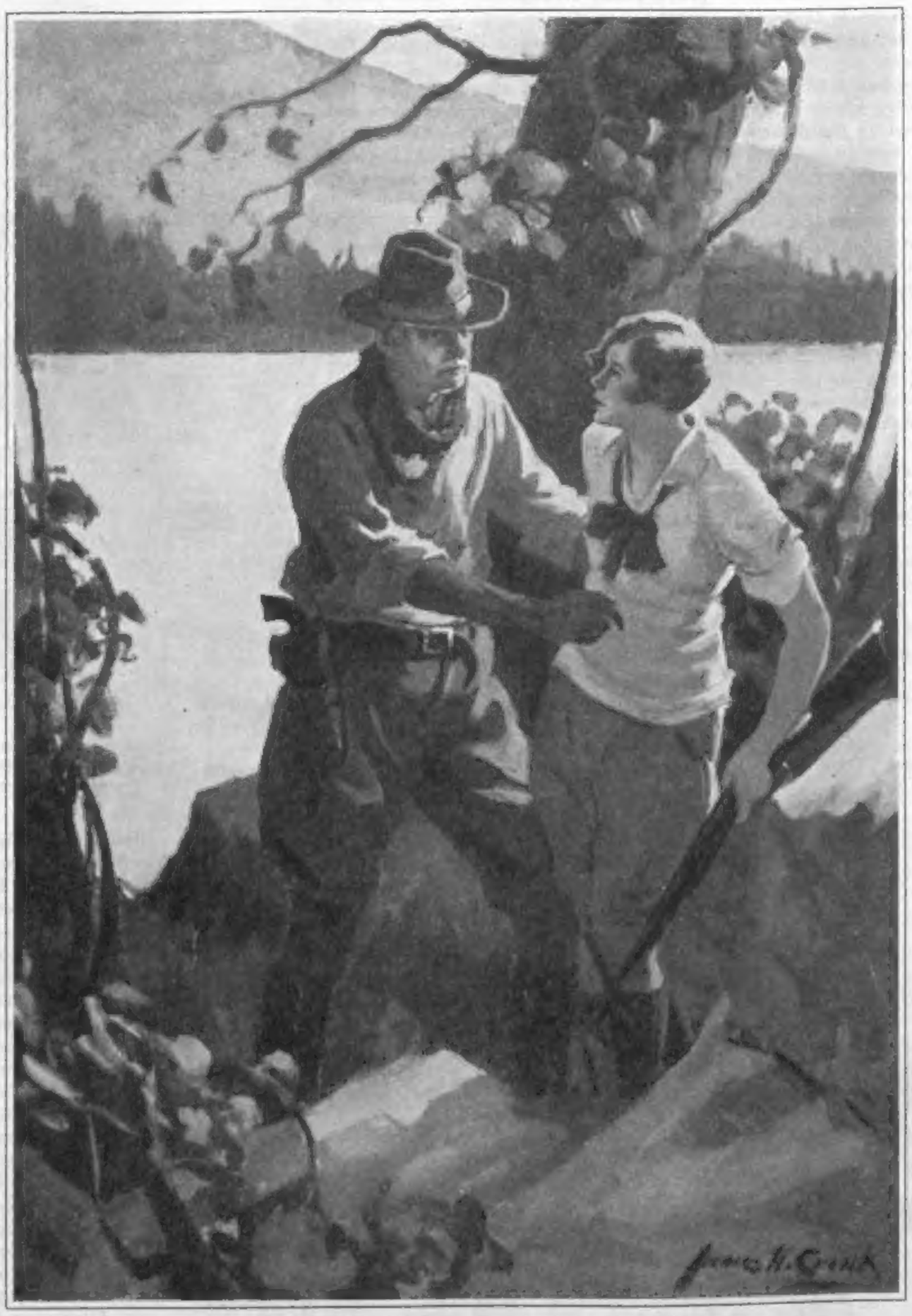
In those days—until, that is, four or five years ago—while Sharon—Matthew Sharon of the Tumbling H—was still an active dude wrangler, he took some strange people into the hills—some strange ones and some very nice ones. Mostly they were nice, for as a rule unpleasant people avoid pack trips. But pleasant or unpleasant, by the time he was through with them Sharon knew a great deal more of their minds than they suspected. He had a large capacity for silence and observation. His gray eyes, which so seldom seemed to focus on anything nearer than the horizon, in reality missed little.

Hills, big, snow capped and with echoing canyons; great forests, solemn and quietly warm with the sun, through which you ride all day; the firelighted loneliness of a camp, a pin-prick of warmth and movement and humanity in the immensity of a starry night, bring out the inner traits of people. Also they bring out scars, wounds still fresh, the real desires. Suddenly lovely ladies wept on Sharon's shoulders—graceful shoulders and by no means old—a bishop or two had developed extraordinary characteristics, a famous athlete had shown himself anything but a sturdy huntsman.

But of all, perhaps James April—you're not, of course, expecting his real name—was, in a wide sense, the most interesting. What he was, what he had done, what he was doing, were more than merely the personal experiences of James April, although the hero of the saga was unaware of his universality. He was quite unaware that he represented an era in his nation, a marked stage in its development, and he was unaware that, from another and more intimate point of view, he represented something deep down and baffled in the masculine breast. A dilemma which, I suppose, will never be solved. Finally, he was unaware that he represented another instinct at war with the former—an instinct nowadays too little stressed—the tender, bitter, often unwilling instinct to cling to what is worn and familiar and which by use has become part of you. Love rests on a paradox; part of it is surprise and adventure, part of it is based on the satisfactions of familiarity.

For its development, however, this latter instinct requires imagination, and imagination is not too common a gift. Moreover, even when it is present, frequently it atrophies in this age of machines and useless appointments. Imagination responds only to those who occasionally sit down quietly to think. It is the child of reflection. Otherwise there is a constant fluent sliding toward the new and shiny.

In this case the new and shiny, as so often happens somewhere between the ages of fifty and sixty to a man with a history like James April, was a lady destined to become the second Mrs. April—a young, slangy, restless, hip-wriggling, arm-bangled blonde who had been more or less of a show girl. Gladys Kerr was her name. April invariably introduced her as, "my fiancée, Miss Kerr"—very gravely and bowingly, as if the tone, the gesture and the foreign word made everything immediately understandable and conformable. After a while you gathered that the original Mrs. April was somewhere in Nevada, not too joyously obtaining a divorce.



April Paused Before the Waiting Figure and With a Single Swift Gesture Plucked a Rifle From its Hands

Pretty—"my fiancée, Miss Kerr"? Yes, in a way. Too slim and sinuous. Fashion and an aptitude for a curved thinness had turned her, as they have turned so many young women, into too startling a resemblance of the snake which represents one stage of our process of evolution. Also, she would have been prettier if she had been less self-conscious and if there had been more of humanity in her large and lovely blue eyes. But there was, naturally, a certain deliciousness of youth which even Broadway had not yet been able to destroy. To April, no doubt, she represented all the freedom and glamour that in his own youth he had been too busy and driven to lay hold of, even when for a while it had been his in the person of the Mrs. April now seeking a divorce.

Here, as I say, was an epic, a saga. Not so common now as it once was, but still fairly prevalent. The poor boy to whom material success had seemed the only end desirable; for thirty years or so, twelve to fourteen hours a day of work; and then, suddenly, in the strange way that the results of energy and application coalesce, a great deal of money, and that queer and terrifying gift—unless you have had some training in its use—a considerable amount of leisure. There had been, to begin with, a small grocery store; afterward other grocery stores; after that a car-wheel factory, and to end with, of course, directorships in banks, in this, that and the other. At fifty-six or so, James April was the biggest man in a small town in the Middle West. But the biggest man in a small town is often the very man whose presence—not check book—is least needed to keep the town going. All over the country there are thousands of young, eager, highly trained executives who heave a sigh of relief when the biggest man goes away to play golf or takes his yacht into southern waters.

All this history grew and shaped itself gradually in Sharon's mind. At first, April had interested him very little. He had seemed merely a somewhat pompous, small fat man, with a bald head, a toothbrush mustache and new and overly gorgeous clothes. These clothes, perhaps, gave Sharon the first clew to the sensitive, searching person underneath. April wished to shine, to be a gallant fellow, to taste some of that sense of adventure and satisfaction that comes never from outside possessions but solely from the feeling that you yourself are a romantic and engaging figure. The middle-aged man, unless he has been fortunate, regards the manifestations of this in the youths about him and then wonders wistfully what happened to his own youth.

This wistfulness, much more than original sin, is the agent of most mature folly. Moreover, April was not interested in the outer man alone. He was steadily improving his mind. Apparently he subscribed to any number of little magazines which told you in the briefest possible way, and often wrongly, what was going on in the world—every sort of world—the world of Nature, science, politics and man—and in his cabin, Sharon, when he went to see him, discovered new and not too difficult compendiums of knowledge—the History of the Stars, the History of Humanity, Women Through the Ages. April never read fiction—"hadn't time." Indeed, now that "my fiancée, Miss Kerr" was around, he hadn't much time for reading of any kind.

Miss Kerr had a little traveling phonograph which she had set up in the quarters occupied by her mother and herself, and to this she swayed, eyes half closed, like a cobra hypnotized by the flute of a Hindu charmer.

A note on Mrs. Kerr. There was, of course, a Mrs. Kerr—the mother and duenna of "my fiancée, Miss Kerr." April was nothing if not conventional, and, besides, he had got it into his head that no honor or courtesy was too great for the second lady of his choice, and she being, where her own interests were concerned, a very clever young lady, for the most part subscribed to this régime scrupulously. Sharon had never met anyone quite so refined as Miss Kerr. The princess in the fairy story who could not sleep on top of a dozen mattresses because there was a pea underneath was a vulgar girl in contrast. In his letter engaging cabins for the summer, April had made almost painfully clear that the expedition was to be chaperoned in a fashion to which even the most particular could not object. Further than that, there is little more to be said concerning Mrs. Kerr.

She was the mother of a not too successful show girl. This is likely to produce a type. Hollywood and New York see much of the type—women with figures extraordinarily

young, skins extraordinarily fresh, eyes so old that they have become ageless. To this type chaperonage has become a profession and an obsession; the maternal instinct shows itself solely in an attitude of watchful waiting.

In July, April, "my fiancée, Miss Kerr," and her mother, Mrs. Kerr, arrived, and the month of July was devoted almost entirely to adapting the wilderness to the delicate requirements of Miss Kerr. Mrs. Kerr, like a true warrior, was stoical and willing, apparently, to put up with anything so long as the object in view showed no signs of diminishing. And indeed, Miss Kerr, despite her refinement, appeared to be in the same frame of mind. It was April who insisted upon arranging cabins, forests and picnic grounds to suit the supposed needs of his future bride. To Sharon it was obvious that neither Miss Kerr nor her mother would have been where they were if they could have helped it. Deauville, Trouville, Narragansett or Atlantic City would have been much more likely. But since April's desire was to go ranching, ranching all would go—until after marriage. Here was another symptom of April's desire to be an all-round, gallant fellow. Once in his early maturity, and in what must have been a wild moment, he had pursued moose in New Brunswick for a couple of weeks in the company of a business friend; and although he had seen no moose, the memory of the expedition had clung to him. Furthermore, there was always the question of recapturing a figure not too utterly lost. This must have been a dominant thought with April, for he was constantly showing Sharon, by means of the holes in his belt, what was happening in this respect.

"Hey, Sharon!"

Sharon, busy—it keeps a man busy looking after seventy-five or so guests, not to mention all the other interests of a large ranch—would pause in whatever he was doing and with the smiling, patient acquiescence of the dude wrangler stroll over to the cabin where April was standing

"Well?"

Sharon was expected to show, first, ignorance; then, Far Western skepticism; finally, delight and approbation. This was a biweekly rite.

"Look here."

"Where?"

"Here—at my belt."

"Well, what of it? Cowhide, isn't it?"

"No—I mean look at that hole. That's where I was wearing it last Tuesday."

"Can't wear it there any more? What's wrong expanding? Too much good food and mountain air?"

"No, just the other way around. Lost an inch, that's what I have."

"Pshaw! Lost an inch! Yes, you have."

"Well, I have. Feel. Three inches since I've been here."

"Well, I'll be darned."

It was evident to Sharon, who was a modest man, that April had for him a shy, half-reluctant liking. It was obvious to others that April regarded Sharon with a doglike devotion. The little man began to imitate the taller, slimmer man—to walk like him, talk like him, wear his sombrero like him. This, one would hazard the guess, was something heretofore unknown in Mr. April's life. For a good many years he had been the biggest man in a small town and it had probably never occurred to him that there was anyone else whom even faintly he could consider as a model. But Sharon was a gallant, good-looking fellow and April wanted to be a gallant, good-looking fellow.

Sharon sighed secretly. "He's going to tell me a lot about himself before the summer is over," he reflected. Sharon, as I have stated, was experienced as a confidant, and he was an interested amateur of human nature, but sometimes—in the middle of a busy dude season

Meanwhile, "my fiancée, Miss Kerr" was being protected from every inconvenience and possible danger. April spun about her a warm, and what must at times have been a slightly oppressive, cocoon of tenderness. It was "Yes, dear? You want a cup of water? Certainly," or "Are you warm enough? I'll get your wrap. . . . You shouldn't sit down there, dear. The sun is right in your eyes."

Two Figures Came Up the Path From the Corrals and Paused at the Well, Laughing and Talking Softly

Between two pine trees a hammock—something never before seen on the Tumbling H—was slung; and here, after the slightest exertion, Miss Kerr was forced to rest. Also, since there are mosquitoes during July in the Far West—although, save in a few places, not such vicious fellows—a canopy of netting was erected. Within this Miss Kerr reclined like an East Indian bride in a palanquin, while outside April sat in a chair and read aloud or else fought off an obstinate fly or two with a palm-leaf fan—another innovation on the Tumbling H.

For his more adventurous exploits—riding trips of an hour or so, mostly taken at a walk; an occasional picnic April had hired one of the guides attached to Sharon's establishment; in this case a grizzled, hardy, sardonic man of vast experience. April at great expense hired him for the summer. The grizzled man referred to himself as "the nurse." These guides during July and August took people out into the hills on extended pack trips, and during the autumn engineered hunting parties. Their work was responsible, delicate and not without risk, but all April's man had to do for the present was to report promptly at nine o'clock each morning, usually to be told that "Miss Kerr was feeling a little tired," so nobody would go anywhere.

(Continued on Page 121)

On the Fifth Day They Came, Just Before Dusk, to Sabre Lake, Where Sharon Had Planned a Lay-Over of Almost a Week

Confession of a Cartoonist

I'm a bum for working for $0 a week. I see here where a guy copped a million on the track
MR A MUTT DECIDES TO TAKE A SHORT CUT TO RICHES AND—
AFTER WISING 'IMSELF ON THE DOPE AND.
VE-AH ?
ABSORBING A LITTLE OF THE "INSIDE INFOR"
SEE WHAT MR MUTT DOES FOR HIMSELF IN TOMORROW'S "CHRONICLE"
INVESTS THUSLY

The First Mutt Picture, Which Appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, November 15, 1907

By BUD FISHER

THE first comic strip ever published daily appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle in November, 1907, and I drew it. Whether to be proud of it or not, I don't know; today nearly every paper in the country uses at least one or two daily strips, and many papers as many as sixteen, not including the full-page Sunday comics.

My first strip was called A. Mutt, and the same hero still survives in the daily comic of which I am the author, known as Mutt and Jeff. It appears in newspapers all over the world. I have studied my own so-called humor in Spanish, for example, after the translator had got through with it, and the pictures do not give me a laugh, although I seldom remember drawing one which I didn't think was screamingly funny. Perhaps I have been alone in that conclusion, but nevertheless it is a fact.

Bud Fisher, at the Age of Eighteen, Before Mutt and Jeff Were Thought Of

Of course before I made my first strip, there were comic artists, and very good ones. First, there were the full pages of comics remembered by the old-timers—Buster Brown, drawn by R. F. Outcault; Foxy Grandpa, by Schultz; the Yellow Kid, by Opper; and so on. One of the stars of today was a veteran when I started, but he always made his picture in a three-column square and not in the form of a strip. His name is Thomas Aloysius Dorgan, and thousands of readers know him as Tad.

Meet Mr. Augustus Mutt

AT THE time I started, people were accustomed to reading the paper up and down; so when I went to John P. Young, who was then the managing editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, two years before the first Mutt strip was published, and showed him a sample, he refused to consider it, because he said it would take up too much space and that newspaper readers would not follow it horizontally across the page.

I didn't agree with him, but he was the guy who paid the salary, so he pulled a Judge Landis on me temporarily. I went along doing routine work in the art department and occasionally interviewing a visiting actress and making what I considered handsome and flattering sketches of her. One of my proudest achievements was a picture of Laurette Taylor when she played in a show called Scotty the Miner, in San Francisco. I made a sketch of her which I admit failed to flatter her, because I thought she was one of the most beautiful examples of God's handiwork. Probably any disinterested observer would have agreed with me, if there could be such a specimen as a disinterested observer under the circumstances Oddly enough, Scotty, of Death Valley fame, after whom the play was named, took the leading part.

Watching my chance, I thought I saw Mr. Young in a genial mood one night, so I showed him a strip I had drawn.

"What's that?" he asked me.

"That's me," I replied ungrammatically. "A. Mutt."

"It looks funny," said the boss. "We'll publish this one."

Since then I figure that I have drawn, roughly, more than six thousand strips with this Augustus Mutt in them. To show the transition, one of the first Mutt pictures is reproduced with this article. My old friend is not easily recognizable. Of course, the drawing was much shallower than the strip of today, and the character has changed a great deal. The funny part about this transition is that I never remember intentionally altering the appearance of A. Mutt, nor was I ever conscious of any change when I made a single picture. I was discussing this development one day with George McManus, who draws Bringing Up Father, and he said he had been looking back over the old files and found the same thing had happened to Father.

"When I first drew Jiggs," he said, "he had a little goatee, but he hasn't any now, and yet I don't remember when I shaved it off."

My idea of Mutt was taken from the race track and not from myself, although some critics say there is a facial resemblance. As a matter of fact, an artist's characters are frequently unintentional caricatures of himself. Fontaine Fox's resemble him a great deal, and Jiggs does not look unlike George McManus

But I got Mutt straight from the race track, where I used to watch followers of the horses with no chins and long noses trying to stick their beaks into the feed box. They looked like anteaters. Mutt was a composite character, although ever since the first picture was published I have had letters, usually accompanied by photographs, from men all over the world who thought they were models for Mutt. Some were flattered and others were sore. Jeff did not come into my comic until nearly a year later, so I will introduce him at the proper time.

The publication of the first picture started the readers of the Chronicle talking, so I made one the next day. In selecting the strip form for the picture, I thought I would get a prominent position across the top of the sporting page, which I did, and that pleased my vanity. I also thought the cartoon would be easy to read in this form. It was.

Picking the Nags for the Gags

MOST followers of my daily strips thought I was an authority on the horses, but as a matter of fact, when I started to draw A. Mutt, I did not know one horse from another.

The whole idea of the comic was that I picked a horse every day at the race track across the bay from San Francisco at Emeryville, and Mutt would bet on him. I selected the horses because of their names and not on account of their speed. I wanted to make the stuff funny.

To illustrate, I remember that someone had beaten up Mutt in the preceding day's strip, and he was in the hospital in bad shape. There was a horse entered in the third race named Bright Skies, and I had Mutt looking out the hospital window at the well-known California sunshine. He saw the clear heavens and looked at the paper.

Mutt Gives His Boss, Bud Fisher, an Earful. This Was in the Early Days

"Bright Skies," he said. "That's a hunch." So he tore off his bandages, threw away his crutches, jumped through the hospital window and swam across the bay to bet five dollars on Bright Skies. His odds were 300 to one, and he won the race. I guess all the rest of the horses must have dropped dead. But I picked the horses for the gags and they continued to

win, until shortly Mutt had a fortune; and I tried to break him, but couldn't, because every bet he made he cashed. The Chronicle used to get out a pink edition in those days for the benefit of race-track fans, and it wasn't long before the newsboys were hollering Mutt's selections. The ferry-boats, because of the color of the papers, looked as if they had the flying hives.

I drew this Mutt strip for the Chronicle for about a month, when I had a better offer from the San Francisco Examiner, which was owned by Mr. Hearst. I accepted, but just before leaving the Chronicle, I did one of the smartest things I have ever done in a rather stupid career. After I had accepted the offer from the Examiner I went to see a lawyer and asked him about the copyright law. This shows how much confidence I had in myself even then, for it was hard-earned money I was spending on that lawyer. I have depended upon them a good deal ever since in one way and another.

One Way of Getting Experience

I WENT to see this lawyer to find out about the copyright law, which in those days required that a copyright notice be carried when the picture or article to be copyrighted was published, and then the drawings for three successive days had to be filed in the Patent Office in Washington to complete the copyright. For the last three nights I was on the Chronicle I went to the engraving room after my picture had been approved by the editor and asked for it. I then lettered on each picture the following: "Copyright, 1907, by H. C. Fisher." In case the readers of this, if any, don't know, that is my right name—Harry Conway Fisher. Years later this precaution was to win an important lawsuit and ultimately get Mutt and Jeff back into the San Francisco Chronicle. Winning that lawsuit meant thousands of dollars to me, so I am rather proud of my foresight.

Now that I have come to the point where I am to start on the Examiner at a good increase, I think I will cut back and show how I happened to get into this art business. I was born in a suburb of Chicago. As a kid, I lived at the Del Prado Hotel in that city.

As a boy, I went to Hyde Park High School and ran on the relay team which won a lot of championships. Among its members were Walter Eckersall, later the best quarterback football ever produced; Tom Hammond, Phil Comstock, Norman Barker and Don Abbott. This team made a great record, cleaning up everything at the University of Pennsylvania meet one year. I later went to the University of Chicago for three months, but became a leather alumnus at the end of that time, graduating on the end of a boot.

My father, Allen A. Fisher, was in the piano business. About that time he moved to Reno, Nevada, to open a store. I went with him. I was then known to my family as Bud Fisher, because my little sister, who is now dead, could not say "brother" when we were both young and called me Bud. That is how I got my name.

Not caring much for Reno, I went to San Francisco to become an artist, having taken many a licking in my youth for drawing pictures on the bosoms of my father's stiff shirts. No one would give me a job on a newspaper, so I became temporarily discouraged and a little hungry. Finally I went into the store of Tom Dillon, who sold hats, mostly to actors and sporting men. I showed him some of my art and he bought a few pictures from me to stick in his window to attract trade. I would make a picture of Mr. Dillon in a swell hat and put a line on it: "Meet Me Face to Face—Tom Dillon, the Best Hatter in Town."

Bert Igoe, now the boxing writer on the New York World and known as Hype Igoe because Tad named him that, was then the sporting cartoonist on the San Francisco Examiner, and I envied him. I scraped up an acquaintance and he introduced me to Virgil Nowell, art editor of the Examiner, and I asked him for a job.

"What experience have you had, Mr. Fisher?"

I told him about the pictures I had made for Mr. Dillon, but that did not impress him and he turned me down.

"If you can't give me a job, will you let me have some old layouts you're through with?" I asked.

He gave me several. A layout is the drawn frame in which several photographs are put for publication in a newspaper. Then I went across the street to the Chronicle and asked for work. Having failed before because I had had no experience, I was bound not to trip on that hurdle again.

"Have you had any experience?" asked Mr. Young.

"Yes," I replied.

"Where?"

"On the Chicago Tribune, and here are some samples of my work." I showed him the layouts I had got from the San Francisco Examiner and he was impressed. He gave me a job at fifteen dollars a week, which was a lot of dough in San Francisco in those days.

Everything went along smoothly with me until the earthquake. This occurred on April 18, 1906, at about half-past five in the morning. I was living in a hotel called the Buckingham, next to Golden Gate Hall. The first thing I knew a stuffed owl hit me on the nose, and I jumped up to look out the window, to see Golden Gate Hall falling into the street. It did not take me long to follow. A fireman never got dressed any faster.

Following the earthquake, I went to Los Angeles, where I started drawing and illustrating Sunday pages for the San Francisco Chronicle, which was being printed on the presses of the Los Angeles Times. Mr. Steel, the Sunday editor, had gone to Los Angeles and was short of artists. The San Francisco Examiner was being printed by the Boston American, another Hearst paper. These Sunday sections were shipped to San Francisco and stuffed into the news parts of the paper.

Mr. Steel offered me fifteen dollars a page for all the Sunday pages I could make in this emergency, which meant that I drew the layouts and illustrations. I remember one story about the amount of baking powder used, and I drew about forty thousand cans, with a camel looking all tired out walking around them to show how many there were. That's the sort of work I did for fifteen a page.

Of course, Mr. Steel could not approach the artists on the Los Angeles Examiner, which was a Hearst paper, but I could and did. I offered them $7.50 a page and still continued to get my standard rate of fifteen for all I could produce for them, so I showed a neat profit of exactly $7.50 a page on the turnover. I had some famous artists working for me then, too, including Herriman, who has for years drawn Krazy Kat among other things.

General Raul Madero, When He Was Governor of Monterey

General Villa With Some of His Bodyguard. The General is in Front in Gray With His Hands in His Trousers Pockets

At Left—Bud Fisher in Monterey, Mexico. On His Left are Raul Madero and John Wheeler. The Man in the Sombrero is General Madero's Bodyguard

Fattening the Pay Envelope

DURING this period of unexpected prosperity, which was like a gold rush, I cleaned up altogether $2800. I went back to San Francisco when they had washed the town up after the fire with that much in my pocket, independent and ready to hold out for a good salary, having the figure of twenty-five dollars a week definitely in mind.

"No man is worth more than twenty dollars a week," replied Mr. Young, managing editor of the Chronicle, to my modest demands. "Except," he hastened to add, "myself." Well, I settled for $22.50, which was a fabulous salary at that time, and went back to work. You will recall that I had not yet started to draw Mutt, so my job was to do cartoons for the sporting page, signed Bud Fisher—the name I always used. I also wrote fight gossip so I could get tickets to the boxing matches for nothing. I was always interested in fighting, having inherited this from my father, I guess. He was a great fight fan up to the time of his death.

In fact, I became so excited about fighting at one time that I decided to be a boxer myself, figuring I could make more money and not have to take any more punishment than I did from my bosses. So I began to train in my spare time at a local gymnasium, until one day a young fighter came along and I took him on for a bout. I figured if I could knock him out I would, and he must have had the same idea, although he had agreed to go easy with me. At the start I hit him a good clip on

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A SAGA OF THE SEA

Mynheer Goes East—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

She Swung Round Again, Her Face Triumphant. "Thus Did I Swear, Tuan! Thus Did I Swear to Do to Man or Woman Who Would Part Us!"

HIMSELF stolid and unimaginative, huge-framed and strongly featured, wrought physically to an iron endurance and mentally to a naïvely uncouth simplicity by that practice of the sea from boyhood which yet in his early thirties had brought him to the command of the Dutch East India Company's ship Weltevreden, Kapitein Dirk Adriaanszoon had found himself quite unusually—for he was at a seaman's permanent feud with the shore folk of the company—attracted to his new supercargo.

But recently arrived in the Indies, the scapegrace son of a rich burgher family in Amsterdam, slightly built, good-looking and elegant in the latest cut of skirted coat and baggy breeches, amusingly quick-witted and boyishly high-spirited, Cornelis Marreveld evoked in him a self-depreciatory admiration incongruously intermingled with a protective impulse that was almost like an elder brother's toward the patent inexperience of his junior.

In the sacred isolation of the great cabin, which they shared as befitted the ultimate equality of their positions, they had become close comrades, calling each other by their Christian names, during this fortnight since they had left Amboyna. Very profitably had they cruised from exotically tropic island to tropic island of the Moluccan Archipelago, where the pepper and spices so costly in Europe were so cheaply to be purchased, and whence their Portuguese predecessors were being roughly evicted from a century-old trading empire.

It was a business requiring much adroitness on the part of young Cornelis, for the Portuguese rarely failed to inflict sanguinary punishment on the coast populations who sold these commodities to any Europeans but themselves, and well-justified fear of them was but barely balanced by an equally well-justified hatred. It was a business requiring a sharp lookout and an instant readiness for action on the part of Captain Adriaanszoon. Round the corner of any one of these island paradises, a Portuguese ship—or ships—might be discovered.

Now, on this hot day of the good monsoon of the year 1606, with the ship rolling under all canvas before the steady wind upon her quarter, they sat together on the high half deck which commanded a slanting view down to the considerably lower bows. Cornelis Marreveld had, to the seaman's half-skeptical wonder, related an amorous exploit with a great lady in Amsterdam which had urgently necessitated his taking service with the company and his departure on a ship then sailing for the Indies.

"Indeed, it happened so," he protested. "Strange creatures are women, Dirk. You know them not as I do."

"Likely enough," agreed the captain. In truth, his own seaport experiences with them had been of the crudest. "Never have I been wed, or wished to wed. My ship has always been as a wife to me." As he spoke he glanced up instinctively to appraise the set of the sails. All—the great lateen above them on the mizzen, the disproportionately small topgallants, the topsails and courses on the main and fore masts, the square spritsail on the high-steeved bowsprit—not for a century and a half would the fore-and-aft jib be invented—were braced to a nicety. "I have never even bought a Javanese or Makassar slave girl, as so many shipmasters do. I leave that to the shore folk. A mariner needs no woman aboard if he would thrive in his voyages."

Young Cornelis flushed a little. "I had a Makassar girl in Amboyna," he said. "I sold her just before we sailed." He hesitated. "What think you, Dirk? Is there any truth in the stories they tell of these native girls?"

Captain Adriaanszoon glanced at him. "What sort of stories?"

"Magic. Spells they are supposed to be able to cast over lovers who have wearied of them."

Captain Adriaanszoon shrugged his shoulders. "Many strange stories have I heard in this accursed East," he said. "Why do you ask?"

Again the young man hesitated. "That girl I had—she was beautiful. She loved me passionately, used to follow me like a dog. She wanted me to bring her on the ship. I refused. I had had enough of her, to speak truth. She wearied me. One night I caught her out in the moonlight making some devil's witchcraft and muttering my name over it. I whipped her then and there and sold her next day. As she was led off she laughed in my face—a laugh that made my blood go cold. She cried out something in Malay—the language is yet new to me and I could not understand her words—something about love. She mocked me as she said it, and there was foam on her lips. I have been hearing that laugh ever since we sailed. Think you, Dirk, she could have worked some magic on me?"

Captain Adriaanszoon looked concerned. "No ill has come upon your body?" he asked. "Sometimes they put things in one's food."

"No." The young man shook his head at him. "My health was never better—for all this heat."

"Then forget it," Captain Adriaanszoon advised him. "Haply she did but frighten you—or she failed to do what she would. Had she put witchcraft in your food, it would have worked ere this."

The ship's bell clanged eight strokes. There was a shrilling of whistles, a jostling emergence of rough-looking barelegged seamen in ragged breeches from the forecastle as the four-o'clock watch replaced its predecessor. The two mates—first and second *Stuurman*—curtly exchanged the standing orders and the course. Just in front of the half deck the helmsman similarly repeated the course to his successor at the stout vertical whipstaff—not yet had the wheel been devised—which levered upon the long horizontal tiller passing through the gun room on the deck below. A new lookout climbed the shrouds to the foretop. The new officer on watch commenced to pace up and down the high half deck. The routine of ship life accomplished itself with the quiet precision of normality.

They were nearing one of the islands, were approaching a jutting promontory topped with a thick growth of palms and a surge of white foam at its base. Captain Adriaanszoon rose from the skylight where he had been sitting. At the other side of that high promontory—if one could rely upon the as yet very imperfect charting of these waters—should be found a native town and harbor not yet visited by the Dutch. He spoke a word to the *Stuurman*, bade him take in the topgallant sails, send a leadsman forward. Not safe was it to carry a press of canvas when entering these reef-strewn harbors where one had to sound every yard of the way. The *Stuurman* blew his whistle, shouted the order. The topmen scrambled aloft, were active little figures against the blue sky upon which the masts described a dizzy ellipse as the ship rolled in the swell overtaking her quarter.

Captain Adriaanszoon picked up his spyglass, took his station at the rail of the half deck. They were now almost abreast of the point. He cried an order to the helmsman, to the sail trimmers, equally important in altering the ship's course. The Weltevreden came round in a curve to

starboard, opened up a view of the jungle-surrounded bay. Instantly there was a hail from the masthead lookout, a shout from every man on deck. There, at anchor with brailed sails, off the native town of palm thatch and bamboo, were two large ships. There was no doubt of their nationality: To those experienced eyes their build proclaimed it -Portuguese!

Captain Adriaanszoon roared an order: "Trumpeters! All hands! Action!"

The trumpeter always in attendance upon the half deck blew a fanfare call. There was an answering shrilling of whistles, a tumultuous rush of men upon the deck as they swarmed excitedly out of the forecastle, raced to their posts.

Down below, on the main gun deck, other trumpets, other shrill whistles, indicated that the gun crews were there assembling about their pieces, as they were at those fewer and smaller ones in the waist, on the forecastle and on the high stern. Ship's boys ran with tubs of water to place beside each.

The gunners rapidly staved in the heads of powder barrels brought from the magazine, stacked in the scuppers the round shot also thence carried to them, placed their sputtering linstocks in pails of sand, slacked the lashings of the guns to permit of the recoil, got out their powder scoops, swabs and rammers. Matchlock men, their bandoliers of dangling charges clattering as they ran with their cumbrous weapons in the one hand and a smoldering twist in the other, climbed to the tops, stationed themselves on poop and forecastle. From the masthead was broken out the orange, white and blue tricolor of the Netherlands, and on a yardarm halyard a ball of bunting became the company's flag with its interlocked initials of the Vereenigde Ost-Indische Compagnie. Along the bulwarks of the waist were stretched long strips of canvas, rope nets were rapidly rigged horizontally overhead to catch falling spars. For a few minutes it was a wild confusion of men hurrying hither and thither, while the sail trimmers fought a passage through them to obey the orders which took way off the ship until all was ready.

The Portuguese vessels had been little more than a mile distant at that first mutually unexpected discovery. Now evidently both of them had hurriedly cut their cables, were moving slowly as sail after sail was set on them. Captain Adriaanszoon came round on the other tack, maneuvering with a confident skill to keep the weather gauge to windward. Through his spyglass he could see a feverish activity on their decks, upon their yards and rigging. The joint colors of Spain and Portugal since 1581 one country - were broken out from their masts and from their high-pooped sterns.

There was a sudden silence on the Weltevreden. The first *Stuurman* reported that every man was at his post. Captain Adriaanszoon nodded grimly. He shouted another order to the helmsman and the trimmers at the braces. The ship came round again, heading straight for the enemy vessels. He felt someone touch his arm. It was Cornelis, offering him his sword he had fetched from the great cabin. The young man had girded a sword upon himself, had stuck a pair of large pistols in his belt. His eyes were bright, his face pale with excitement.

"It is my first fight, Dirk!" he said. "Think you we shall destroy them both?"

"With God's help, *Jongeling*." Captain Adriaanszoon's voice was hard; those colors awoke an ancestral hatred in him, merely half-castes though would be most of those who fought under them. "It will be either them or us!"

The Weltevreden drove onward, the hiss and slash of the sea curiously loud in that tense silence. The enemy's trumpets became audible across the water. Sluggish clumsy vessels were those Portuguese. Even yet they had scarcely got way on them, were wallowing close together in the swell. The distance lessened. Plainly now could be seen the muzzles of the cannon protruding from the lifted ports of their gun decks, sticking out from their lofty sterns, pointing forward from the bulkhead of the much lower forecastles to shoot over the carved beaks at their bows. The Weltevreden slightly changed direction again, aiming to get athwart their course.

She was almost in front of them, but a little more than a cable's length distant from the nearer, as, brave in a finery of flags, their sails golden in the glare of sunshine, they dipped and lifted their low bows, rolled their sternward loftiness of bulk in the intensely blue waves that foamed about their stems. Much noise came from them. Captain Adriaanszoon watched them in an intense concentration of all his faculties, a narrow appraisal of those bluntly converging courses. In a moment or two he could achieve that initial position which was the aim of every skilled sea fighter of his age—at close range crossing the bow of the enemy, who could then reply only with chasers and a few light pieces to the fire of a raking broadside.

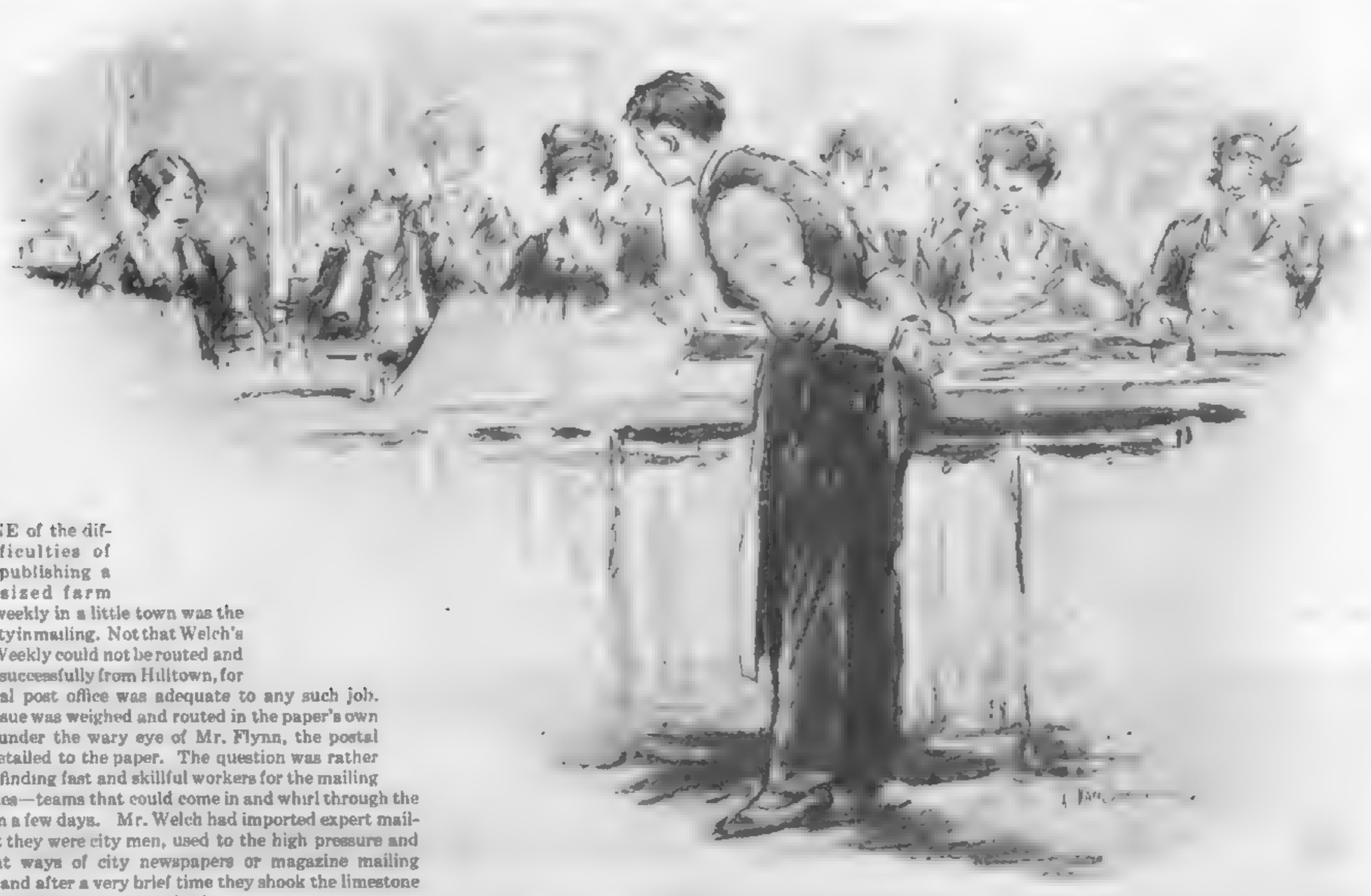
That nearer ship became suddenly aware of the menace. Puffs of white smoke spurted from her forward guns in a ragged multiple detonation, a howl and hiss of projectiles that went high, since she had fired belatedly on the upward lift. Men were frantically busy with her sails as she began slowly to swing. Too late! Captain Adriaanszoon roared an order. The Weltevreden came round, so close that it seemed her enemy must ram her. As she began to pass before that high-cocked bowsprit, with its now fluttering square spritsail under the Portuguese jack, he roared another order with all his lungs: "*Vuur!*"

From the Weltevreden's starboard flank sprang a great thick cloud of smoke riven with lurid stabs of flame. She shook in every timber to the deafening crash -a crash that was reëchoed from the enemy in a sudden noise of splintered timbers and a bloodcurdling, many-voiced shriek of agony. The Weltevreden completed her swing to starboard, continued her course, with hand guns and pedreros firing rapidly at the stricken ship vaguely seen through the smoke in which the waist-stripped, headkerchiefed gunners labored like madmen to reload. On the larboard side

(Continued on Page 85)

They Cruised From Exotically Tropic Island to Tropic Island of the Moluccan Archipelago, Where the Pepper and Spices Were Cheaply to be Purchased

MONKEYSHINES



"Naow, Girls," He Said, in a Slightly Nasal Twang, "One for All and All for One! The Paper Supports Us and We Must Support the Paper!"

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

ONE of the difficulties of publishing a good-sized farm paper weekly in a little town was the difficulty in mailing. Not that Welch's Farm Weekly could not be routed and mailed successfully from Hilltown, for the local post office was adequate to any such job. Each issue was weighed and routed in the paper's own plant, under the wary eye of Mr. Flynn, the postal clerk detailed to the paper. The question was rather that of finding fast and skillful workers for the mailing machines—teams that could come in and whirl through the paper in a few days. Mr. Welch had imported expert mailers, but they were city men, used to the high pressure and different ways of city newspapers or magazine mailing rooms, and after a very brief time they shook the limestone dust of Hilltown from their heels.

"Very well," said Mr. Welch, "we'll train our own mailers." And for a dozen years now, since the paper had reached any size at all, the mailing room had been run by local talent. Girls, it was soon found, were fastest and most skillful with the patent mailers. Girls could wrap bundles or singles and watch the list most faithfully. With a mailing-room foreman who had been sent away to learn his trade, with a good stout boy to shovel books for the girls, and another to take down the bags and put the route labels in the mechanical fasteners, the paper was mailed every week.

Homer White had been a shoveler and now he was a mailer. He was a good mailer, too, in spite of a native tendency to play the fool. Between Mr. Duncan, the foreman, and Mr. Flynn, the postal clerk, they had taught him his job, so that he knew practically all the post-office routes in the Middle West and some beyond the Rockies. He had a hard job, requiring a good deal of speed, physical strength and clerical knowledge. But hard as his job was, it was not hard enough to absorb all his tremendous young vitality.

"He's a nut, that guy," said Mr. Duncan, who was a sad-faced Irishman. "He can't even stand still without doing it fancy."

It was true. Even in the middle of the winter, when they were mailing the big books, and Homer sometimes lifted enough bags to fill eighteen or twenty trucks, at an average of a thousand pounds of mail to a truck, he still had time to hang the ends of lists on his ears as yellow curls, to stir the paste bucket with a flourish and follow any chance mailing-room visitor about in solemn and ludicrous imitation. The more foolish Homer's behavior, the more mournful Mr. Duncan's expression and the more harassed Mr. Flynn became. So while the temperamental males went each to his own extreme, the girls went ahead and got out the issue.

But if he had, at times, found relief from the monotony of work in crazy antics, on the day when Ruth Paul first came to work in the mailing room, Homer exceeded all his former efforts. He pranced, he cavorted, he laughed with a sort of bellow. He even stood behind Mr. Duncan and mocked him when the foreman was showing Ruth how to wrap her bundles, and when Mr. Duncan turned about Homer went ahead with his work in a rapid casual way, the picture of youthful innocence.

"Don't you get gay with me, young man," said Mr. Duncan. "You may be a good mailer—and know it—but don't get gay with me! No skill of yours will save you if you do. You're not the only person that can untangle mailing snarls and check corrections. I can get somebody else to whark bags for me, never fear! I've stood a lot of nonsense from you, but don't get too funny!"

"Why, Mr. Duncan!" Homer's grief was unlimited, but the foreman fixed his nearsighted, truculent look on his assistant without mitigation.

"You'll come a cropper some day," he prophesied.

This seemed to be the day, for as it advanced, Homer's mood became intensified. He was so aware of the new girl, of her small and gentle figure; of her fair hair, cut short above one ear and combed down long over the other; of her smooth, rosy skin and deep blue eyes, the firm but tender features of her young face—that he could not contain his excitement. And all the other mailing-room girls were giggling, watching him, encouraging him, sensing, too, that he was trying to attract Ruth's attention, and glad of that, because none of them liked Isabel Eddie, who claimed Homer for her own.

He had done a series of successful imitations, and now his daring reached its height. Mr. Duncan had gone back to the pressroom. With a bit of baling wire, Homer made a pair of nose glasses, with an old stencil ribbon dangling from them. It was amazing how much he looked like Mr. Welch, standing with his hands behind his back, the ribbon from his glasses floating freely before him, his body stooped a little forward at the waist, his hair rumpled and falling into his eyes. He had even pinched in his nostrils and pulled down his mouth in unmistakable caricature of the publisher.

"Naow, girls," he said, in a slightly nasal twang, "one for all and all for one! The paper supports us and we must support the paper! Welch's Farm Weekly must be mailed carefully and correctly. While we're here we must lay aside all personal emotions and emote for the paper exclusively. We stand between the pressroom and the great world. All those little subscribers out there in the unenlightened regions of Missouri and Pennsylvania depend upon you to bring them their papers, full of news, sound information and sane advice."

It was hardly fair. Mr. Welch was a sincere and hard-working individual, soundly respected by everyone in the plant. Yet there was enough truth in Homer's mimicry to make it potent—that grain of truth essential to all mockery—and behind it, his own extravagant vitality. He was going over big and he knew it.

A silent figure emerged from the shadows of the sack room and stood watching quietly. The sudden sobriety of his audience was warning enough for the quick-witted Homer. Without haste, but yet quickly, he stooped over the nearest mail bag and jerked the glasses away by their ribbon and down among the books bound for Kansas. As he straightened his back, his hand flew up and put his hair in place and he went on with his tasks, a calm and dignified young man, with grave things on his mind, the happiness of the paper's subscribers on his conscience, and only a slightly pinker color than was normal.

Mr. Welch came and stood beside the new girl and watched her. The girls worked in teams of three at the high zinc-covered tables, one handling a mailing machine,

the two others wrapping. Ruth went on quietly with her work, taking her time and remaining calm under the boss' eye; but Isabel, who had the patent mailer on her arm, exerted herself. She was the fastest girl in the room and could mail hundreds more copies every day than any other. Now she fed the addressed magazines to the new girl faster than she could take care of them. Homer came up on the other side from Mr. Welch, drew a pile of Ruth's books toward himself, straightened and racked them expertly, pasted the exposed ends of the wrappers and began to roll the bundles and toss them in the bag. A faint color came up into Ruth's cheeks, but she did not look at him or speak to him. Isabel looked at him with angry eyes and he answered her look with scorn.

"You're learning fine," Homer said, so that Mr. Welch would know that Ruth was new and that was why she was slow. "I never saw a girl wrap a neater bundle her first day here."

"Thank you," she said softly. Isabel's arm flew. The mailing machine on her left arm and hand struck the labels off the list and onto the books, and her right hand jerked the addressed books off the pile so quickly that it seemed all one long continuous flowing movement. Homer took down Ruth's bag, labeled and loaded it and went to another table. Mr. Welch stayed in the mailing room nearly an hour after Mr. Duncan came back from the pressroom, but he had nothing to say to anybody—simply watched the work, as was his wont. When he went back upstairs, Mr. Duncan went with him and the mailing room relaxed with a communal sigh. The shoveler went into the sack room and cupped greedy hands about a forbidden cigarette. The girls slumped back on their chairs a little and a small fountain of talk rose at every table.

"He saw you!" said Isabel, and the others nodded.

"Naw, he didn't."

"Yes, he did. He stood and watched you. He heard everything you said."

"Shucks! You know he didn't. Why didn't he say something to me then?"

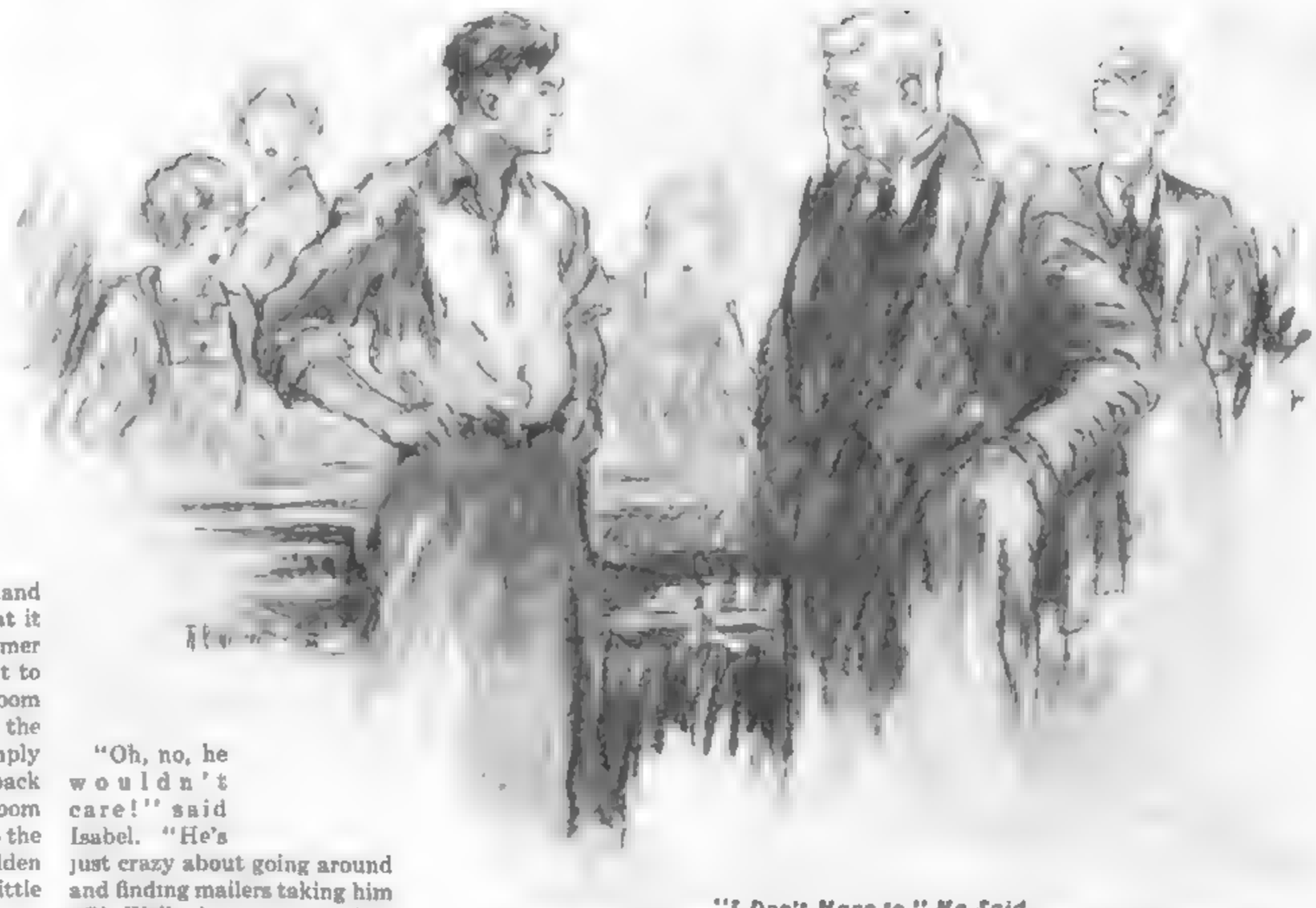
"Just wait—he will!" This was Molly. "You'll hear about it."

"I'll bet you he never says a word to me about it. What'll you bet?" Homer demanded.

"I'm not a better; but all the same, he saw you."

"He wouldn't care if he did—he likes me," said Homer boastfully. The new girl was taking advantage of the lull to catch up with Isabel.

Homer Felt an Unreasonable Conviction That Mr. Duncan Was Bluffing



"I Don't Have to," He Said, Looking Mr. Welch in the Eye. "I'm Through—See? I'm Quitting"

"Oh, no, he wouldn't care!" said Isabel. "He's just crazy about going around and finding mailers taking him off! Well, that was one time somebody outfaced you. You didn't look half as innocent as he did. He's probably telling Duncan right now to give you your time the first excuse he gets."

"Well, gee-whiz!" said Homer. "You sound as though you were glad of it."

Isabel looked at him. "You know I'm not, Homer," she said. "You know I didn't mean it that way. Only—you know you promised me—it just hurts me to have you break your promise, that's all."

Homer made a wry face and looked sideways under his eyelashes at the new girl, who was evidently paying no attention to the talk around her. She looked so fresh and clean to Homer that he felt as though a flower had bloomed in the noisy, dusty room. He asked her if her high stool was comfortable and adjusted it for her. He longed for her to lift her creamy eyelids and look at him, and she did so, briefly, and thanked him again in her low voice.

"What's your name, Blondy?" he asked, leaning his elbow on the table beside her, although he knew what her name was well enough.

"Ruth Paul."

"Look!" he said. "Can you do this?"

He took the shoveler's cigarette away from him, drew on it and made a glowing coal, picked up the new girl's clean handkerchief which lay beside her and folded the cigarette inside of it, rolled it briskly between his palms and then unfolded it, delicately picked out the cigarette and gave her back her handkerchief as clean and fresh as when he had picked it up. She took the handkerchief and turned it about in her hands, and now her dark-blue eyes met his fully. He noticed how silky brown her lashes and brows were, and how the strong western light fell on the fine texture of her face and throat.

"Aren't you wonderful!" she exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

"I'll show you sometime," he answered, beaming.

But Eddie cut in with—"Hey, give me my smoke."

And Isabel said, in a possessive voice, "Come here, Homer. I want to tell you something."

Homer went to her and leaned beside her. Isabel looked at him soberly. She was a year or two older than Homer—a tall, dark, serious girl, with straight, long, black hair and clear, rather light gray eyes. Her throat was long, her body thin and strong. She was supposed to be Homer's girl, though the others wondered, none too inaudibly, why he went with her, as she continually found fault with him. He himself was not sure of the reason—mostly, perhaps, because she wanted it and because his mother liked her. His mother was oddly fearful of pretty girls and had communicated her fear to Homer, who really believed that a plain girl was nicer than a pretty one. But today he felt exasperated with Isabel's attitude and listened to her with strained courtesy.

"I've told you and told you," she said intimately, "that you must sober down and try to be more businesslike. You're smart enough, Homer, only you just cut up all the time, and monkeyshines never got anybody a raise. You promised me you'd quit fooling—and here you've been nearly fired twice today. It makes me feel bad."

"Well, don't cry here," he answered, his patience waning; but when she flushed, he smiled at her quickly.

"What time are you coming over tonight?" she asked him, and for the first time Homer realized that every date had been of her making.

"I can't come tonight," he answered, and began to move away.

"What did you say, Homer?"

"Say, we've got to get this list finished."

He began to work with energy, and he went from girl to girl, teasing and kidding, pretending to find snakes in the mail sacks, striking postures, making faces.

He was acutely conscious of Ruth Paul. She seemed to him so different from the others that a charmed circle was marked about her. Her presence made his voice louder, his sallies more witty, his efforts more ludicrous. He fairly tossed the mail bags about, and as often as he could, he got in position to look at her. He had to be sharp, for the others watched him. He had no illusions about the mailing-room girls. Nothing missed them, and, in a way, Isabel's devotion had simplified things for him. As long as he was her boy friend, he was not a common prey.

Ruth Paul was little and very feminine. She wore a black sateen apron over a green jersey dress, gray silk stockings and black Oxfords with low heels and gray ties. Nobody seemed to know much about her, as her family was new in Hilltown, whither her father had come to work in one of the quarries. She was about seventeen or eighteen, and she had come that morning dressed for work and Mr. Duncan had put her at the table with Isabel and Molly. She said very little all day, but her presence in the big room was felt by everybody. She had a friendly little smile and she worked with unusual facility. Homer noticed how clean she was. Most of the girls came to work in the morning with a clean powdered look and went home crumpled and soiled—especially, perhaps, the mailing-room

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HOW'S YOUR FORM?

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Where," He Demands, "Is the Trick in Walking Up to a Sitting Bird and Taking a Poke at It?"

IT'S a mystery to me how Joe Gilpin ever got by the membership committee. Personally, I'd have blackballed him out of an East Side shooting gallery; but, after all, swinging the door open is the business of the club and none of mine. Mine's to teach the ancient idea to keep its head down. I'm the golf pro at Parawana.

The new member's pointed out to me in the locker room, but it's not until several days later that I gets a real flash at him. I'm on the practice tee arching a few down the alley when Gilpin strolls up—a tall, slouch-shouldered hombre along in the early thirties, with a sullen hanging jaw and scowling eyes. For a while he stands round and watches me take the gutta-percha out riding.

"What's there to this," he asks finally, "that any guy with a strong back and a weak mind can't pick up in less than five minutes in his sleep?"

"Well," I returns, "I've been at it, man and boy, for over twenty years now and there are a lot of pages in the book that I haven't even cut yet."

"That," grunts Gilpin, "doesn't mean nearly as much as nothing. I once knew a jane who spent a lifetime trying to learn to boil water. She died at ninety without getting the knack of it. Where," he demands, "is the trick in walking up to a sitting bird and taking a poke at it? The ball never climbs up and bites you, does it?"

"Rarely," I assures him. "There's a strict club rule against it. . . . Ever do any golfing?"

"No," he comes back, "but I've seen the crime committed. From what I can get, it's just shinny in semi-balloon pants staged by a lot of spavs playing hooky from slow music. If I'm wrong, sue me."

"Consider yourself sued," says I. "Golf is a game of great skill and science, calling for perfect coördination of mind and body, exact timing, rhythm, muscular control ——"

"Not to mention," cuts in Gilpin, sarcastic, "a complete knowledge of diamond setting and Scandinavian folk songs. How you make me laugh, Mr. Jolson!"

"Suppose," I yelps, losing control, "you walk up to that sitting bird and take a poke at it." And I indicates the ball I'd just teed up.

"All right," says Gilpin promptly. He pulls a mid-iron out of my bag and takes a stance—the kind of a stance I guess guys of his type take for wife-beating.

"Listen," says I, the instructor in me making me forget myself. "You can't hit anything standing that way and holding a club like that."

"Your mother maybe thinks so," shoots back the new member, and takes a vicious slash at the pill.

The click of the impact is enough to tell me he's connected. And how he has! Straight and low, down the fairway the ball zings, finally grounding on the far slope of a rise two hundred yards away and rolling another fifty yards.

"My sleeve got in the way," growls Gilpin. "Let me bump into another with my coat off."

"Sure," says I amiably. I'm not at all miffed over the wallop. Any fathead is likely to kiss one flush on the lips by accident. I once saw a woman, her first time on any course, take a brassie into a sand pit over a hundred yards from the pin and hole out. I haven't let myself be surprised on the links since. "Try a wood," I suggests, passing a driver to Gilpin.

"What's the difference?" he grunts. "If you've got a billiard cue or an axletree, I'll use them. Golf balls don't care what they're hit with, do they?"

"Not in leap years," I returns. "Only how and where and for how much. Let her go!"

Gilp does. When he eventually gets himself disentangled from the snarl into which he's wrapped himself on the swing it's to watch the ball zooming down the open spaces. The drive's two hundred and fifty yards on the cash-and-carry if it's an inch. I takes a sharp look at the bozo, suspicious I'm being given the run around by a ringer.

"So this is golf!" sneers Gilpin. "So this is the game they play all summer and argue about all winter! Fine points! Skill! Science! Lessons! Years of practice! Bologney! Do I understand," he goes on, "that you actually get paid for showing saps how to hit a ball with a stick? What are your rates for teaching rug-beating?"

"Shoot a few more," I barks angrily.

The bird's just a natural. No shark could hippodrome the stuff he does and get away with it. No matter how Gilpin stands or how he swings, he connects solidly for drive after drive, averaging well over two hundred yards. There's not a slice or a hook in a carload. After rocketing a half dozen off the tee, the new member puts the wood club back in the bag and fetches out a putter.

"What's this little feller for?" he asks. "For such players as are still in their first childhood?"

"You can't drive with that," I exclaims, as he steps up to shoot.

"Can't, eh?" snorts Gilpin. "When was that law put through? While the soldier boys were in Europe, I guess," he goes on, nasty. "That's how you make your dough around here—selling the come-ons a bill of can'ts and then offering to trade 'em in for cans at five smackers per hour. Does the ball get any smaller as the club gets shorter? Watch me tie a can on this particular can't of yours."

The egg goes into a huddle over the pill, swings almost around to the back of his neck and lets fly. With the roll, it's a two-hundred-yard poke under any form of government.

I'm convinced that Gilpin's no phony taking me out for a joy ride. He's just a sap with an uncanny sense of timing. Timing, I don't mind telling you and such natives of upper Athabasca as are interested, is the secret of good driving, good batting, good boxing, and even good mulligatawny soup. Some folks are born with a sense of it, some develop it and some are even late for their own funerals. Still, I can hardly believe it possible that Gilpin had never before had a golf club in his hands.

"Where'd you learn to play?" I shoots at him suddenly.

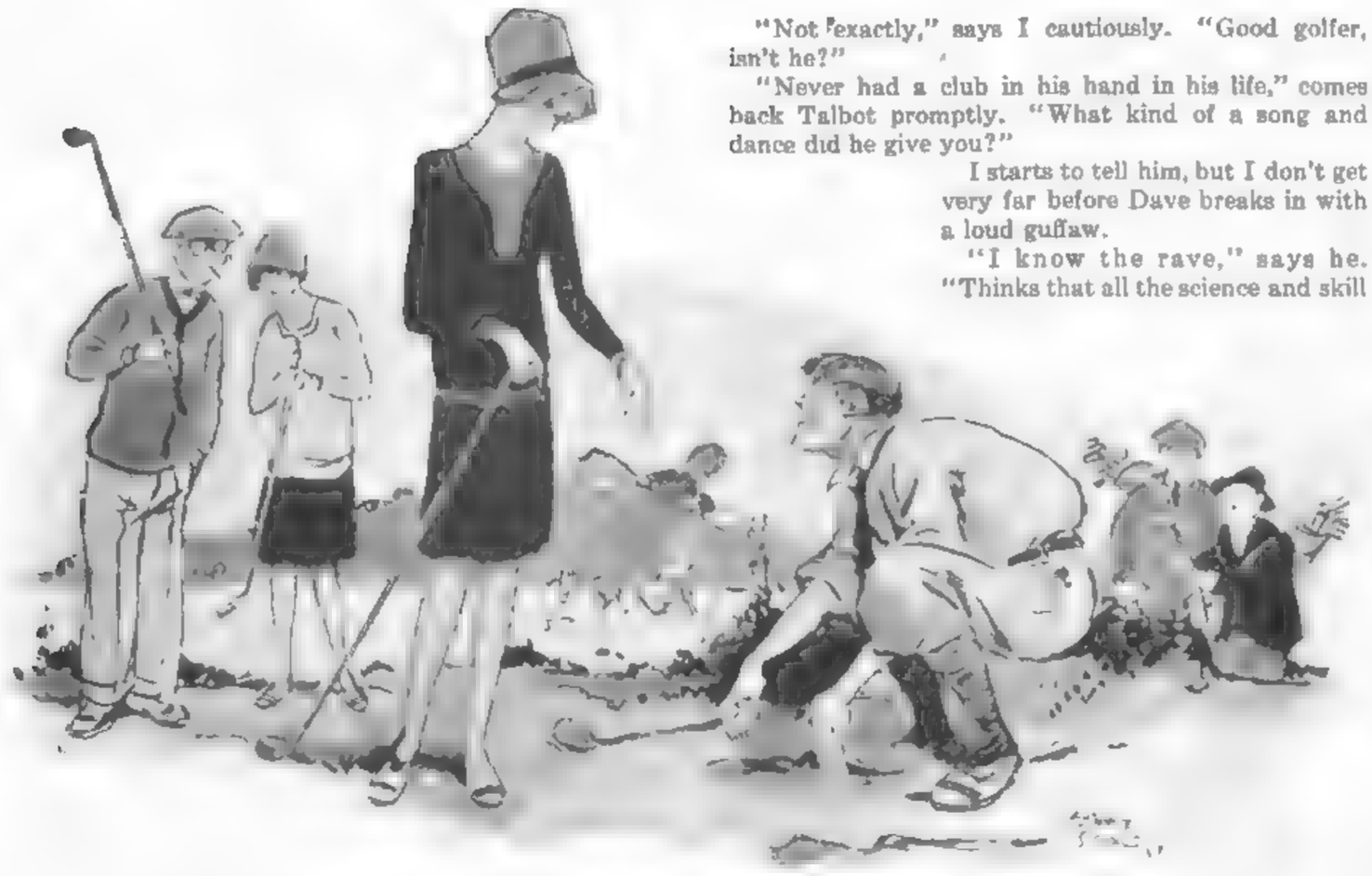
"What do you mean—learn?" he snaps. "Did you have to learn to swat flies? That's a much tougher sport. Flies move around—they're not teed up. If it took me as much as ten minutes to pick up this pasture pool, I wouldn't be here. That's what I think of the game."

"If them's your sentiments," says I, "may I ask why you've joined a country club where ——"

"To do some missionary work," cuts in Gilpin savagely, "and maybe take the bread out of your mouth."

"Shoot another," I invites. "That one went into the lake."

"You Stand Too Near the Ball," Obliges the Pest — "After You Hit It"



"Also," Says Miss Tevis, "I'd Tee the Ball Up if I Were You." Without a Word Gilpin Does So

"In simple language," explains the new member, "I'm here to do golf as much harm as possible."

"But why?" I inquires. "Every time I see Old Man Bogey he speaks well of you."

"I'll tell you why," returns Gilpin. "Where I work and where I live, nothing is talked of but golf, except on the rare occasions when the subject is switched to golf. For years now my ear has been a kind of nineteenth hole. I'm just about to go niblick-nutty when I figures out a way to shut up the gang. How? By disgusting 'em with the game. You follow me?"

"At a respectful distance," says I. "How you going to make the disgusting go?"

"Through the cheapening process," he comes back. "How much will these babies think of the skill and the science of golf when a lad who's never had a club in his hand steps out and takes 'em to the cleaners?"

"Not much," I admits; "but if your friends have been playing for years, what makes you so sure you can take 'em?"

"For the simple reason," answers the simp, "that these fellows have got themselves so wound up with technic and form and rhythm and the rest of your sales Bologney that they've forgotten all about the only object of the game, which, I understand, is to step up and hit the ball. How much coal," demands Gilpin, "would a guy shovel who was always wondering if he was following through, if he was holding his feet right and if he was keeping his eye on the anthracite?"

"There's some difference," I remarks, "between shoveling coal and the ancient and honorable"

"If there is," grunts the cuckoo, "it's all in favor of shoveling coal. How many of your trained seals can hit the ball farther and straighter than I did just now?"

"Those accidents of yours off the tee weren't so bad," I replies, "but if you think that driving is all there is to golf, your brain's stymied. Just wait until you get up against the short iron work and running down putts."

"How you do blah," says Gilpin. "No matter what the distance or what the club, the big idea is to hit the ball, isn't it?"

"Yeh," I barks, "and the big idea in killing kangaroos is to shoot at 'em, but ——"

"Do you tee up kangaroos?" sneers the new member.

II

I'D RUN into goofs before who figured that golf was just a matter of staying away from church and whaling away at a pill—in fact, practically all beginners suffer from the complaint—but never one so cocksure as Gilpin. Rating him as a windbag doesn't quite laugh off the samples he'd shown me, however. The more I think of them, the more I'm inclined to return to my original suspicion that he's a slicker out having a little fun with a set-up. To satisfy myself, I makes some inquiries later in the day, picking on Dave Talbot, a friendly lad who's on the membership committee.

"Don't tell me he was talking with you about taking lessons," gasps Dave, when I mentions meeting up with Gilpin.

"Not exactly," says I cautiously. "Good golfer, isn't he?"

"Never had a club in his hand in his life," comes back Talbot promptly. "What kind of a song and dance did he give you?"

I starts to tell him, but I don't get very far before Dave breaks in with a loud guffaw.

"I know the rave," says he. "Thinks that all the science and skill in golf is the bunk. Never played the game, but has an idea he can step right out in his overcoat and break the course record. That notion," adds Talbot, with a complacent grin, "is going to set him back five hundred smackers tomorrow."

"How's that?" I asks.

"I'm betting Gilp two to one," returns Dave, "that he can't go around under a hundred and thirty. Have I picked a soft spot for myself or have I?"

"You haven't," says I grimly. "If you've a chance to back out of that wager, you'd better grab it. It wouldn't surprise me any to see him crack a hundred."

"Huh?" mumbles Talbot. "Has Joe sold you on his line of hop?"

"Not on his line of hop," I corrects, "but on his line of exhibits."

"Exhibits?" demands Dave. "What did Gilpin ever show you?"

"Nothing," says I, "except six or eight two-hundred-yard drives off the practice tee, including one with a putter. You sure he's never played before?"

"Absolutely. Why, he hasn't even got clubs! He's in the store now buying a set."

"If that's the case," I shrugs, "your boy friend is just a natural." And I tells Dave all the details of my meeting with Gilpin two hours before.

"Beginner's luck," he scoffs. "The first time a guy sits in on a poker game he always mops up. Tomorrow," goes on Talbot, "Joe'll probably take a half dozen swings at where he thinks the ball is and then give his clubs away to the caddie."

"I hope so," says I, "but I wouldn't take any part of your bet on a bet."

Along about three in the afternoon I sees Gilpin alone in the locker room, scowling down at his first set of clubs.

"Why," I asks pleasantly, "aren't you out doing the game a little harm?"

"The boobs I want to harm it for," grunts Gilpin, "are all dated up."

"Your loyalty does you credit," says I, "but why not harm it for some other bird in the meantime? Colonel Tevis is on the tee waiting for a customer. Take him on for a round. He's pretty good too."

"One of your graduates?" snaps the rookie. "Knows just how to hold his ears when he's driving and how to part his teeth proper when he's putting?"

"Few members of Parawana," I assures him, "have better form than the colonel. There is much," I adds maliciously, "that a beginner can learn merely by observing ——"

"Lead me to him," cuts in Gilpin, grabbing his bag and jumping to his dogs.

I ankles him over to the tee and introduces him to Tevis—a lean, ramroddy chap knee-deep in the fifties. Had I hunted through the club roster I couldn't have found a better bobo to slap Gilpin up against for his first out. The colonel's what we call a golf lawyer. He's the sort that reads itself to sleep every night with the rules of the U. S. G. A., argues for an hour over a wormcast and wouldn't concede a half-inch putt to a poor blind widow. At Parawana he's regarded as just a course hazard.

The colonel turns a bleak eye on the newcomer. "What's your handicap, sir?" he asks stuffily.

"I'm not married," comes back the egg. "What's yours—a blonde?"

"Mr. Gilpin," I explains hastily, "has never played golf before." Then, as Tevis' face falls, I goes on: "Mind if I amble along? A few holes—just a little practice for us." That brightens up the colonel. The old boy's always in the market for a free lesson and that's what it means for him with me around. I invites Tevis to lead off.

Carefully selecting a wooden tee from his box, he sets the ball up just so, walks back several paces and kneels for a surveyor's slant on the situation, takes a peck of practice swings, yells fore at a twosome three hundred and fifty yards away and shoots. The drive slices off for about seventy-five yards into the rough.

"How much," inquires Gilpin, "do you figure the bank'll loan you on that one?"

The colonel ignores the crack and turns to me with an expression of extreme distress. "What," he wants to know, "did I do then that was wrong?"

"You dropped your shoulder as you came through," I explains, "and ——"

I'm interrupted by a sneering laugh. "Dropped his shoulder, did he?" says Gilpin. "I can tell him quick what's the matter with him."

"Pray do," bites off Tevis.

"You stand too near the ball," obliges the pest—"after you hit it."

"Perhaps," suggests the colonel, right off the ice, "you'll be kind enough to show me ——"

"Certainly," cuts in Gilpin. "Anything to cause pain. Rest your

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"One!" Cries Gilpin, and Hoists a Finger Heavenward

SWORDS AND ROSES

The Rose of Mississippi—By Joseph Hergesheimer

VARINA HOWELL—for me, she was the rose of Mississippi—was born in Natchez in the May of 1826. The Howells were Scots and Welsh, and her mother was the daughter of an Irishman, James Kempe. The Kempes had settled in Virginia before 1640, but James removed with his young wife to the Mississippi territory, and there he fought under Andrew Jackson. His third daughter, Margaret Louisa, married William Burr Howell—she was a great beauty and Howell was handsomely blond and tall in the tradition of his blood—and they settled in Natchez. Before his marriage, Joseph Davis, Jefferson Davis' elder brother, had tried to persuade Howell to buy land on the river forty miles below the town, in the rich alluvial bottom near The Hurricane, a Davis plantation, but William Howell preferred the lands near Natchez. His house was a large rambling dwelling, white on the high eroded bluff, called The Briers—a tangle of Cherokee roses and bamboo bound together the magnolias and oak trees and pines that surrounded it. The bluff was very high there; it fell away in almost perpendicular red walls to little valleys magnificent with uncut woods, bayous worn by floods sweeping far back into the low tablelands east of the Mississippi River.

Jefferson Davis When He Was 32

William Howell was not a provident planter; but then neither was he above the help of houses, families, intimate to him; and he lived in a region and times of extraordinary plenty. His first child was a son, Joseph; a trip into the North was advised in the interest of the infant's health; and the Howells visited Jefferson Davis at West Point. Jefferson was then eighteen, a cadet at the Military Academy, and he was impressed by Mrs. Howell's charm. It was after that Varina—Varina Anne Banks Howell—was born, and a black slave held her—her long white embroidered robe reached to the floor—for christening in the Old Trinity Episcopal Church. She became a vivid and strong little girl and played freely with Joseph and subsequent smaller brothers and sisters in the dry bayous near the river. She slid and rolled down steep declines smooth-carpeted with pine needles and magnolia leaves, and in the bottoms engaged in robust games and ventures

Varina's childhood the influences and surroundings of her earliest impressionable years—was set in a vast and solemn land: the somber immensity of the Mississippi River swept between sheer irregular bluffs and dark forests, impenetrable swamps, hung with Spanish moss. Natchez on the bluff, tranquil and deep in trees on a wide green esplanade, was constantly filled with the carriages and horses of planters, ladies in rose-colored muslins and gentlemen in white à cheval, bearing themselves with a careless elegance. They dressed carelessly and lounged in an insolence of pride on the high Spanish pommels of their saddles. There were six streets leading from the bluff, seven lying parallel to the river intercepted them, and the Mansion House, the principal blocks, were built of brick.

Varina's freedom of extreme youth was soon interrupted by education. She attended two terms at Madame Greenland's school for young ladies in Philadelphia and then came under the private instruction of a tutor, Judge George Winchester. In addition to such formal instruction, her grandmother, Mrs. Kempe, repeated for her the heroic episodes of her grandfather's life in an earlier day—stories of General Jackson and Thomas Hinds, who led Jackson's cavalry at the Battle of New Orleans. Mrs. Kempe, as well, made Varina familiar with the traditions of her family in Virginia, in Prince William County. Her time then—she was perhaps sixteen—was filled with study and a companionship appropriate to the daughter of the dominating planter class. Judge Winchester, who had come to the deep South from Salem, Massachusetts, was a learned jurist; and in his charge, Varina wrote, she studied hard to finish a course in the classics before her seventeenth year. At that age, in that society, she was considered old enough to put on long dresses and do up her hair, to appear at balls and supper parties.

She went, when she was seventeen, to a long party at the Davis plantation, The Hurricane. Varina was, at that time, mature in appearance, a seductive girl with the dark coloring of the Kempes. Her skin was ivory, pale like a tea rose, her eyes were dark and her features softly curved; she had full, vividly red lips and beautiful teeth. She was vigorously graceful; already she owned the bearing that later grew into what was currently described as a haughtiness of manner. However, she was highly animated. Varina laughed a great deal and delicate flushes of color rose easily into the paleness of her cheeks. She followed with intense interest the elaborate preparations for her visit to The Hurricane—a number of seamstresses, hired for the occasion, were active in the sewing room, a multiplication of maids was kept busy.

She went, finally, under the care of Judge Winchester, on the steamboat Magnolia, one of the most palatial boats of that era. The steamboats of that time, she found, were literally floating palaces of ease and luxury. They were larger than now and she had never seen any hotel where food was so exquisitely prepared. Fresh fruits and most beautiful flowers were sent to the captain at almost every stopping place by the planters, to whom the boat meant ice, new books and every other luxury New Orleans could afford. This fell at Christmastime. Varina stopped first at Diamond Place, Mrs. David McCaleb's plantation thirteen miles north of The Hurricane, and the house was green with great clusters of holly and mistletoe gathered from the trees along the river. Mrs. McCaleb was the eldest daughter of Joseph E. Davis. The day after their arrival Judge Winchester returned to Natchez. He left her reluctantly—Winchester was unmarried—and with the caution that she was not to fall in love.

There was, for the moment, a question of Varina's remaining at Diamond Place for the holiday season; and, while this was being discussed, a handsome and distinguished-appearing gentleman arrived on horse. He was, Varina was informed, Jefferson Davis, Mr. Joseph Davis' younger brother, and he bore a message that nothing must be allowed to stop her journey to The Hurricane. In addition she learned that he was hurrying to a political meeting at Vicksburg. Jefferson, Mr. McCaleb assured Varina, was a man of highly elevated qualities. She wrote to her mother:

Today Uncle Joe sent by his younger brother—did you know that he had one?—an urgent invitation for me to go at once to

Jefferson Davis' House at Beauvoir, Mississippi. In Insert—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, From an Early Photograph Now in the Possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

The Hurricane. I do not know whether this Mr. Jefferson Davis is old or young. He looks both at times; but I believe he is old, for from what I hear, he is only two years younger than you are. He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and has a way of taking for granted everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion that offends me; yet he is most agreeable and has a peculiarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself. In fact he is the kind of person I should expect to rescue me from a mad dog at any risk, but to insist upon a stoical indifference to fright afterward. I do not think I shall ever like him as I do his brother Joe. Would you believe it, he is refined and cultivated, and yet he is a Democrat.

The day following, a Miss Mary Bradford, with a manservant, rode up to Diamond Place to conduct Varina to her destination. The servant led a noble horse—one of the finest in the celebrated Davis stables—with a sidesaddle and complete riding habit. There was a family carriage drawn by a pair of bays to fetch Varina's bags; and "all in blue unclouded weather," she remembered, "we rode over the rustling leaves through the thick trees to The Hurricane." She rode gay and free through the whispering leaves, under the shade of massive trees, calling in a young clear voice to Miss Bradford, accompanied by the carriage bearing her virginal finery, her crinolines and bracelets and ribbons and colognes.

The Negro Quarters on the Jefferson Davis Plantation

Mr. Davis had already, before Varina Howell knew him, been defeated for the state legislature. The Whigs, recognizing his inherent ability, his resemblance to Calhoun, put forward against him their most effective speakers. He had, however, equaled even Sergeant Prentiss in the grace and manner of his bearing; Davis, it was admitted, had surpassed him in the logic and depth of his argument. Jefferson Davis' democratic logic had little connection with the beginnings, the fundamental spirit, of that doctrine. It was, now, local to the lower cotton states—Georgia and Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. It fashioned Davis' ideas precisely as it had bred Mr. Calhoun and William Lowndes Yancey. Back of it lay the dramatic change, the improved machinery, of cotton spinning—in one period of twelve years the export of cotton had risen from two hundred thousand to forty million pounds. The deep South had grown immensely rich. The result was evident to Varina, but, blinded by prejudice and education, she was unable to see what was clear to Mr. Davis.

Varina thought of him, however, with the very great deference then offered to any superiority of years. She thought about him, in reality, very often indeed. He was a romantic personage. After the death of his first wife, Sara Knox Taylor, he had lived in almost complete seclusion for eight years on his plantation, Brierfield; he had confined himself to the company of his brother and to his books. Then Jefferson had emerged from his retirement to take his astonishing stand with the vile Democrats. "Everyone bows down before the younger brother," she told herself after a few days at The Hurricane. She had, it was plain, a great confidence in her own opinions. Varina was, in reality, unusual—a combination of personal charm and beauty and an acute intelligence. Her education had gone further than was common for young ladies of birth. Judge Winchester had early discovered that she thought for herself. Jefferson Davis was astonished when, reading aloud to Joseph and himself, she fluently translated Latin phrases into English.

She would, Joseph Davis asserted, take high rank in the world of femininity when she blossomed out and came thoroughly to herself. Jefferson, to whom he was speaking, made no reply, and the elder added: "By Jove, she is as beautiful as Venus!" After a long pause Jefferson Davis said quietly, "Yes, she is beautiful and has a fine mind." Joseph liked to walk with her through his beautifully planted grounds. They picked scarlet camellias—throughout her life Varina, whenever it was possible, wore a scarlet camellia low in her hair—and he teased her about her friends the Whigs. She was never at a loss to reply. There were other things in the National Intelligencer besides attacks on Van Buren. Varina gave him the benefit of her views of the Duke of Wellington, on Lord Brougham, London—she had command of a score of worldly topics.

Joseph Davis, an old man, was delighted with her, walking lightly by his side, dressed in a "rose-colored marino made with a corded waist and a full skirt." It was a style that set off her strong, graceful body wonderfully well. They explored everything in the plantation—the general-store room, filled with boxes and bridles, saddles and guns. The guns, Varina commented, made the room like the arsenal at Natchez. There were blankets and osenburgs, shoes and calico and pocket knives for the negroes. He pointed out to her all the aspects of his place. The heavy

(Continued on Page 52)

It is difficult to dwell on Varina Howell's girlhood—in reality, it is impossible to consider any stage of her active being aside from politics. Fortunately, the politics that so closely surrounded and influenced her was far more vital and engaging, intensely more personal, than what later it became. When Varina wrote, amazed, to her mother that Jefferson Davis, who was refined and cultivated, was yet a Democrat, she simply expressed the feeling of the whole Whig aristocracy of planters. There was, then, no actual intimation of the War for Secession, no general consciousness in the deep South of the approaching attempt at separation from the Union; the planters, quite differently, after long and practically unbroken control of the Government, regarded themselves, their interests and lands, as indispensable, the major part of the United States. They would not have believed the nation could continue without them. With practically no exception, the planters of Mississippi were Whigs; their paper, the National Intelligencer, was edited by a Mr. Gale and Mr. Seton, both strong Federalists—the earlier Federal Party had become Whig—and only the poor and the inconsiderable upheld Mr. Jefferson's principles. Varina had heard nothing but a violent denunciation of Martin Van Buren and his rabble; the general opinions of Andrew Jackson she was familiar with were hardly more favorable.

The Democrats were wholly abhorrent to the ladies of Mississippi; even at the height of General Jackson's popularity in the district of Natchez, after his triumph at New Orleans, feminine opinion and the leadership of Judge Winchester and of the brilliant young Mr. Prentiss kept the Whigs firm in command. The further truth was that Virginia, the ideals of Thomas Jefferson, had lost their power over the South; the feeling that slavery would, at some future time, be ended had changed to the realization that slaves were grown too valuable for surrender. The Whigs, the traditionally aristocratic party, still, in Varina's eyes, supported that self-evident fact. But Jefferson Davis, practically alone in his class, had foreseen that ultimately the Democrats must represent his necessities and beliefs and he had attached himself to the increasing political stature of John C. Calhoun.

The Military School at West Point, New York, in 1850. In Oval—Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis at About the Time of Their Marriage

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 28, 1928

The Toll Controversy

THE revival in the past few years of the vehicular toll bridge, especially the privately owned bridge, is one of the most debatable of recent developments. Many of these new bridges are of notable economic importance, connecting large cities, shortening distance and providing new routes of transportation. But earlier generations of Americans hated toll roads and bridges. The system of free public highways, like that of free public schools, was considered a great progressive and democratic achievement. Yet the toll bridge is coming back with amazing rapidity, and from inexorable economic causes.

A recent compilation showed that twenty-nine new toll bridges are now under construction, of which twenty are privately owned. Another 163 are proposed for construction, of which 100 would be built by private capital. These projects are to be found in many parts of the country, crossing all manner of lakes, bays and rivers, which must otherwise be crossed by the much slower ferries or bypassed by means of far longer routes.

The toll bridge is of course one of the many changes brought by the automobile. It represents an effort—perhaps the only possible method—to catch up with the rapid growth of need for stream crossings. Offhand, it might seem as if the states could build all the bridges which modern traffic requires and allow free passage as upon the highways themselves. But the public purse and public credit are being stretched far indeed to meet the colossal need for roads. Only two per cent of the roads of the country have been improved with asphalt, cement or concrete. We have only scratched the surface in supplying the proper type of highways to meet future needs.

One large bridge costs as much as one to three hundred miles of improved highway. Individual taxpayers are slow to vote for bridge bond issues; the benefit seems to accrue rather narrowly to a particular city or community. Several private toll bridges have been built only after the voters had definitely refused to bear the burden. The day when states and other political subdivisions can finance their pressing road programs and at the same time build costly free bridges is simply not in sight at present. But private capital is ready at once to erect strategically located vehicular bridges calculated to save time, reduce distance and relieve traffic congestion at water crossings. Where motorists wait in line, sometimes for hours, to cross a ferry, a toll bridge seems the logical alternative.

In the catch-as-catch-can of practical politics much will be heard of toll gougers, and free bridges may yet become a political slogan. But the automobilist demands the shortest and most convenient route. He prefers to have toll bridges erected at once by private capital rather than await their slow completion out of necessarily limited public funds. The public is protected from excessive charges by the fact that net earnings tend to increase through a reduction of rates. Besides, the principle of recapture by the public at the end of a stated period of time is well recognized by private capital.

Another way out lies in the construction, ownership and operation of toll bridges by the state itself. This method does away with the political cries of toll gougers, franchise graft, and the like. The man who drives an automobile, provided he is not running for office, probably doesn't give a hang whether the bridge is owned by the state or by a private corporation, with reversion to the state in thirty-five years. Wise public policy, we suspect, will steer a middle course. Exclusive reliance upon private enterprise hardly seems wise; the larger projects, especially of an interstate nature, might well be handled by interstate commissions or authorities. Sole dependence upon public action will fail to provide adequate facilities. Of this we are certain: neither highways nor bridges are going to be free. They must be paid for, and it only clouds the work to call them free.

Credit and Character

CONSIDERABLE time has elapsed since the publication of the first comprehensive work dealing with installment purchases, especially of automobiles. This careful analysis, in two volumes, was the product of a large staff of economists at one of the great universities, and the details of research required fifteen months. The book received a wide circulation and its effects are now being felt. Arguments on the subject are less heated than formerly. Statements made are less extreme, and this new form of credit is gradually finding its way in the economic order. It is passing out of the area of abuse and ridding itself of the perils of novelty.

Prior to the publication of Professor Seligman's book, it was commonly asserted that from seventy-five to eighty per cent of automobiles were purchased on installments. Careful inquiry disclosed that fifty-five to sixty per cent was a more accurate figure. It also appears that the volume of outstanding installment paper on consumption goods at any one time is not in excess of $2,000,000,000.

Of the doubts formerly expressed more heatedly than now concerning the validity of the installment system, two stood in the very forefront of the discussion. Though ordinary business or production credit was considered beneficial, consumption credit was looked upon differently. The other objection was that credit for luxuries should be deplored in any case. But each great change in economic conditions seems to bring with it a new form of credit, which is at first opposed and then gradually accepted as desirable and necessary. The history of other forms of credit is filled with as many doubts as consumption credit meets today. As for the luxury argument, it is now plain that the automobile is shifting its character and becoming increasingly an instrument of actual production.

As for the inflationary effect of installment buying upon the credit structure, investigation indicates that it has been exaggerated. Finally, there is much fear of what such a method of purchase will do to the individual consumer, and more particularly to his savings account. In this field a thoughtful study shows that the installment plan should induce the consumer to look ahead with greater care and to plan his economic program more intelligently. It strengthens the motives which induce an individual to save, and frequently increases his capacity to do so.

As in other forms of credit and banking, the country "will learn to distinguish the sound from the unsound, the real from the specious. The innocuous and salutary must not be confounded with the inappropriate and regrettable. In its ultimate and refined forms installment credit will be recognized as a significant and valuable contribution to modern economics."

Installment buying is like any other economic practice: its merit depends upon the individual human being. An automobile can be sold on installments to a man with a moderate income but steady habits and good character, with safety to all concerned; but it cannot be sold with safety to a man with even a large income if he has no stability and no character.

"Don't Let Them Die"

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD, writing under the above title in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of May twenty-sixth, made an impressive and timely plea for the reduction of those hazards of oceanic flight which are traceable to the employment of one-engine planes and half-trained pilots, and to the lack of equipment which all experience indicates is essential if a reasonable degree of safety is to be attained.

Publicity flyers who have hopped off on foolhardy ventures have taken the stand that if they chose to risk their necks it was their own business and there was no warrant for outside interference. Nothing could be further from the truth. When these plucky but reckless aviators come to grief common humanity dictates that they must be found and rescued if possible; and braver and more prudent men must pay the price of their willfulness by risking their own lives in an effort to save them.

There is nothing extreme in the common-sense recommendations made by Commander Byrd after long years of varied experience. He insists upon the use of multiple-engined planes equipped with collapsible boats, landing flares, dependable radio and adequate instruments. He stresses the importance of oceanic pilots having abundant experience in night flying and ability to navigate by instruments in darkness and fog instead of trusting to hope, luck and guesswork, as too many have in the past. Surely there will be thrills enough left in the air even when all these conditions have been fulfilled.

Wilmer Stultz and Louis Gordon, who safely flew the Friendship and Miss Earhart across the Atlantic, were not above taking these precautions. The Southern Cross was similarly equipped and manned. Commander Byrd points out to us the success of five recent flights undertaken in three-engined planes and calls attention to the striking lack of success of unprepared and ill-equipped ventures. Neither he nor those who support his campaign against reckless flying have any ax to grind. All they are working for is a higher standard of safety and prudence and a body of enlightened public opinion which will not tolerate the sacrifice of a lot of reckless aviators of both sexes who have more grit than good sense.

British Foreign Investments

IN ORDER to appraise the economic position of a country, one must give little heed to statements of politicians, but careful hearing to opinions of technical students of affairs. Is England Done? is a common headline in the British press. But the British expert will have none of such nonsense.

Recently Sir Robert Kindersley has given the subject of British foreign investments a careful reappraisal. Using rounded figures in dollars, he finds the sum to be close to twenty billion dollars, compared with around seventeen and a half billions in 1910. Of course the dollar of today is worth less than the dollar of 1910. Also, war debts and reparations, credits and debits have not been included. The sum stated means commercial foreign investments. The new foreign investments for 1927, net, totaled at least three hundred and fifty million dollars.

Doubtless the distribution of these foreign investments over the population is not the same as it was before the war. Doubtless the sum would be much larger had the war not occurred. Doubtless the new foreign investments would be larger if taxes were lower and exports larger. But it is idle to talk of any country being done whose accumulated and current savings touch the figures stated above.

THRIFT: OUR BEST-SELLING COMMODITY

By

Frank Parker Stockbridge

THE middle-aged man with a leather sample case under his arm was clearly a salesman. He came into the outer office, where I was waiting to see the head of the firm, and asked the girl at the information window for Miss Smithers. What, I wondered idly, did he have to sell to stenographers? Silk stockings or powder compacts?

He laid his sample case on the table, unfastened it, and as if in answer to my unspoken question, said:

"I'm selling the most valuable commodity in the world, brother. Thrift. I represent the Universal National Bank." That wasn't the name, precisely, but the real one was that of a large financial institution. Miss Smithers came out of the inner offices at that moment and I listened unblushingly to the conversation which ensued.

"Miss Marshall of the Thompson offices gave me your name, Miss Smithers," said the salesman, opening his sample case as he talked. "Now this is the fountain pen Miss Marshall has." He took a handsome pen from his case and handed it to Miss Smithers. "It sells at retail for seven dollars. It is a very good pen. The president of our bank uses one exactly like it. Try it on this sheet of paper."

A writing pad appeared magically from the sample case and Miss Smithers obediently scribbled a few pothooks on it.

"It's a very nice pen," she said hesitatingly, "but I couldn't afford seven dollars. Miss Marshall said ——"

"Oh, there's no charge for the pen," the salesman broke in. "We give you the pen when you open your thrift account. You make your first deposit of five dollars and that begins to draw interest at once. Then you put in as much as you think you can spare whenever you want to. Our nearest branch is just around the corner, so it is no trouble at all. Miss Marshall has been saving with us for nearly a year, putting in some money every Saturday."

Miss Smithers was obviously hooked, but the fish was not yet landed.

"I've only got a ten-dollar bill," she began. "Maybe I'll wait until I go to lunch." But the salesman had his wallet in his hand.

"I can make the change," he said. "I'll give you a temporary receipt and you can keep the pen now. I'll mail your pass book from the bank and the interest starts today."

Bank notes and a slip of paper changed hands and the salesman, as Miss Smithers disappeared into the inner offices with her fountain pen, turned a genial eye upon me again.

"They don't all come as easy as that, brother," he said. "It's a funny thing how you have to persuade 'em and bribe 'em to save their own money. See what I give 'em? Here's a steel box with a combination lock to keep valuable papers in. Sells for eight dollars in the stores. Open a new account with five dollars and it's yours. No? How about this genuine seal bill fold? You can't buy that anywhere for less than seven dollars. Or maybe you'd like a fountain pen yourself."

"I've got them all, and a savings-bank account besides," I replied. "I was interested in your sales talk, though. You seem to get a great kick out of your work."

"Why shouldn't I?" he came back. "It's a satisfaction to go home at night and think how many young people—and older ones, too—I've started off toward independence. Why, brother, I've got over 4000 new accounts out of this one building alone! Four thousand—think of that! Stenographers and clerks and office boys just starting out in life, and I'm helping 'em to get started right. I'm selling 'em something they can't lose on—thrift. Why shouldn't I get a kick out of it?"

(Continued on Page 111)

THE ENGINEER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Loving Couple

SHE: It's a letter from Eulalie. She wants me to come and visit her in Chicago for a week.

HE: How nice!

SHE: You think it would be nice? Wouldn't you care if I went to Chicago for a week?

HE: Of course not. Or rather, of course I would care for myself; it would be terrible. But I want you to have a good time, and I'm sure you'd have a good time with Eulalie in Chicago.

SHE: I don't believe you'd care a bit if I should go.

HE: Why, I'd care terribly. I don't believe I could stand it, if it weren't for the thought ——

THE CUT-UP WHO SIMPLY MUST HAVE HIS FUN
THE CHILDREN WHO ARE FOREVER DIGGING HOLES DOWN TO CHINA.
THE OLD BOY IN THE INNER TUBE
THE PERPETUAL LUNCHERS WHO LEAVE A TRAIL OF BANANA SKINS AND POP BOTTLES IN THEIR WAKE.
THE HIRED BATHING SUIT:
THE PLAYFUL PUPS THAT STIR UP TERRIFIC SAND STORMS

Beach Bores

SHE: About my having a good time. Yes, I know.

HE: Why do you torture me? Do you suspect me, or something? I thought you would enjoy a trip, but I thought you might be held back by some idea about taking care of me. But if you just mock at me when I try to help you to a good time, well, then, I'll tell you frankly that I'd rather have you stay here with me.

SHE: Oh, darling, I was only teasing. I will stay right here with my sweetie, and I won't go to Chicago at all. I don't want to go to nasty old Chicago at all.

HE: I think you do want to go to Chicago.

SHE: I don't.

HE: You do.

SHE: I don't.

HE: But I'm awfully glad you aren't going, because I get the festering melancholia when you're away.

SHE: Then you want me to stay here with you?

HE: Yes.

SHE: You can't fool me! You are pretending to want me to stay, because you think I'll know you're pretending, so I can go to Chicago without worrying about you.

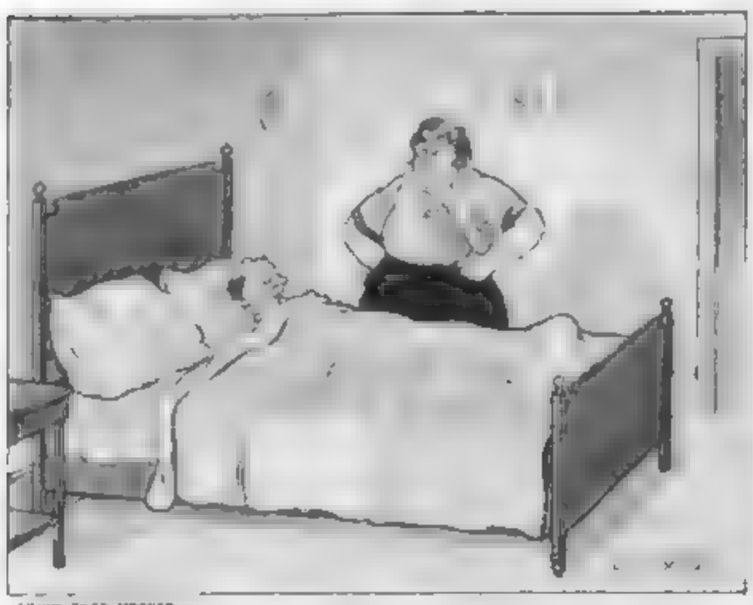
HE: Well, you're pretending you don't want to go, because you know I can tell when you're pretending and you want me to understand that you really want to go to Chicago.

SHE: Not at all. I know you through and through. If I wanted to go to Chicago I would say so.

HE: Oh, no, you wouldn't.

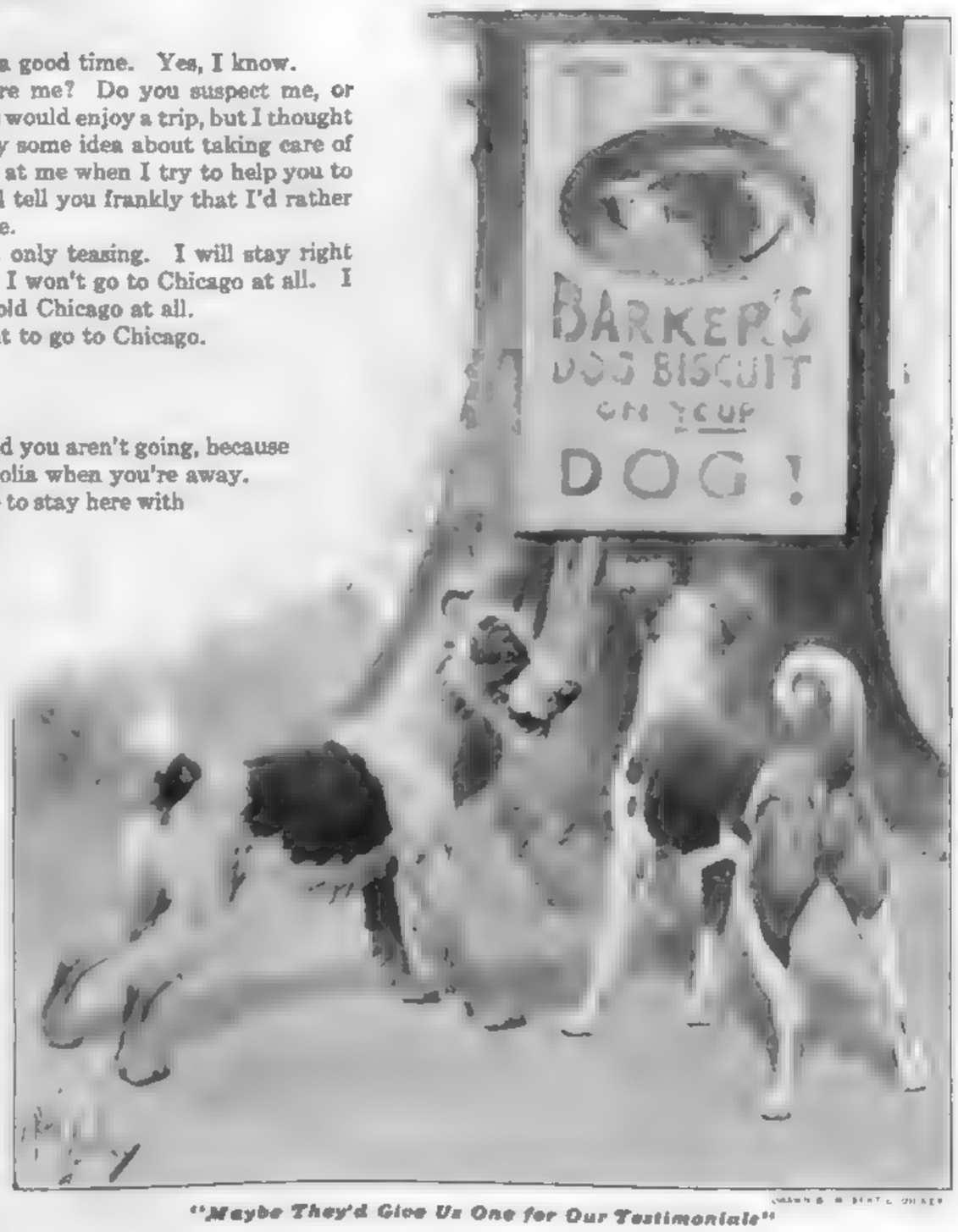
SHE: Oh, yes, I would. Because then you would think I was pretending not to pretend

(Continued on Page 102)



"The Lazy Bum! I've Hit Him Three Times and Still He Doesn't Wake Up!"

Caddy: "Will You Shove the Rich Guys Off Onto the Other Boys, Mr. Nibb? I Need Some Good Tips Today"



"Maybe They'd Give Us One for Our Testimonials"

So convenient in summer!

Campbell's delicious soups, already cooked, can be obtained everywhere

GOOD FOOD for your family—first, last and always. This is your rule, of course. You know how much depends on the quality of your meals—the precious health of those in your care—their daily enjoyment at the home table. And what a debt your family owes you for your constant efforts to place before them such delightful and beneficial meals!

* * * *

You deserve every help in your important and exacting service to the home. Campbell's Soups are such an aid. For their exceptional goodness more than meets your high standards of quality and they are delightfully easy and convenient to serve. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil, simmering a few minutes. Isn't it wonderful that Campbell's delicious soups require no more from you than this? Think how much you are saved! And now especially, when the weather is hot, you are grateful to Campbell's Soups for helping to keep you out of the kitchen.

In summer it isn't always possible for you to obtain the quality of food you desire for your table, if you happen to be away from your usual sources of supply. But at the seashore, in the mountains or off in the country, you can purchase Campbell's Soups wherever food is sold.

* * * *

With all the cold meats, salads and iced beverages of summer, your family needs the healthful invigoration of good, hot soup. It is a splendid tonic to the digestion. It is the ideal one-hot-dish of the summer meal.

* * * *

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a great summertime favorite. It is so hearty and substantial—"a meal in itself", people say. Fifteen choice vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. A luncheon or supper ready in a few minutes! Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

My flowers seem to laugh with me
And wink their eyes in merry glee;
It's just the way I show delight
When Campbell's thrill my appetite!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XVII

DID you manage to sleep after all the excitement, Mr. Hinkle?" asked Nell at the breakfast table the next morning. "Like a night watchman, Miss Duane," said Little Amby. "I don't think I as much as opened half an eye all night. There's nothing like this wonderful country air; so cool and delightful. And then the sounds are so musical and tranquilizing. I do love to wake up for just a minute and lie there and listen to the cries of the catbirds in the wee small hours."

"Catbirds? The catbirds don't stay out all night and sing, Mr. Hinkle."

"You don't tell me," said Little Amby. "What was it, then, that I heard crying? It was not annoying in the least—pleasant and soothing—but it kept up all night. I should have said it was a cat, but I wasn't taking chances. Could it have been our little friend Vanity?"

"It was a cat," said Dick. "I heard it several times. I thought the cat had been locked out."

"We never do," said Nell. "I'm so sorry. But where is Vanity? She didn't come to see me this morning."

"I haven't seen her since last night," said Florence.

"I dare say she's been shut up in a closet," said Little Amby. "Somewhere on the top floor, near my room, that's sure."

"I'll find her," said Florence.

"Oh, let me," said Dick, rising hastily to intercept her. He was surprised at the force with which Little Amby's foot, seeking his, blundered into it.

"You men finish your breakfast," ordered Florence, going.

She returned in about five minutes with Vanity in her arms.

"There's my song bird," chuckled Little Amby. "And where did you find her, Mrs. Duane?"

"On the roof outside Lowell's window," she answered, looking reprovingly at Zittel. "He must have closed the window during the night when she was prowling. I don't know how she failed to wake him up with scratching on the pane and crying."

"And you didn't hear anything, Mr. Zittel?" asked Little Amby.

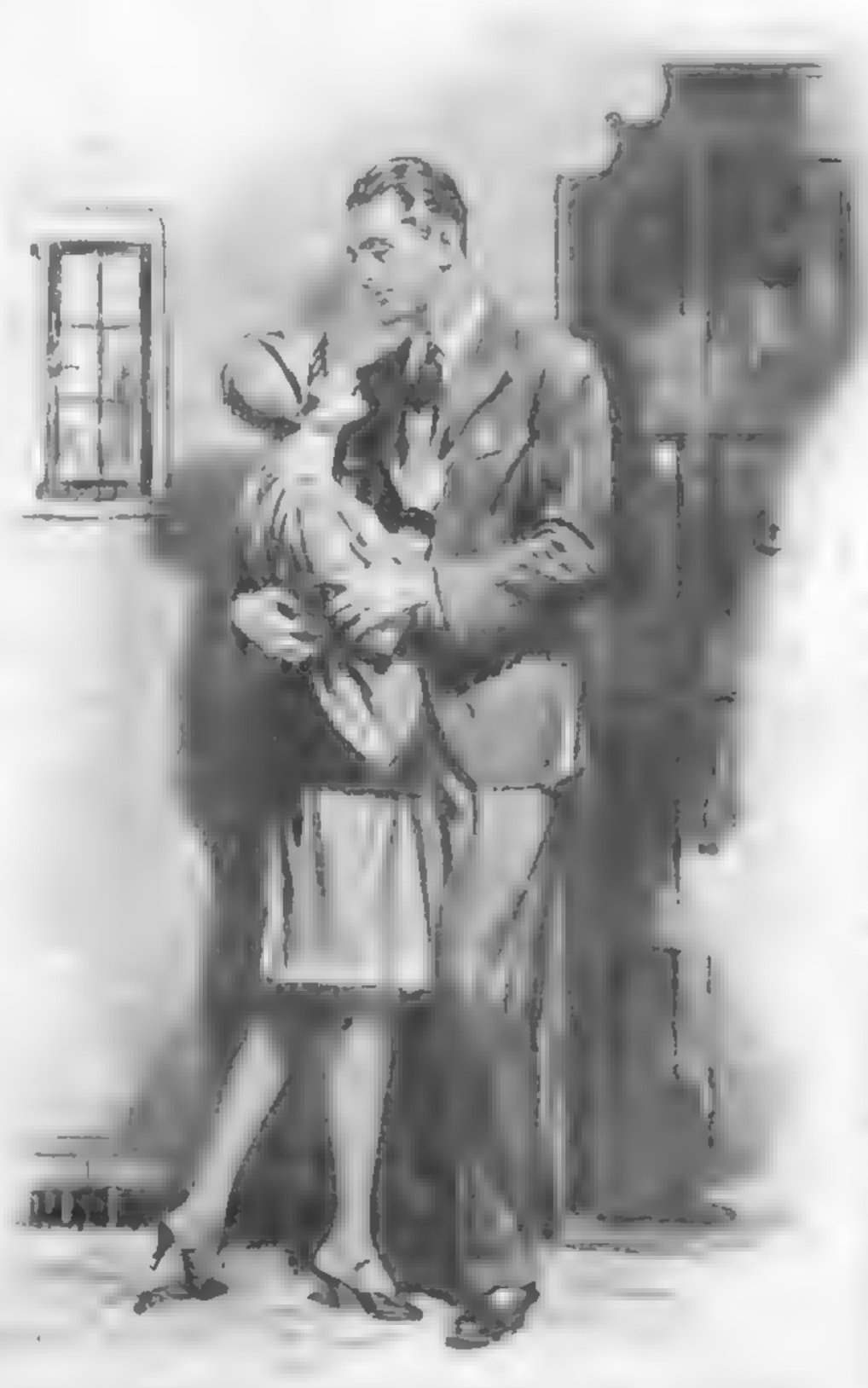
"I heard something scratching around out there," said Zittel sheepishly, "but I thought that it was only mice in the walls."

Dick asked Little Amby later why he stepped on his foot and detained him, but could get no satisfaction.

"Just an experiment, Phillipse," said the lawyer evasively. "And I am like Doctor Wessel in that I don't care to publish incomplete returns. I have more lines out than you know of, or that it is well you should know of. You're too scrupulous; when I fight, I have a horseshoe in each hand, and you'd make me drop them. I verified an important point with Vanity, and you'll admit it when I explain to you the great cat experiment—another time."

Little Amby's reticence did not please Dick; he did not trust the lawyer greatly. The man's reputation rebuffed trust. The man was known as a trickster, as a cunning and dexterous adviser in illicit affairs. He was the most successful criminal lawyer in New York, but even that success was not based on learning in the law and skill in advocacy. Dick had not sought him out primarily as a lawyer, nor had Little Amby moved to employ himself as such. Dick had gone to him for specific information that should lead him to the sandalwood fan; it seemed to Dick at times that he had been artfully inveigled into the legal den on Centre Street. He had gained Dick's confidence by a show of frankness, and Dick felt ever more strongly that frankness was foreign to the man's nature. The situation was highly anomalous; he had gradually come to accept as his confidant and counselor the lawyer for the man who had robbed him—the lawyer for the murderous Scissors. He was uneasy in such society, the more uneasy because he saw, with a flash of intuition, that he had not sought that society of himself. He had been adopted.

Little Amby, scenting money, had sought it through the wretched Scissors; losing him, he had taken Dick. It was something at least that popular report credited the notorious advocate of Centre Street with a single positive virtue—with absolute loyalty to his clients. It was a primitive virtue, a brutish virtue; by popular report, he had it. A creature of appetites unrestrained by morality, a ruling instinct compelled him to subordinate them to the cause he espoused.



"No," She Whispered. "No—and No, and No. I Won't Do It, Dick. I Shouldn't Do It, and I Won't Do It. I Decided Long Ago That I Would Never Marry"

Dick stopped in from time to time at the little house in Centre Street and was fed consistently with hints that good news was about to break. About three weeks after Little Amby's visit to Blue Point, the lawyer was ready to talk.

"Good news," he said. "I'll give you the less first: I have a buyer for your Blue Point property."

"At what price?"

"Sixty-six thousand five hundred net to you, all cash over that fifty-thousand-dollar mortgage. That means sixteen thousand five hundred cash. Will you take it?"

"I think I would. Who's your buyer?"

"I can't tell you that. You know him, but, out of a feeling of propriety and fair play, he chooses to come to you as a stranger. It's taken me three weeks to work him up to seventy thousand dollars—the price he is paying. The difference is my lawful commission of 5 per cent."

"You're getting a commission?"

"Yes, yes. I do nothing for nothing, Phillipse. If you want sixteen five net, there it is for you. I think it's a corking good price. Candidly, Phillipse, I don't think you can get from anybody else a dime for that property over the mortgage. Would you buy for your own use a house so spotted with burglary and murder? I'll tell you what's going to happen to that place if you don't snap this party up: It's going to become a haunted house, mark my words! I'll bet I can buy that mortgage from the bank right now for forty thousand dollars. There's a tip for you: Sign up with this buyer on the quiet, and then go and throw a scare into the bank and buy the mortgage and pick up a ten-thousand-dollar bill."

"I don't think I'll do that. But I am entirely in favor of selling at the price you name. I think you're right about the market value of the property being badly injured. Did you say you had another piece of news?"

"I've been negotiating with your friend Mr. Wong, of Riverside Drive. When that mob took the sandalwood fan that day, they weren't overlooking a trick, and they cleaned Mr. Wong out of quite a group of personal trinkets at the same time. I worked those things back to him."

"You mean you had his property restored? But how could you manage that since you are not in the confidence of the robbers?"

"Phillipse, what do you suppose private detectives live on? Look at Saracena; I use him quite a little. When I ask him to do a piece of straight detective work in shadowing Zittel, he is so clumsy that Zittel tumbles to him right away, but when I ask him to frame divorce evidence for me, or go out and buy back stolen goods, he can give Sherlock Holmes big and little casino. He brought in Wong Get's belongings as quickly as if he had them home in his trunk."

"I see. But what could Wong Get do for you?"

"Why, as soon as he lost that fan he shot a wire to his people in China, telling them to watch out. I knew he would do that, from what you told me; it was the indicated move. I went to him, squared him, and suggested that he ask his people to send over that print of the fan, or a copy."

"And they did?"

"By return mail. Wong Get needed it in his business, though it will probably not be used in the same way again. He has it in his apartment now, and I've made an appointment for you at eleven tomorrow morning. Go there and have your poetry read.

"Now, as I think you'll learn what Duane did with his money, I advise you to have the doctor, your fellow executor, there with you, and also the chief beneficiaries under the will. That was not Duane's idea; he wanted you to recover the money all by yourself, but we've come a long way since Duane thought out his unfortunate scheme. The money may be gone from where he put it; several wise men have been looking for it. It would be awkward for you if you got advance information and then didn't produce the money."

"I think you're right," agreed Dick. "I'll telephone them and have them in the city tomorrow morning."

At 10:45 A.M. of the next day Dick Phillipse met the train from Blue Point in the Pennsylvania Station and greeted Nell, Florence and Doctor Wessel. The party entered a cab and proceeded directly to the Riverside Drive apartment house.

The superintendent of the house was in the main hall and had evidently been awaiting them. Before Dick spoke, the superintendent, who wore a troubled and furtive look, came quickly forward and said in a low tone: "The people for Mr. Wong's apartment? There was a gentleman coming here, and then you may go right up. We're extremely careful, you know, since the apartment was robbed. Ah, here he comes now."

Little Amby entered the hall.

"Everything all right, Mr. Simpson?" he asked the superintendent. "Good morning, doctor; your affair is going along. And good morning to the pearls of Blue Point."

"Oysters would be better, if not so gallant, Mr. Hinkle," smiled Nell. "We're dumb with excitement."

(Continued on Page 36)

PICTURESQUE *but* . . . .

COWBOYS and six-shooters . . . cattle wars and cow towns . . . Picturesque and colorful were the days of the open range. But the same conditions that made them romantic also made them an era of inefficiency in the meat industry.

Today is less dramatic but more businesslike. Our beef cattle are well bred, well fed. And Swift meats, prepared under rigid quality requirements, are distributed with the utmost efficiency and economy.

For example: out of every dollar received by Swift & Company from retailers for meat, an average of 85 cents is passed on to the producer. The remaining 15 cents goes for the expense of preparation, distribution, and profit.

This profit averages, from all sources, only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Swift & Company

Visitors are welcome at Swift & Company plants

©S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 24)

"And how it becomes you," said Little Amby, who seemed to be in excellent humor. He led the way to the elevator.

Wong Get's door was opened by a skinny and bald-headed Chinaman attired in a dressing gown of black-and-yellow brocade. His little eyes of liquid black twinkled welcomingly as he bowed the visitors in. He showed them into the scantily furnished drawing-room, folded his hands, bowed again, and said in faultless English, "Mr. Wong is not here today."

"How's that?" asked Little Amby. "He told us to come."

"He was called away last night, Mr. Hinkle, but that need not trouble you. I will let you have the use of the print."

"That's fine, Mr. Chu. Now I recall that Mr. Wong told me you would take care of us in case he couldn't be present. Did he get nervous? I wouldn't blame him after his experience last time."

"And is the paper here that is to be read?"

"I have it," said Dick, producing the envelope that he had obtained that morning from his box at the Colonia Trust.

"I shall get the print, if you will excuse me," said Mr. Chu, going in the direction of the bedrooms.

He came back with a scroll of parchment, which he spread on a glass-topped wicker table from whose center a section was missing. They gathered about to look. They saw on the creamy parchment what looked like a flat drawing of a great scallop shell, covered with hundreds of black spots.

"To write with this is more easy, to read is slightly more difficult, than with the talking fan," said Mr. Chu chattily. "If you had waited but another week I would not have required you to come here, and would gladly have given you this print to do as you might. We shall not use that particular fan again. It has had too much publicity and would be dangerous to us. We shall have another fan. However, it has been long in Mr. Wong's family, and he values it sentimentally, and he has offered five hundred dollars for its return. That is another incentive to him to aid you; when it is no longer valuable, except for its intrinsic worth, to anyone but him, he trusts it will come back. We shall hold this print as a precaution, for yet another week, and then we shall destroy it."

He turned on an electric bulb that was under the center of the table. The parchment became translucent; the black spots stood out like insects in air.

"And now, sir, will you please impose the paper?"

He got up, walked away from the table to a window, and stood with folded hands, looking down into the street. Dick took his place, placed the potter's verse on the shining parchment, and moved it about to make its half circle coincide with the curve described on the parchment. The others bent over him absorbedly

"'The ——' Wait! You had it then!" exclaimed Little Amby. "Back again. There! 'The great roll is lost ——' Hold it steady, Phillipse!"

"Oh, heavens," sighed Florence Duane.

"Right, Phillipse. I can pick out every letter that shows. 'The great roll is lost,' is what the top line reads. There; see below! 'Tell—my—wife—and –s-i-s-t-e-r n-e-l-l. Tell my wife and sister Nell. And the last line: 'g-d-u-a-n-e.' G. Duane!" He uttered a low and philosophical whistle and brought out his gold cigarette case. "It seems that I've had a lot of work for nothing. Well, it was a gamble, Phillipse. Better luck next time."

Dick was staring at the paper. Florence was leaning heavily on his shoulder, picking out the damning letters that, alone of the verse, were revealed by the light under the glass.

"Poor boy," said Nell whisperingly. "Poor, poor Garry." Florence's hand shot down to the paper, snatched it from the parchment and crumpled it convulsively.

"And what about me?" she screamed. Her eyes were glaring and her face was spotted white and red. Her teeth showed as her nails dug into the paper; she ripped it apart, once and again. "Poor boy! Poor drunkard. This is what I get for living with a disgusting drunkard and playing nurse to a silly blind woman. Thrown out on the streets without a dollar at my time of life."

"Florence, stop that wicked talk!" cried Nell.

"Stop tearing that paper anyway," said Dick, jumping up determinedly. "How dare you do that! Here—give it to me." He was too late. Again she tore the fragments of the paper asunder, and then, with a frantic gesture, hurled them from the open window beside which stood the impassive Chu. Dick saw them seized upon by the wind from the river, eddying, separating, rising, falling, whirling. For a moment Dick watched them as they settled in an ever-widening compass toward the street one hundred and twenty feet below. "Now you've done it," he said quietly. "Whether we interpreted that writing aright or not, the search for Garry Duane's money is finished."

Florence sank into a chair, sobbing.

"Nell," she gasped, "don't be angry with me. I couldn't help it. I can never help it."

"And it has been read, sir," said Mr. Chu blandly. "The paper is no longer of value."

"For that matter, the estate is not without substantial assets," put in Little Amby. "Those bequests to the servants appear to be first charges, with priority, but I guess if we give them a battle they'll agree to come in on another basis, and we'll save something. There is still the Blue Point property, and my man stands ready to put up twenty thousand dollars cash for the equity, out of which is to come a commission of thirty-five hundred for the broker. What about it?"

"Do you know of this offer?" asked Dick of Wessel.

"I do," said the psychiatrist.

"And what's your opinion?"

"I shall leave it entirely to you. I decline to pass upon it in any manner, shape or form, but whatever you decide to do, I shall indorse."

"If you feel that way," said Dick, "I'll tell you now that the property will be sold on the terms Mr. Hinkle proposes."

"Good," said Little Amby. "Meet your buyer." He pointed to Doctor Wessel. "I sold it to him that week-end at Blue Point. He decided he could use it and asked me to act as broker, and to keep his identity dark so that you wouldn't be influenced. He couldn't act for himself, since he was one of the executors. I think that will contains a power of sale; come down to my office and we'll arrange for a transfer to a dummy, who'll turn it over to the doctor. I congratulate you, doctor, on a very good purchase indeed; and you, Phillipse, on getting a lot more than your property is worth."

"I can use it as a branch of my sanitarium," explained Doctor Wessel.

(Continued on Page 29)

She Was Suddenly Cold and Calm. She Rose From Her Chair and Faced Little Amby; There Was Something Awe-Inspiring About Her, Noble. "I'll Tell the Truth," She Said Slowly and Evenly

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(Continued from Page 26)

The superintendent was still in the main hall below. "Good day, Mr. Hinkle," he said, going before them officiously and holding open the street door.

"Good day, Simpson," said Little Amby, putting into his ready hand a folded bill whose denomination Dick did not see.

XVIII

CONTRACTS were signed whereby Doctor Wessel agreed to buy the Blue Point property, paying for it as stipulated by Little Amby. Dick was satisfied with the deal, thinking that it would have been a good and advisable one even had the money materialized that was supposed to be the bulk of the estate. To live in a place of the size and character of the Blue Point property meant to live at the rate of twenty to thirty thousand a year; he knew that Garry had spent forty thousand. Such a scale of living was out of the question for people without income except from investments that would not net that much. To do so would be to do as so many American widows and uninstructed children do—to live along in blissful ignorance until they suddenly scrape bottom.

In the afternoon following the visit to Wong Get's apartment, Dick took Nell for a drive in suburban Westchester County; she and Florence were to stop in the city overnight.

"Nell," he said, as he drove along the margin of the Bronx River Parkway, then in process of construction, "I've noticed that you talk of colors as much as anybody does, or nearly. You weren't born blind, then."

"Oh, no, I was six years old when it happened."

"Fever? I nearly lost my sight when I was eight or nine years old and recovering from a dose of the measles. In those days they didn't guard the eyes after fever as they do now, and I was permitted to lie in bed for weeks during convalescence and read storybooks. Well, do you know, when I got up and went to school, I couldn't read large print? The teacher walloped me merrily and told me she'd have none of my pettishness."

"That wasn't my case, Dick. I don't remember having had any fevers, though I suppose I had them. I wasn't a sickly child; I was extremely nervous though. My nurse used to tell me the loveliest stories about ghosts and murders, and she generally started them at twilight. I just doted on them—any normal child loves horrors. But the result was that I became a sleep-walker and a screamer in the dark. I dreaded to go to sleep, for I knew that something terrible would be running after me at once.

"We lived then over on the North Shore, between Whitestone and Bayside; soldiers were stationed not far away -Fort Totten, isn't it? It was very lonely about there then; our nearest neighbor was a convent school for little boys, but that was far off—so I remember. There was a road before our house; it skirted the rocky Sound shore, and our house was high up. The road wasn't lighted, and drunken soldiers passed along it frequently; they got drunk in Whitestone.

"Well, this evening my nurse went into the house for a minute, and it occurred to me to wander down onto the road, and while I was there I saw this man coming. He was in civilian clothes; he may have been a soldier out of uniform. But he looked awful. His face was smeared with blood, and one eye was swollen and black, and he leaned over this way and he leaned over that way, and he lifted his feet high and put his big hands out before him. He was talking and grumbling away to himself. I saw this creature—some poor chap who had been beaten in a fight in Whitestone—and I knew at once that he was a murdered Englishman that my nurse had told me of. I thought he was repeating that horrid little rime that begins, 'Fee, Fie, Foe, Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.' And of course he was the Englishman himself at the same time.

"He saw me standing there with eyes like saucers. With a dreadful laugh, he ran to catch me. And there was my dream come true. I, running madly, hands out, screaming, and behind me this awful creature pounding along, overtaking me. And no help for me anywhere; he was between me and the house, and I was running toward the Sound.

"That's all. When I came to my senses some hours later, in my own bed and with a smell of medicine about me, I couldn't see. My sight never came back. The blood cleared out of my eyes after a short time."

"Just fright!"

"No, not altogether, though the doctors say that the fright had a lot to do with it. I fell there on the sharp rocks and managed to hit myself back here." Nell laid a hand on the back of her neck just below the head.

"Well, what's the prognosis, as our friend Doctor Wessel says?"

"Dick, they don't seem to know anything about hurts of that sort. If you hit yourself back there, anything is likely to happen to you, and they can't do much of anything about it. That's the base of the brain. Doctor Wessel did everything for me out of friendship for Garry. He says—but he may be saying it only to please me—that my eyes are as good as gold. He has tried to hypnotize me out of it—no, don't laugh; anything Doctor Wessel believes in can't be all bunk, though it may be seven-eighths. Oh, you don't know half of what he believes in yet; he believes in thought transference and mediums and—and, mind you, he's one of the very best in his profession. Everybody admits that. He's written the most wonderful books. I can't read them, as they haven't been printed in Braille, but Garry used to read them to me. He wrote a perfectly horrid book about Bible characters and medieval saints, and I wouldn't let Garry read it to me. I don't want to believe that everybody who is wicked is so because he can't help himself; the corollary of that proposition is that good people can't help themselves either—and where are you then?"

"Then there's no hope of immediate betterment."

"There's no hope at all, Dick. But that doesn't bother me. I'm sure"—she laughed lightly—"that I'd be lost if I got my sight back now. I'd be a newcomer in the world, having to find my way about all over again."

"What are you going to do, Nell?" he asked bluntly.

"I must learn to earn my living. Helen Keller did it, and she was much worse off than I. I can do it too."

"But right away?"

"I shall go to my aunt—a sister of my father. I've never seen her, but she used to write us years ago. She lives in Kansas City."

"Have you written her about going?"

"Yes."

"Did she answer?"

"Not yet."

"No, and she won't," he said with strange roughness.

"Why not, Dick?"

"You can't expect it of her. People don't act like that. You're a total stranger to her. Is she rich?"

"Oh, no. Her husband was a farmer and he left her enough to live along on, we understood."

"There you have it. And you think you can walk in on her and say, 'Hello, aunty; I'm your niece from New York, come to stay with you'? Out of the question. She might feel compelled to take you as an act of charity, and then you'd be a shut-in. You'd be a drag on her. How long would she be nice about it? She may have a little feeling for you on account of being your aunt, but I want to tell you, Nell, that love flies out of the window when you try to put it to work. Anyway, she hasn't hastened to answer you, and that's hint enough."

"Please don't talk like that, Dick," she said quietly.

They were silent as he entered Tuckahoe and turned the car up the winding road to the high plateau that lies to the west of the old and picturesque village.

"There's a piece of property up here," he said, "that I'm thinking of buying, and that's really why I drove out here."

"Now you're trying to turn a poor girl's head with flattery, Dick."

"Where you are now," he said, stopping the car before a wrought-iron gate in a high brick wall, "is just eighteen miles out of the Grand Central. It is the garden spot of the universe—take it from the village board of trade—with 'steen thousand trains each way every day."

"For the people who want to get out. But, Dick, you sound more like a man who is selling."

"I'm selling right now," he said. He got down, opened the gate and drove over a blue-stoned drive to a new one-story residence of field stone with a long and sloping roof of variegated slate.

"This place is brand-new," he said, helping her out. "A man built it for himself, and made everything of the very best, and after he paid the bills he found that he had spent all his money and couldn't afford to live in it. You'd be surprised how many people do that very thing. So he's willing to sell it for the price of one of those nobby English cottages that they build with a roll of chicken wire, a load of two-by-fours and a barrel of stucco, and that are positively guaranteed to look a hundred years old in a year and four months. This place won't look old in our time, Nell. Full fireproof, stone and steel, and all the rooms on the flat. This is a brick path underfoot, Nell. Over there is a vegetable garden, and that building is a cement chicken house with no accommodations for rats, and there is the flower garden. All level and graded, and all bound round with about five thousand dollars' worth of high brick wall.

"But look at the house. Those windows are plate glass in steel frames. Nothing to paint but a line or two of trim for color. Now come in with me, I want your advice, as you know more about housekeeping than I do. Feel that door—three inches thick, with a little barred grille up above for the owner to look out at his visitors and see if he wants them. This wide hall we're in goes right through to the other side, and the windows back there frame a picture of the flower garden.

"Not many rooms, but big ones. This is the living room—thirty-five feet long. I can get a grand piano in here and it won't look as if it was in storage. That's the dining room, and behind it are the kitchen and two maids' rooms. These are the master's chambers over here—just three. But aren't they beauties?"

"I know it is beautiful," she said. "I see it with your eyes."

"I'm tired of living in the city, Nell. It's getting so crowded and smoky and noisy that a human being doesn't belong there. I was born there, and my people before me away back, but it was a different place then, and I don't mean when they used to pasture the cow in Times Square either. As a matter of statistics, there are mighty few New Yorkers left in the old town—mighty few that can afford to get out. They're all in the suburbs now. The richest of them keep residences there so that they don't have to put up in hotels during the short winter season, but they really live outside. I'm waking up. This looks mighty good to me. It only has one drawback."

"What's that, Dick?"

"It's lonesome for a man that's used to New York. Well, I have a cross-eyed aunt that lives in Plainfield with eleven cats, and I suppose she'd come with her family. The twelve of them would be company, at any rate. Do you like it, Nell?"

"Very much."

He took her hands. "Nell," he said, "I'm going to buy this place for you and me. I want you for my wife."

He watched the color coming into her face.

"Yes, Nell?"

She breathed deeply, but stood silent and immobile.

"Nell! But, please, Nell, don't cry! What's there to cry about? Don't be silly." He couldn't resist the urge to put his arms about her and to kiss the still face down which the tears were flowing. "Stop it," he commanded, "and please say yes."

She moved her head slowly and determinedly as she pressed him away.

"No," she whispered. "No—and no, and no. I won't do it, Dick. I shouldn't do it, and I won't do it. I decided long ago that I would never marry. It would not be fair and right. I'd be a burden and—Dick, we won't let love come in, and it will never fly out our window."

"Oh, pshaw, Nell, quote me right or not at all."

"You said it, Dick, and you were right."

"I did not say it!"

She laughed tremulously and pressed his hands. "Our first quarrel. Dick, it's no, and it's going to be no; but kiss me, please, just this once."

"And now," she said two minutes later, "show me again that fortified door that you're going to welcome your guests through. We're going back. Let me go, Dick, please."

"I will, and we'll go right out to the car, if you'll promise me something now."

"Blindly?"

"Yes."

"I promise."

"That you'll never, never forgive me if I marry anybody else."

"What a horrid idea—let me go."

"But don't you want me to promise, Nell?"

He opened the door. She paused on the threshold, moved her head as if to look back into the house, and uttered a short sob.

"Is the car there, Dick?"

"Waiting."

"And we're getting right into it and driving away?"

"Right away."

"Dick, kiss me again."

XIX

IT OCCURRED to Dick that he had not thanked Wong Get for his courtesy; he called the Chinaman up.

"But I do not understand, Mr. Philipse," said Wong Get. "I have no print of that fan and I do not know this Mr. Chu. This is all novel to me. Will you not come here and explain to me?"

"You mean to tell me ——" Dick stopped, completely stumped. "I'll be up there in fifteen minutes."

He left his office at once and took a cab. As he passed through Centre Street he was minded to get out and to march in on Little Amby and demand an instant explanation, but a wholesome respect for the explanatory power of the lawyer held him in the vehicle. He would first arm himself with the facts, and with them in hand he would confront the lawyer and give him a chance to talk under the gun.

The white maid that Dick had seen on the occasion of his first visit opened the door for him now; her master

(Continued on Page 43)

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By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAUL TEPPER

III

I HAVE seen a lot since that day when I came across the old pawnbroker crumpled against those cases, but I never saw anything that gave me a bigger scare. There is something just naturally awful about murder. Old Uncle Isaac was nothing that the average man would want to keep around the house, but he was human, and he had been shot right through the skullcap.

The cops scared me too. They were so hard and seemed so careless about the old man, but so sure they would drag something out of us and make the most of a chance to kill another man that they got under my skin. Every time they spoke they would look us straight in the eye for a few seconds like they were sure we either had lied or were going to lie when we answered.

Red Was Over in the Corner and He Had a Forge There and Was Melting Junk

Red changed some with them around. While we were out on the junk wagon he impressed me as a very tough guy. He was not so tough now. When the detective popped that question on him so sudden, Red could not answer. His unshaved lips seemed to jerk around like words he could not shake off were stuck on them. The dick had to ask him again.

"Well, spit it out!" he barked. "What do you know about that?" He stood over the crumpled body still and waved his hand at it like it was a puzzle that he was asking Red if he could solve.

"I know," Red growled sullenly, "that the old counter rat had it comin' to him fer a long time."

"Yeah? Been fightin' with him, Red?" the detective asked. "You might as well come clean with us—go easier with you if you do. It ain't as though we give a damn about the old coot. We just got to get the answer, that's all—an' we're goin' to get it."

"Sure!" Red nodded. "Get it! I don't care. If you think you can bust me into any fool cracks, you're a poorer cop than I ever met. Me an' the kid here left the old rat this mornin'. We just got back. That's easy enough to check up."

"But you admit you didn't have no love fer this old guy," the cop insisted. "You admit that you warned him he'd get it."

"Admit it?" Red roared. "Sure I do! He was a liar an' a cheat an' a dirty rat."

"Come on, Red," the detective coaxed, "this is an open-an'-shut break. Who bumped the old coot? Let's save time an' get it all over with."

"I ain't got an idea in the world," Red answered. "But if I ever find out, the most I'll do is shake his hand. You can't bluff me any—whoever done this only saved me a nasty job."

Just at that time a new face appeared on the scene. Maybe I was so scared and upset that everything impressed me double, but I knew the second that man showed there in the ghastly back room that he was a man with weight and influence. And I knew he was not a cop. How I knew I cannot say, except that some men make you know those things just by looking at you.

He was a good-looking man, this fellow, and I would have guessed his age at thirty. His clothes were a wow. They were so tailor-made that the tailor might just as well have hung his label on the outside. His hands were clean and his nails were manicured and polished. I felt right away that he was a gentleman, but one with a heavy jaw that stuck out under his lips, and eyes that seemed lit by some gray flame behind them. He talked gently and smiled in spite of the dead man there on the floor.

"You boys don't want to be rough," he told the cops. That sounds friendly and decent the way I say it, but the way he said it made me shiver. Yet he never raised his voice. "You know you don't," he went on quietly. "You all know me. I own these buildings and I've some rights in this matter as long as a crime has been committed on my property. This man"—indicating Red—"is an employe of mine. If you ask me, I think the crime was done by some outsider who came into the pawnshop sore about something. Anyway, whatever we do about it, we are going to do it in a nice way and a friendly one."

Even the cops quieted down a lot. This man had that way about him.

One of the cops said, "Sure, Bill, we know you're all right. But this is raw stuff—it's murder!"

"Maybe I can help you," Bill answered. Just as soon as they called him Bill I placed him as the man old Uncle Isaac had used to threaten Red while Crab and me were in the shop that morning. He was a power, all right. "Anyway," he said, casual as could be, "I'll see what I can do."

He turned toward Red and motioned him aside. They stepped back a few paces and began to whisper.

One of the detectives spoke up. "How come?" he asked in a nasty tone. "Who's makin' this investigation? I don't like the idea of them guys talkin' it all over between themselves."

"You'll take it," Bill said over his shoulder, his voice low and steady, but sharp as the edge of a sea shell, "and you'll like it!"

One of the older detectives spoke right up then. "It's all right, George," he said to the man who had kicked on the whispering. "Bill's pretty well known around."

Then Bill and Red did their talking, and as soon as they had finished, Red came back to the detectives and Bill called me over. He was very nice and friendly. He laid his arm across my shoulder as he talked to me. I figured he was a good friend and doing a lot to help me out of terrible trouble.

"Kid," he asked me, "what's your name?"

"Johnny Brid," I told him.

"Where do you come from?"

"Up the state, sir. I ran away from home and me and Crab came in here to pawn my little ring. The old man back there, he offered me a job helpin' Red—that driver—an' I took it, an' that's all there is to it."

"Sure," Bill agreed, "I know that. But you better let me kind of help you along with these cops. Whenever anybody gets the bump, they are anxious to pull a quick pinch and run to the newspapers with it. They don't care a hoot, kid, whether they get the right man or not, just so long as they get somebody."

"Yes, sir," I said, scared more than ever.

"You just tell them what you told me, and if they ask you where you and Red went this morning to get the junk, you simply say that you went along the piers and the railroads, and you don't know the town well enough to remember the places you stopped. That will save them asking you a lot more questions. Tell them about pawning the ring too. That explains how you got here, see? Then tell them you took a helper's job on the wagon to earn twenty-five dollars a week."

"But the old man said only eight dollars," I cut in—"eight dollars a week and a room to sleep in."

"Well, you're workin' for me now, Johnny"—Bill smiled at me—"and I'm not so cheap as that old devil. I'll give you twenty-five and a room as well. You better do mighty little talking, though, because these police are bad actors and they will certainly try to trip you up. They'll take you over and question you some. Tell them the same story you told me, add that about not knowing just where you went this morning, then come back and work here regularly."

He laughed softly and patted my shoulder and I felt I certainly was lucky in making a friend of that man.

We went back to the dicks then. The one who had kicked against Bill whispering to Red was pretty surly. Bill was not afraid of him. He stuck his jaw right into the cop's face and talked to him in a low tone.

"You got a few things to learn, Mr. Cop," he said. "I guess you're a bit new in this end of town. Get this, and get it straight: I'm Bill Nigel. I own enough land and buildings inside two blocks of here to buy and sell your life earnings every Monday before noon. It's my taxes that pay you, understand? You keep a civil tongue in your head and make friends around here, not enemies."

The cop muttered some kind of an apology.

"It's all right, Bill," another detective said. "George here is a bit new, but he's a right guy an' a reg'lar one. Don't get him wrong."

"I never get anybody wrong," Bill snapped. There was a bad sound to that.

"We'll have to take these two lads over to the house," the older detective said. "Just a matter of form."

"Sure," Bill agreed. "They don't know a thing that will help you, but they'll tell you all they know."

Then Red and me were herded out through the dirty little shop and into the street. There was a crowd of people there, and three uniformed policemen were standing at the door keeping everybody away. My mouth was as dry as a last year's pea pod when I went through that crowd with a detective on each side of us and Red swaggering ahead, his big shoulders swaying and his red hair waving in the summer air. I'll never forget that day.

At the station house I had one very good break. When they took us into the reserve room the first man I saw was the copper who had watched Crab do his act while I sat on the bench down in the little park. I went right up to him.

"Hello, mister," I said. "You remember me, don't you?"

He looked me over. "I've seen you some place, kid," he said, his big hand scratching at his tanned ear.

"Down in the park, mister," I reminded him. "It was down there when Crab Daniels done those tricks and a crowd gathered around."

The man grinned. "Yep," he agreed, "I remember. You was sittin' on the bench there. . . . That's a funny kid, that—what did you call him?"

"Crab Daniels, that's his name," I explained. "He's my friend. He was with me this mornin' when I got in with the pawnbroker that was murdered. He knows all about it."

Just as soon as I mentioned that, the cop kind of changed. He had nothing to do with the detective bureau, but he knew all the men there and was friendly with them and his word went quite a long way.

He kept on scratching his ear and said, after a moment, "Oh, you're in on that jam, are you?"

"I'm not in on it, mister. I just started to work there this mornin'."

George, the detective, cut in then. He had a nasty way of talking.

"This kid is innocent as one of them dancin' daisies in the fields," he sneered. "He's been tipped off by that guy Bill Nigel, that's what he's been!"

"Oh, can that chatter, George!" the older detective said. "Honest, you got it all wrong!"

"I'll stick till I find out," this George guy said, and right here I got to admit that he did.

"Stick all you want to!" the older cop snapped back at him. "Right now I'll do the investigatin' on this job."

George shrugged. I guess he was a new dick out to make a record. Since I have got to know a lot about cops, I know that when a man first makes the detective bureau, in order to keep his appointment he must turn in quite a few arrests. For a long time I thought they were kicking about their laundry when they said they were "short of collars." What they really meant was that they were short of arrests. It must be rotten to wake up in the morning figuring out some way to land a guy in jail before sunset.

However, George shut up after that last crack from the older man. That left it up to the fellow who had criticized him, so he turned toward this cop I remembered from the park.

"What do you know about this kid, Jim?" he asked.

"Nothin'. I saw him down there in the park with a funny little kid, just as he says."

"There's another cop that saw me just when I got the job," I cut in. "He was standin' right near the pawnbroker's shop when it opened this mornin'."

"That'd be Reardon," the detective said. "See if he's around, will you?"

Reardon was doing reserve duty, and when he came in he remembered me. I told him that he had kicked that little dog and he remembered. He said Crab was a funny-acting kid, too. I was glad they all remembered Crab so easy.

Then I told my story in detail to this older detective and others sat around and heard it. I explained about meeting Crab and going to the baker shop and finally going to pawn the ring. Then how I got the job and went back to work for Uncle Isaac and was sent to Red the driver.

"How old are you?" the cop asked me.

"Seventeen."

"What's the idea of runnin' around town with no place to eat an' sleep?"

"I ran away from home."

"Can't hang a guy fer that." One of the others laughed. "I did it myself. Guess that's why I'm only a bum cop."

They laughed. I laughed too.

"All we need is this Crab kid," the older cop said. "If we could pick him up while you weren't around an' question him on your story ——"

"I'm goin' to meet him in the same little park at six o'clock tonight," I said. "We made the date. Find him there an' bring him in here, or question him anywhere you want. I told you the plain truth an' Crab'll prove it to you."

Then they let me hang around the reserve room, but they took Red away, and from what he told me afterward, they gave him plenty of questions to answer. Red always liked to boast a lot and look big in front of me, so maybe he lied a little, but he told me later that they asked him questions for four straight hours and about eight different cops were after him at the same time. I never helped Red on the wagon again, but I used to see him every day.

I had been hanging around the station house just waiting for the cops to find Crab. I was surprised when George the detective came after me and got me in a corner and began all over again.

"Where'd Red go on the wagon today, kid?" he growled.

"Down around the piers and the railroads, mister," I answered.

"What piers?"

"By the river."

"I know that, you idiot!" he snapped at me. "Whereabouts on the river?"

I remembered what Bill had told me, and I was sure he was my friend and all these cops wanted was a chance to throw some poor guy into jail. I might be the poor guy.

"I don't know the town very well, sir," I answered. "I just rode around and helped load up."

(Continued on Page 104)

"You Can't Bluff Me Any—Whoever Done This Only Saved Me a Nasty Job"

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CROCODILES—By Delia J. Akeley

OF THE many hideous reptiles common to Africa, the crocodile takes precedence. They are found in almost all the lakes and rivers of suitable depth and temperature, ready to seize either man or beast and drag them down to a horrible death.

In remote places where crocodiles have been practically undisturbed by the guns of white men they crawl out of the water during the heat of the day to sun themselves. Incongruously they lie on the sand bars, with gaping jaws and armored bodies, side by side with a family of sleeping hippos.

Often, when the bar is too narrow to accommodate their numbers, these ferocious creatures crawl on top of one another and lie like logs of wood cast up by the flood. Those at the bottom of the pile are sometimes completely buried beneath the others. At the slightest suspicion of danger the mass of monsters is quickly galvanized into action, and as they snap and struggle and plunge to safety the water is churned into foam with the violent lashing of their long tails.

Crocodiles on the Banks of the Semliki River, Uganda

It is only a few moments, however, after their frantic efforts to escape, before eye knobs begin to appear, here and there, on the surface of the water. Satisfied that the danger is past or that it was only a false alarm, they swim back to the bar and cautiously raise their grotesque and horrible heads above the water. Crawling out on land, they run with unbelievable speed on short, thick, scaly legs to reach their favorite place in the sunshine. It is then that the big crocodiles look like the armored dragons of a long-forgotten past and remind one of the prehistoric animals in the priceless canvases which the famous artist Charles R. Knight has executed for the natural history museums of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

No Mother to Guide Them

THE primary requisite for abundant crocodile life is, naturally, the existence of a plentiful food supply, and this they find in the fish, eels, turtles, otter and other forms of water life.

Man has no way of determining the age of a crocodile. We do know, however, that they mature slowly and grow to enormous size. Judging by the length and breadth of some of the old patriarchs which I have seen in the African rivers, their span of life extends over a long period of years.

Like turtles and lizards and some chameleons and snakes, the crocodile lays eggs. With crocodile wisdom, the female chooses a nice sunny spot on a sand bar, where she buries her large contribution to the propagation of the race in a hole in the sand. She is well aware that no moisture must reach the white oval balls, lest the tough shell of the eggs decay; therefore she deposits them only in the dry season.

Without further concern for their safety or the next generation of saurians, she goes about her crocodile business and leaves her eggs in this marvelous incubator, to be hatched by the ardent rays of the tropical sun. Affection such as is shown in mammals that give birth to their young is unknown in the crocodile family. If a baby crocodile were to meet its own mother on a sand bar it would not recognize her.

The number of eggs in a nest varies. Once I found a nest on the sun-scorched shore of Lake Baringo with seventy-four eggs in it. Two of these eggs were very large and contained tiny crocodile twins. This was an unusual number, I believe, for the majority of the nests I examined ranged from forty-five to fifty eggs.

Fortunately, many of the nests are destroyed before the embryos develop or the little crocks are ready to leave the shell. The Varanus—monitor—lizards, pythons and mongooses have a passion for crocodile eggs and rob many nests.

The mischievous monkeys and baboons also destroy many nests; removing the sand cautiously, they throw the eggs about in play, sometimes cracking the shells with their teeth without touching the fluid. I have often seen young monkeys flipping the eggs about on the sand, playing with them exactly as kittens play with a ball of yarn. This is Nature's way of keeping a balance, and were it not so, the crocodile family would long ago have outnumbered the fish, their main food supply.

As soon as the tiny crocks that have escaped the monkeys and lizards, or the heavy hoof of some thirsty animal coming to the water to drink, are ready to uncurl and leave the shell, they push their way up through the hot sand. From the moment they see the light of day they are extremely active and independent, for they must fend for themselves. With the wisdom of an adult, the instant the infant crock reaches the surface it makes a bee line for the water, running swift and sure in the right direction.

I have often tried to divert the little black creatures from their course by blocking their path. With admirable persistence they darted, swift as lightning, from left to right in an effort to find a way around the obstruction. Try as I did, I never found one that could be forced or induced to run in the opposite direction from the water. The reason for this instinctive caution is, perhaps, that herons and other big birds feast upon them, as they do upon winged ants. I have seen cranes, herons and ibises standing guard over a crocodile nest for hours. They cocked their heads to listen, just as the robins do when looking for worms on a lawn. At the psychological moment they thrust their long bills into the sand, and, bringing forth their wriggling prize, gulped it down with as much relish as they did a fish.

Submersibles of the Jungle

CROCODILES are marvelously adapted for the life and conditions under which they live. Their enemies are few and their food seems to walk into their very jaws. It is only necessary for them to lie like a log under the dark brown water, close to the bank of the river, and when an animal stoops to drink, grasp it by the nose and drag it into the water, keeping it below the surface, where it is helpless; the animals drown and then can be devoured at the crocodile's leisure.

When they attack large animals, however, like the buffalo or a rhino, a mighty struggle sometimes ensues. On my hunting excursions along the African rivers I often came across places where a tug of war between the four-footed gladiators of land and water had taken place. The trampled earth and the bloodstains on the bushes often bore testimony to the fierceness of the struggle. Sometimes all that was left to tell of a pitiful jungle tragedy were the deep furrows in the earth leading straight into the water, where, foot by foot and inch by inch, the powerful armored monster had dragged his struggling victim beneath the surface of the water.

It is said that birds also form part of the crocodile's diet. True as this may be, we failed to find any evidence in the large number of crocodiles which we dissected on our various expeditions. It is a common sight, however, to see exquisite tropic birds hobnobbing with crocodiles. As the great reptiles lie motionless on the sand bars, with jaws open and teeth exposed, looking for all the world like some

A Nile Crocodile (Crocodilus Niloticus)

(Continued on Page 39)

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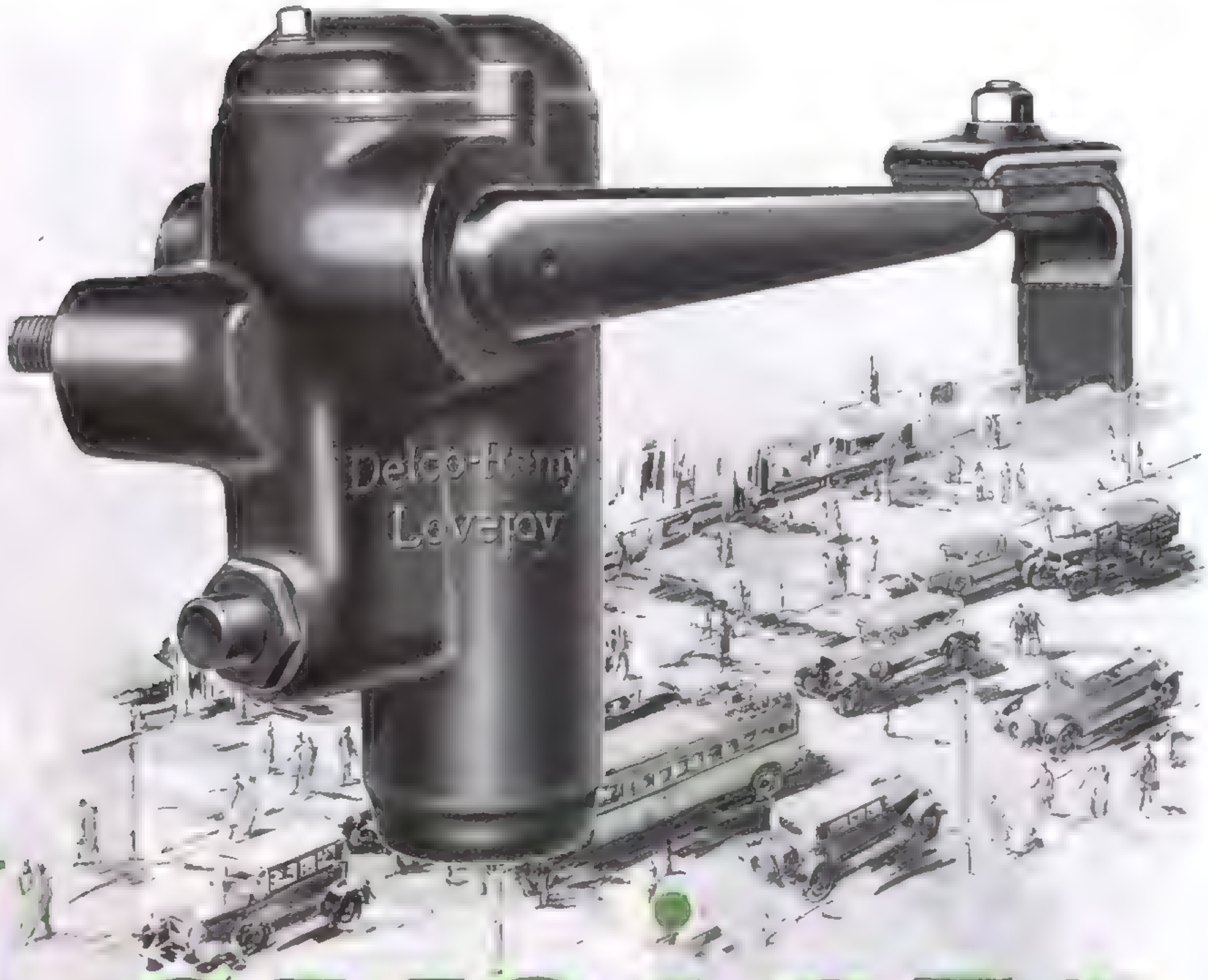

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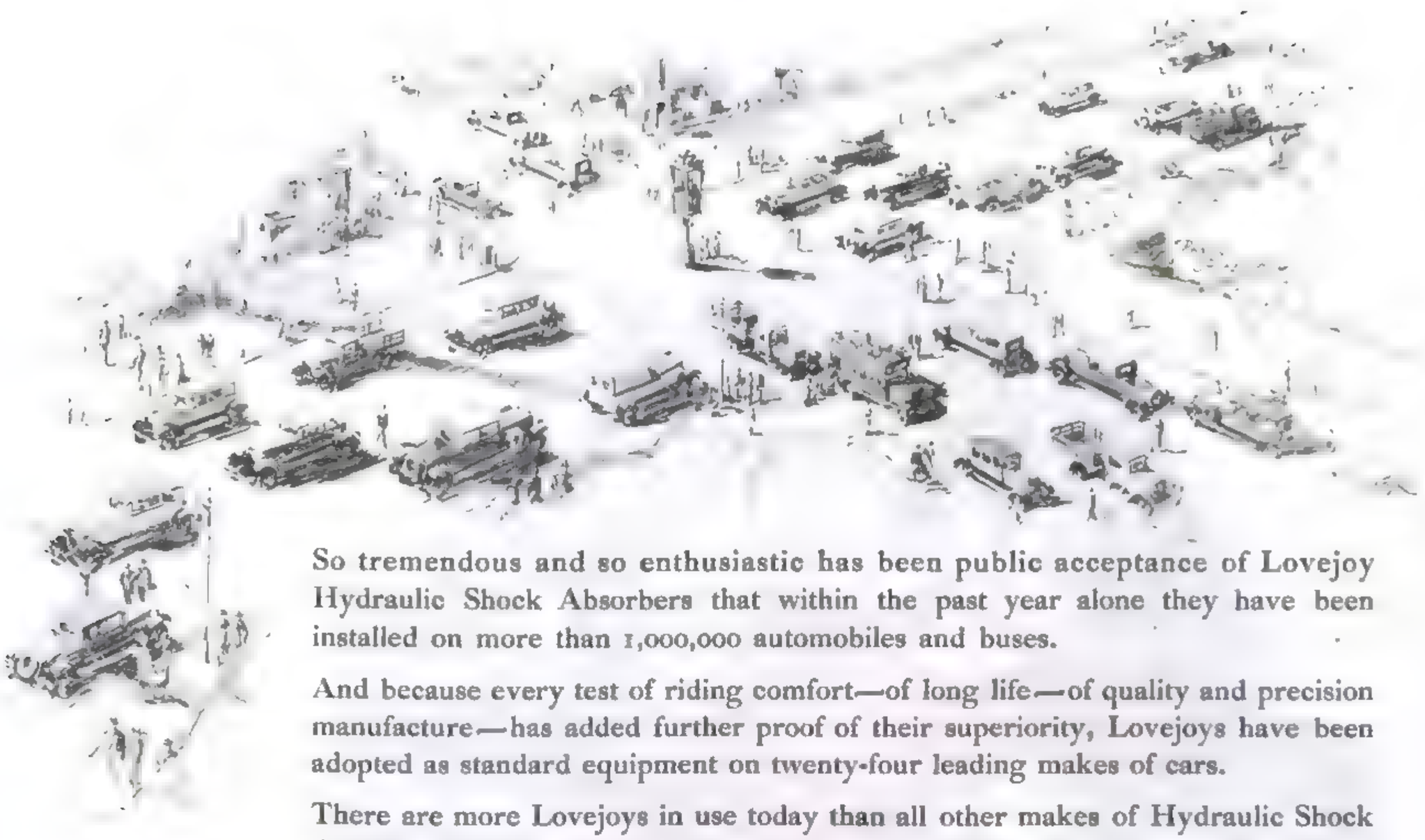

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(Continued from Page 34)

fantastic gargoyles carved in stone, the dainty feathered creatures perch on their backs and walk around their bodies searching for the big, fat gray ticks—the size of a five-cent piece—which bury their heads in the crocodile's flesh and dangle loosely from his body, like big imitation pearls from a fashionable woman's ears.

The birds always approach the gaping jaws of the sleeping monster with great caution, as if they were fearful that their presence would disturb his slumber. Cocking their heads first on one side and then on the other, they peer down his throat like a doctor examining a patient. Sometimes, as if with a sense of grim humor, the crocodile closes his jaws with a snap, and the startled birds leap into the air with comical, frightened squawks. If it happens to be a sound from the bank which has disturbed him, the crocodile rushes for the protection of the water.

Curiosity usually brings him up again in a few moments. But the wary beast will lie quietly just beneath the surface of the water. Presently his eye knobs and snout appear. These are slowly followed by his back line, which resembles a piece of floating wood. He submerges again if he is at all suspicious, and when he next appears, it may be a hundred yards away, up or down stream.

The target at such a distance is small indeed, for one must hit a crocodile in the brain to kill it instantly. The dermal armor on his back is so hard and tough that it will often deflect a bullet. Even though the bullet may penetrate the soft skin between the plates and enter the body, the crocodile, with its amazing vitality, is still master of the situation. He submerges instantly, and a few days later the hunter may find the bloated carcass floating, belly up, a mile or two away from the scene of the wounding. Although crocodiles are universally feared and disliked, it is a poor sportsman, indeed, who will wantonly wound even a man-eater and leave it to die a slow, torturous death.

Fighting Tooth and Tail

CROSSING a crocodile-infested river is always exciting. In the old days, when Mr. Akeley and I roamed over East Central Africa in search of natural-history specimens, we had many amusing and sometimes thrilling experiences with these pests. Usually it was necessary, before permitting our porters to cross a river, to blaze a passage by firing volley after volley into the water, raking the shore line with our fire in order to drive the creatures from their hiding caves under the bank. Then an advance guard, carrying sticks and yelling as only wild men can, would enter the water. Forming a double line, they would beat the water and yell while the burden bearers, singing lustily, passed safely between them.

Some of our most anxious moments were when our porters were carrying the skins or the meat of freshly killed animals. The odor seemed to penetrate the water and attract all the crocodiles in the vicinity. Sometimes they came up, under cover of the dark brown water, in numbers, but remained at a respectful distance, watching us. Although they kept their bodies submerged, the telltale eye knobs rising above the surface warned us of their presence.

As I am very fearful of crocodiles, the terror of some of those crossings still lives in my memory—one in particular, when, in my haste to reach the other side, I slipped on a rock in midstream and was swept off my feet by the strong current. Had it not been for the presence of mind and the agility of my gun bearer, who leaped forward and grabbed my clothing, I would have been swept away, perhaps, to the very death which I so greatly feared.

In my long and interesting association with authorities on the wild life of Africa, as well as some big-game hunters, I have listened to many interesting and amusing discussions in regard to the manner in which crocodiles attack their human prey. Some individuals were quite confident, although they could give no convincing proof, that the crocodile first strikes a powerful blow with the tail in order to knock his victim off his balance and sweep him into the water, where he is at the crocodile's mercy. Others were equally certain that they attack only with their teeth, depending entirely on their agility and strength to confuse and drag their prey down.

Having witnessed one battle between a crocodile and his prospective meal and being somewhat familiar with the anatomy of the beast, I was skeptical about the tail method of attack.

A Broad-Nosed Crocodile From the Congo (Osteolaemus Tetraspis)

After listening to many interesting little controversies about crocodiles, I made it a habit, whenever we camped near a river, to spend as much time as I could spare from my work watching them. But few African travelers care to spend their precious time, while in that fascinating country, studying so unromantic a creature as the crocodile. The halo acquired by following the poor persecuted lion, the buffalo, the rhinoceros or the elephant is far more intriguing to the great majority.

The casualties from crocodiles are greatest among the native women and children, and although these tragedies occur all too frequently in districts where crocodiles are numerous, the natives never seem to try to avoid them. They will enter the water to bathe, fill their water jars, or walk into a stream to wash their vegetables as casually as if they never heard of man-eating crocodiles. Consequently many of them pay the penalty with their lives.

The great majority of natives wear special charms which they implicitly believe will protect them against the crocodiles. This, with their fatalistic tendencies, would influence them in being reckless and foolhardy. Charms are highly recommended by the witch doctors, who thrive on the credulity of the superstitious natives. For a price, these wisemen hold elaborate ceremonies over the charms and anoint them with the blood of a live chicken and their own sacred spittle.

From time to time the owners of charms must visit the witch doctor and contribute a substantial gift to have the powers of his charm rejuvenated. In case of accident, if the wearer of a charm should be taken by a crocodile, the witch doctor exonerates himself and increases his trade by declaring that the owner failed to visit him and pay tribute to propitiate the fetish god.

The teeth of crocodiles vary in shape and in number. In the Tana River specimens the teeth are conical and interlock like those of a powerful steel trap. The large canine teeth used to be in great demand by the natives, who converted them into very attractive snuff boxes and fetish containers, which are worn suspended by chains around the neck or dangling from a handsome belt decorated with beads and bright metal.

Rapacious as crocodiles certainly are, they are denied the privilege of licking their chops after a meal of man or beast. The thick flat tongue is so fixed in the mouth that it cannot be protruded. The base of the tongue, however, can be raised to meet the soft palate and close the passage into the throat, thus enabling the beast to lie submerged in the water indefinitely, with only the nostrils exposed.

Owing to the color of the soil, which in most parts of Africa is red, and the floating matter in the water, it is impossible to see for any depth below the surface of a river. Therefore the crocodile has every advantage. He can move rapidly below the surface without making a ripple, and when he attacks and tries to pull down an animal from the bank he uses his powerful tail as a brace, lashing it from side to side with lightning-like rapidity, thus keeping his equilibrium as effectively as if his feet were on terra firma. With tooth and tail he fights for his meal, and what takes place under the dark water at his banquets we can only surmise.

When drifting lazily downstream with the current, a crocodile might easily be mistaken for a piece of water-soaked wood. They have marvelous eyesight and their hearing is very acute. The slightest sound will send them below the surface as quickly as a gunshot.

As Long as the Imagination

THE largest crocodile we procured on our several expeditions to Africa was one that I shot in the upper Tana River in 1905. In an unbroken line from the tip of his snout to the tip of his tail he measured sixteen and a half feet. Comparing his measurements with authentic records, he was an unusually large one. He was taken, however, before the Tana River Valley became the standardized route for big-game hunters and the aged saurians a target for their guns.

In East Africa I never met a native who would eat the flesh of the crocodile. But on my recent visit to the Belgian Congo I was told by the officials that it was against the law for travelers to shoot these reptiles. They were conserved by the government to feed the native prisoners and laborers.

Like the wags among our Western cowboys, nothing delights an old Africander more than an opportunity to regale some credulous traveler with exaggerated stories of the natives and wild animals. Over the coffee cups at many a jungle dinner party I have listened to hair-raising stories of wild and wicked witch doctors, blood-brotherhood ceremonies, and man-eating crocodiles which were usually twenty and twenty-two feet long that entered native huts, like thieves in the night, to carry away some sleeping member of a household. Some of those stories have become African classics and have found

A Crocodile on the Nile

their way into print. And some of the story-tellers have actually paid tribute with their lives to the very animals they romanced about.

On several occasions when Mr. Akeley and I were dissecting crocodiles which we had shot, we found strange objects such as stones, the hoofs of small antelopes, great wads of hair, and large pieces of turtle shell in their stomachs. Some of these shell plates had a razorlike edge, no doubt caused by the constant friction or grinding movement against the stones.

As some of the tropical-river turtles grow to a considerable size and their plates are as hard as steel, I often pondered over the way the crocodile managed to break them and get the meat. Every authority I consulted on the subject insisted that the crocodile crushed the turtle between his powerful jaws. This I knew to be a fact where the small turtles were concerned, for I had once seen a crocodile munching a turtle the size of a dinner plate. But I was skeptical about the large ones. On my last expedition to the upper Tana River in 1925, my question was answered in a very dramatic way by the crocodile himself.

In company with my friend, Mrs. Leslie J. Tarlton, of Nairobi, I had returned to the upper Tana River Valley to execute a cabled commission for an American museum. Having no other white people with us, we decided to follow the dictates of our own hearts and make a holiday of our little excursion by camping for a couple of weeks in a lovely spot we had found close to the river.

One day, shortly after breakfast, Mrs. Tarlton started out with her gun bearer to get meat for the porters, and accompanied by my own gun boy, I went down the river a little way where I could sit close to the water's edge, beneath some overhanging bushes, and watch the monkeys that frequented the trees along the bank.

As we descended to our hiding place on the sandy bank, there was a great splashing in the water and innumerable crocodiles of varying sizes slid off the rocks which rose above the shallow water. As soon as we had settled down they crawled cautiously back to bask in the sunlight. Making myself comfortable, I adjusted my field glasses, bringing them closer, so that I would not miss a turn of their ugly heads.

The intense heat and the silence of the place soon sent my black attendant, whom I had taken with me to guard against being surprised by a lion or a leopard, to the land of dreams, and I was left to watch alone.

A Hard Turtle to Crack

After a time a troop of rowdy little monkeys came romping over the tops of the acacia trees. Not long after they had passed, a thieving monitor lizard scurried across the sand bar with a crocodile's egg in its mouth. The next movement that caught my eye and suggested a hasty retreat was a big water python that came gliding gracefully through the water in our direction. A movement toward my gun caused it to change its course swiftly, and just as it swung its long, sinuous body around and passed under a fallen tree which extended well out over the stream, there came a tremendous splashing from the deep pool on my right. Rising hastily and peering through the branches, I was amazed to see a monster crocodile rolling over and over, churning the water into foam and sending the wavelets rippling and dancing in all directions.

But that was not all. Gripped tight in his powerful jaws was the front foot of a huge turtle. With each lightning-like revolution of the monster's body the turtle, which must have weighed at least forty or fifty pounds, was swung clear of the water. So fast did the crocodile turn that the water seemed to remain parted in the path of the turtle.

Presently the crock swam to a rocky ledge on the edge of the pool and, dragging the turtle with him, crawled out and rested the upper half of his body on the stone. After a short interval he slid backward into deep water, dragging the struggling turtle after him, and began the dizzying revolving movements again.

Just at that critical moment the boy beside me stirred and I quickly placed my foot upon his body to keep him quiet. As I did so the crocodile submerged. Hidden though we were behind our screen of leaves, I feared he had detected our presence. Anxiously my eyes searched the water in all directions and presently I caught sight of him just for a second as he crossed a shallow spot in midstream. Then he disappeared again. Mrs. Tarlton arrived on the scene at that moment, and I quickly dragged her down beside me, fearful that her coming might have driven him away. Apparently he had not seen or heard her, for I had only time to whisper in her ear, "Sit tight and watch the opposite shore," when he rose like a submarine close to the bank and repeated his jiujitsu operations on the turtle. This time so fast did he rotate his body that he seemed hardly to touch the water.

Where Crocodiles are Harmless

Suddenly we saw the turtle shoot through the air and land with a resounding whack and crushing force against the wall of rock which formed the opposite bank. As it fell into the water the crocodile, with a flip of his tail, dived after it. In a moment the ugly head was again thrust above the water. The great jaws, with their fearful rows of teeth, opened and crashed like a sprung trap over a great hunk of turtle meat. Again and again he dived and returned to the surface to crunch and swallow a piece of his meal.

It is a curious fact, and one that is well worth a thorough investigation, that in some of the African rivers there are definite stretches where the crocodiles are practically harmless. For instance, during my ten weeks' journey in dugout canoes up the lower Tana River in 1925 I saw and shot many crocodiles. Yet the Wafokomo natives living along the bank are as fond of the water as South Sea islanders. They enter the river a dozen times each day to bathe. I often organized aquatic sports, offering prizes for the best swimmers. The natives played water polo with pieces of wood, corklike in substance, and they often remained in the water playing this game for hours. They assured me that they had no fear of the crocodiles. The men who poled my canoes upstream asked frequently during a day's journey for permission to stop the boats so that they might have a refreshing swim. But on the upper reaches of that same river the crocodiles are very dangerous and attack both man and beast.

Of the two fatalities which occurred in the ranks of our black followers on our expedition of 1909–1911, one was caused by a crocodile.

We had journeyed across from Mount Kenya to the upper Tana River for the sole purpose of giving J. T., Jr., a little monkey which we had become very fond of, her freedom. We wanted to return her to her home in the tree tops in the exact spot where we had found her a year before. Mr. Akeley, who was still somewhat of an invalid owing to an encounter with an enraged elephant, wanted to remain in the vicinity of the river for a time to rest.

One day when we were walking along the bank, returning to camp from a little hunting excursion, Mr. Akeley shot a huge crocodile which was asleep on the opposite shore. Without consulting us, two of our porters, eager to receive the reward which they hoped Mr. Akeley would give them for what seemed to them a worthy prize, challenged each other for a race across the stream to retrieve the monster. We heard their excited discussion, but, being used to their chatter, paid no attention to them. It had never occurred to us that anyone would be foolhardy enough to enter the crocodile-infested river at this point.

Before we realized what was happening, the two actors in the terrible tragedy had cast off their scanty covering and, with laughter on their lips and a yell of enthusiasm, plunged in. Horrified, we shouted frantic commands for them to return, but our words were lost in a babble of madly excited voices.

One of the men, who was husky and a strong swimmer, soon reached the opposite bank and, climbing up, straddled the dead crocodile. Wildly elated over his victory, the boy slapped the back of the monster with his hand and with good-natured native wit shouted facetious remarks to his less fortunate companion, who was exerting the utmost of his strength and skill in his effort to reach the shore.

Although we had given them all the protection we could by shooting into the water, when the swimmer neared the goal we suddenly, to our horror, saw him throw up his hands, clutch wildly at the air, and, with a haunting, bloodcurdling shriek that ended in a gurgle, disappear beneath the water. It all happened in an instant, and even before we could lower our guns the swiftly flowing water had glided over the spot where he went down, leaving not so much as a ripple to tell that the owner of the voice, which was still echoing weirdly on the air, had been swept into eternity.

Then the problem of rescuing the boy on the opposite bank and averting another tragedy presented itself. Heartsick, we stood and debated. There were no dugout canoes on the upper Tana. Therefore a raft seemed to be the only solution to our problem. This would take time, and if darkness fell before our task was accomplished, the boy would be in danger from lions and leopards.

Suddenly I had an inspiration, and suggested that we send a boy to camp for my canvas bathtub and convert it into a boat. This seemed feasible, so Mr. Akeley gave the necessary instructions.

The placidity with which the object of our anxiety sat on the opposite bank and dangled his feet in the crocodile-infested water and watched our frantic efforts in behalf of himself and his unfortunate companion was unnerving. We could not make up our minds whether the boy was an utter imbecile or bore a charmed life.

Charms That Work

We were suddenly forced, however, to believe the latter, for just as Mr. Akeley had finished giving his instructions to the porters about cutting trees for our improvised boat, the boy stood up, stretched his supple body and, bending down, heaved the dead crocodile into the water. As the formidable-looking gray shape was caught by the current and swept out into the stream, to our great consternation the boy plunged head-first after it. Ignoring our horrified cries to turn back, the reckless fellow, with a few strong strokes, reached the swiftly moving body of the monster, and guiding it with one hand, he swam leisurely across the exact spot where his companion had so recently disappeared. To surround him with a barrage of bullets, which we instantly did, and pray for his safety was all we could do.

With all a native's pride in being the center of attraction, the boy, to prolong his triumph and our agony, ignored our commands to *pacy, pacy*—hurry, hurry—and swam slower; deliberately he loosed his hold on the crocodile, every now and then letting it float with the current and catching up with it again to show his prowess. Although the actual crossing occupied only a few moments, it seemed hours to us.

When the boy finally touched the bank, Mr. Akeley, exasperated almost beyond human endurance by his foolhardiness in the face of what had happened to his comrade and by the bravado grin on his beaming face, lifted him bodily out of the water and shook him until his head bobbed about on his shoulders like a toy balloon in a stiff breeze. At the same time he denounced him in words justified by the occasion, but which, fortunately, no one but myself could understand.

When his anger was spent he released his hold on the boy. Then, to my surprise and somewhat to Mr. Akeley's chagrin, the boy stood before him; still smiling, and showing no resentment at his rough treatment, he pointed proudly to his fetishes—a number of tiny antelope horns, packed with a mixture known only to the witch doctor, which depended from a leather thong about his waist. Quite calmly he assured him that he was safe from the crocodiles when he wore his *dawa*—medicine.

The boy's faith in those charms was truly awe-inspiring. I was thoroughly convinced then and there that the white man who ridicules and condemns the beliefs of primitive peoples without a thorough knowledge of them, which no white man can ever obtain, is a narrow-minded bigot.

I must add, to justify my sincerity in the above statement, that this very same boy gave us ample proof later of his supreme faith in his charms, and also of a power beyond our comprehension which kept him immune from the man-eating crocodiles. Time after time during our stay on the Tana he entered the water to swim. He did not hesitate to cross the river to sand bars where, a few moments before, the crocodiles had flopped off the bar like a school of startled frogs.

Shortly after dinner that night Mr. Akeley suffered a sudden chill and hastily retired to his cot. Still an invalid, the shock of the tragedy affected his nerves and left him in no condition to resist the sudden attack of his old enemy, malaria. Despite the suffocating heat of the breathless night, it required two hot-water bottles, all the blankets we possessed, and several cups of scalding hot tea to lessen his temperature and stop the chattering of his teeth.

Burlesquing a Tragedy

When he finally dozed I left his side and kept my vigil just outside the door of his tent. Below me, under some flat-topped acacia trees, the men were grouped around their little fires, eating their one meal of the day and discussing the tragedy.

It would be a strange group of natives, indeed, that could not find something or someone to caricature even on the most solemn or tragic occasion. Almost all the African natives are born mimics. They are at their very best when rehearsing some harrowing accident—a murder or a violent death. On this occasion a big Swahili boy stood in the firelight under the canopy of acacia branches and with savage humor burlesqued the unhappy tragedy. As the actor went through his performance he exaggerated with artistic license whenever he thought it was necessary, and his dusky audience of eighty eager men slapped one another on their bare black backs and rocked with laughter. With great versatility he switched from one character to another with an ease and an emphasis truly admirable.

With true dramatic instinct for a thrilling climax, he reserved the death scene for the final curtain, giving with haunting realism his own version of what happened to the boy when the crocodile dragged him under the water. As he pictured the swimmer's last moments he edged away from the firelight. Then suddenly he gave a horrible gurgling cry, clawed the air exactly as the boy had done, and leaped back out of sight. But quick as a flash he was back again, gnashing his teeth and swinging his body to imitate the ravenous crocodile, tearing his victim to pieces.

This barbarous and terribly realistic bit of acting delighted his primitive audience. With savage abandon some of the men lay back on the ground and laughed and pounded the earth with their heels, until in sheer desperation I shouted "*Basi kelele*"—cease making a noise. Then, still laughing and whispering, they covered their heads with their blankets and went to sleep on the sun-baked earth beside their fires as if nothing had happened, while I entered the tent and, sitting beside Mr. Akeley's cot, listened throughout the night to the mutterings of his fever-tortured brain.

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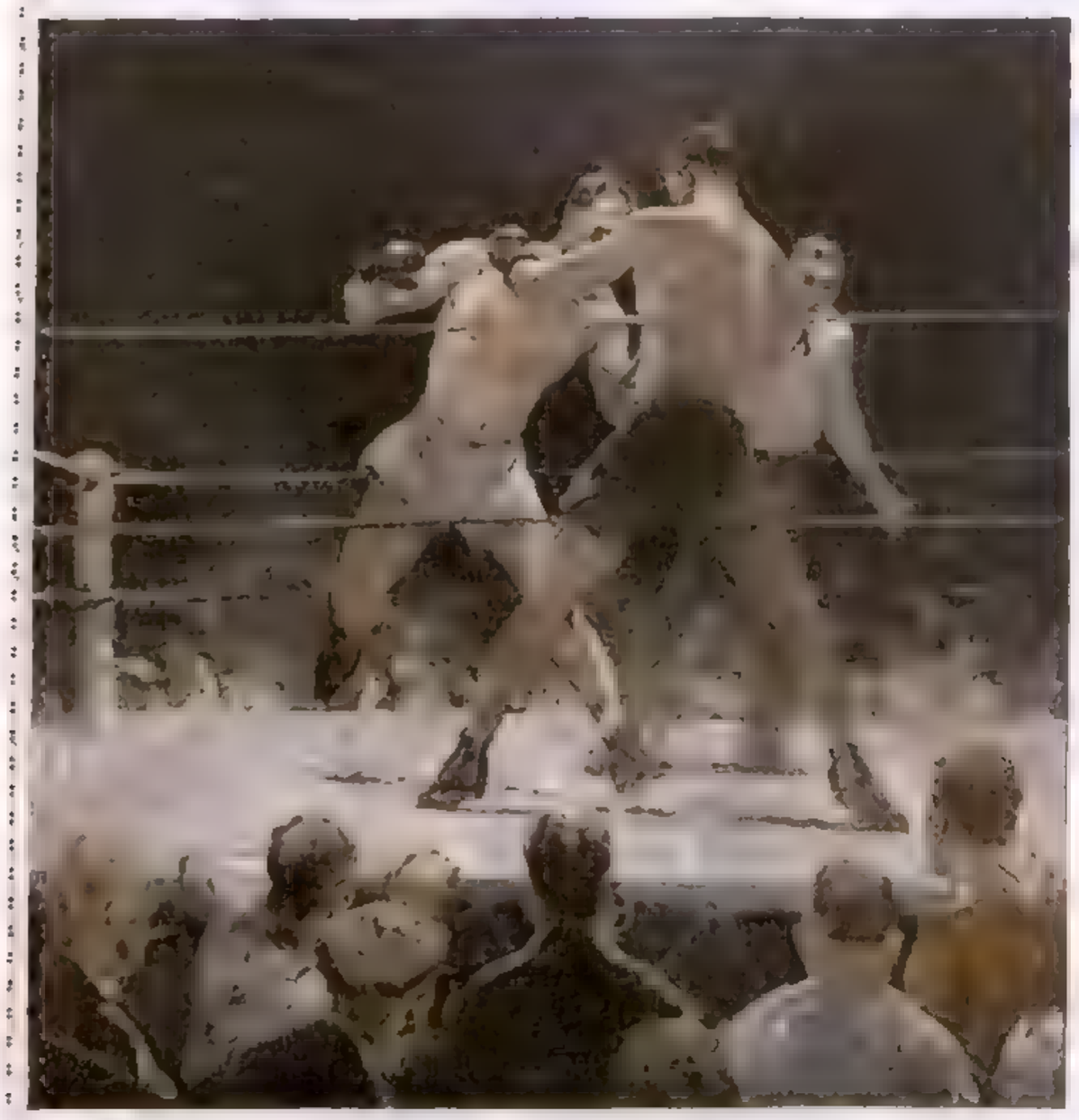

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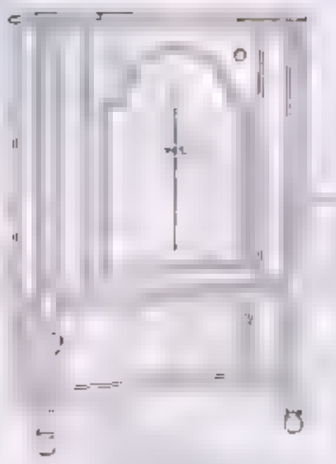

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THE SANDALWOOD FAN

(Continued from Page 29)

appeared at once. Dick told him of his visit to the apartment in the company of Little Amby and the people from Blue Point.

"I do not know this Mr. Hinkle," said Wong Get. "To my knowledge, the man never spoke to me in his life. Some vile deception has been worked upon you, Mr. Phillipse. The only word of truth in all that was told you is that I was called out of the city. But it was not on the preceding evening, but several days before. I returned only Monday morning. You say the superintendent permitted you to enter? But he must have known that I was not here. I shall ask about that at once." He went to a telephone. "Tell the superintendent to come to this apartment immediately. Tell him not to delay. I am waiting." He hung up. "I know no Mr. Chu," he said, and Dick could see that he was very angry. "Was he Chinese? Yet I do not know him. Ah, there is our man now. I shall accuse him and then hand him over to the police as a housebreaker." He went to the door and spoke to a man who had rung the bell. He called Dick. "Is this the man, Mr. Phillipse?"

Dick went into the foyer. The superintendent who had answered Mr. Wong's summons was not the man whom Dick had seen on his two other visits.

"You mean Simpson, sir," said the new superintendent. "He was fired almost a month ago, after this apartment was robbed. I don't think it was his fault, but the owners fired him."

"He has been here during the last ten days."

"Yes, sir. He was kept on until he located himself."

"There is that much," said Wong Get, after dismissing the superintendent. "It is evident that the individual who worked this deceit on you is the fellow you call Little Amby."

"If he did, and if he had any plan to get hold of that paper, his scheme miscarried in that respect. The paper was destroyed here. It's gone."

"Ah, then you have lost interest in the sandalwood fan?"

"I'd like to have it to shake under the nose of that little crook when I'm telling him what I learned of you. If you don't proceed against him, I shall. I'd like to get hold of that fan as evidence against him, to have him punished."

"You shall have it for that purpose," said Wong Get—"with which I am entirely in sympathy."

"You have it?"

"I have it. It came to me most unexpectedly. Last Monday afternoon I was called to the telephone. A man's voice on the wire asked me for an interview on a matter of importance that he could not disclose. Such a request is not uncommon with me, and I told him to come. But instead of a man coming, it was a woman who appeared. She told me that she had heard that I had lost a valuable fan and that I would pay five hundred dollars for its return, and that she had found such a fan in the Subway. I agreed that I had lost a fan, and asked to see what she had found. Then she produced the sandalwood fan. I took it, made an excuse, and went into another room to call the police. I was not unfair to her. If it proved that she had found the fan as she had said, I should have paid her what she asked. But when I came back she was gone."

"Frightened off?"

"It is possible."

"What did she look like?"

"A poor person—poorly dressed and with a heavy veil. She spoke in so low a tone and so hurriedly that I could not judge of her condition. It seemed to me that she was the wife or mistress of the thief. But you shall see it now." He went back toward the bedrooms, returned, and laid a folded fan in Dick's hands. "What you call the sandalwood fan," he said.

With melancholy curiosity Dick spread the fan. It had come too late. The message that it was to decipher was lost. He admired it as a connoisseur, but with reluctance.

"The guards are sandalwood," said Wong Get, pleased by his scrutiny, "and the sticks, twenty-four in number, may also be of sandalwood, though one cannot know that for sure, as they are painted and lacquered. You see that the sticks are carved and pierced in the semblance of feathers—of feathers of the argus pheasant. The painting, too, reproduces the coloring of the bird. The design is adapted to our purpose because of the multitude of spots—the speckling that gives the bird its peculiar name. These spots are represented by the hundreds of round or oval holes that pierce the blades. They are arbitrarily spaced, but if you will take a line through the fan at its greatest width, you will cut no less than seventy-two. The wood is very thin, but the lacquer wherewith the old fan maker covered it is iron hard and gives it strength. Do not be afraid to spread it; the joinery is strong, and it fastens at last by locking the steels on the guards."

"It is beautiful," said Dick. "I shall take the best care of it. But pardon me if I am surprised that you should trust me with it."

"Ah, there again you heard enough of the truth to make the story plausible. We shall use that fan no longer. We took the risk before, but now it has become too great. You even tell me that a print was shown you. If it was a print of the fan ——"

"That's so," exclaimed Dick. "It may not have been a print of this fan at all."

"That is possible. But you say it read the paper. It was, then, prepared from the paper."

"I can't believe that. The paper was not out of my sight except when it was in my safe-deposit box in the Colonia Trust. I can see that one in possession of a replica of the paper could have got up a print that would interpret the paper as he would have it, but what end could he have in deceiving me? I did not have the sandalwood fan and he could not hope to trick me out of it."

"The proposed end might have been to cause you to abandon your efforts to find the fan. That is the effect that the deception had on you, and it is the inevitable one. Ah, we begin to see that the fan may still interest you. I intrust it to you. If it proves that this fellow Little Amby has tricked you, command me at any time and I shall gladly aid you to punish him."

Dick returned directly to Centre Street and to the dingy little house opposite the Tombs. He was on a privileged footing there; the sour-looking managing clerk sent in his name and he was received without delay by the sinister little shyster.

"Hello, Phillipse," called Little Amby familiarly.

"Mr. Hinkle," said Dick with grim formality, "I have just had a talk with Wong Get, of Riverside Drive."

"Oh, he's in the city again?"

"He is. He told me that he doesn't know you, never saw you or spoke to you, never arranged for you to come to his apartment for any purpose whatsoever."

"That's so," said Little Amby, alert but unafraid. "Let me ask you one thing before you go on: Have you told anybody else that you have seen Wong Get?"

"I'm not here to answer questions, but to ask them. However, I'll tell you that I did not talk to anybody else."

"Good," said Little Amby gratulatingly. "Then you haven't done any harm. All right, Phillipse, what do you want to know? I'm your witness."

"You know what I want. And if you have anything to say, you'd better say it. I've talked to nobody yet, but when I leave here I'll talk to the district attorney; and from all I hear, the district attorney will be mighty glad to have a clean-cut case against you. You may be very clever, but I'm not exactly a fool myself, even if you've played me for one; and I'm not the nobody you may have taken me for. If you have anything to say, say it quick, for when I walk out of that door I'll be on my way to put you where you belong."

"Careful, Phillipse. If you came here to swap recriminations with me, I won't let you lose my time. I don't indulge in that sort of thing. There's no percentage in it. . . . Is that the sandalwood fan?"

"That's the fan! And the thing that your accomplice Chu showed me was no print of it. Wong Get had no print."

"Thank me for getting it for you, Phillipse."

"Thank you?"

"Why, certainly! Who do you suppose worked it back to Wong Get? Nobody else but Little Amby. Don't you remember my accomplice Chu—I adopt your pretty term—announcing that Wong Get would pay five hundred dollars for the return of the fan? And wasn't it that offer that brought the fan?"

"Poppycock. You're very clever at devising explanations. You didn't want that fan to go back to Wong Get."

"Certainly not. I wanted to get the fan myself—for us. I had Saracena working on it, trying to buy it back. I sent him after Tap-tap Tony, who, I believed, could get the fan. Saracena was in here only yesterday afternoon to tell me that Tap-tap couldn't deliver, that he didn't have the fan. You don't need to think that it was Tap-tap who sent the fan direct to Wong Get; he wouldn't do anything so amateurish. He would go through a private detective, according to the best practice. Tap-tap, it proves now, didn't have the fan and couldn't get it. I don't know how he lost touch with it, but it was an amateur that brought it back and claimed the reward."

Dick was impressed, but ineradicably suspicious. "That may be. But it is still as plain as the nose on your face that this plot was directed against me."

"Together with others, my boy, and for your own good. See here; the problem was to persuade an unknown party to let go of the fan; I suspected that party was Tap-tap Tony. The only way to make him let go was to destroy the fan's secret value. Do you get the idea? We knew why he was holding the fan—in hope of getting Duane's money by it. Very well; we must convince him that there wasn't any money. We did that. The evidence in this case is to the effect that information has leaked to your opponents through one of the four people who were in Wong Get's that morning—I won't bother to plot it out for you—and I include you among the others."

"Include me?"

"Phillipse, it's the hardest thing to discover such a leak. But when you have localized it to a certain extent, you can proceed to supply false information and watch it show up at the other end. That's what I did here. You helped me immensely. You were genuinely convinced that the money was gone, and you spread that conviction as you could not have done if you had been party to it—*particeps criminis* is the word you would have chosen a minute ago. Phillipse, I may be doing you an injustice, but I don't think you're a good liar."

"Then this Chu was your assistant?"

"My accomplice, yes. I imported him from Philadelphia. I have a connection on Race Street over there."

"But how did you get the use of the apartment?"

"Through Simpson. He had just been fired and a fifty-dollar bill looked big and handsome. He told me that Wong Get was frequently absent for days, and I laid my wires and waited until he stepped out. . . . May I see the fan?" Dick gave it to him. He opened it and spread it out on his desk amid a litter of papers, thrusting them aside. He bent over it, studying it with close attention. "I think we made a very fair copy," he murmured, almost abstractedly—"as good as could have been made, considering that we never saw this. I'll bet that fan is worth real money."

"What was the print made from?"

"From the paper that you had in the bank."

"But that was never out of my possession."

"Oh, yes, it was—yes, it was," said Little Amby slowly, still studying the fan.

"When?"

"That day in the grill on Eighty-second Street. Remember?"

"I remember I met you there and that you looked at the paper."

"And put it right back in the envelope?"

"Yes."

"Ah, but I didn't. I gave it to Cohen. That's what he came with me for. He took it right out and traced it. Then it was put back in the envelope and handed over to you, and we were all set to make the print that would make the verse say what we wanted."

Dick looked keenly at the lawyer, flushed with sudden anger and jumped up. He seized the fan. He would have snatched it away if he had not feared that it would ill endure rough handling.

"What have you been doing there? You've been reading something with this fan right under my very eyes! What is that you have there?"

"Phillipse," growled Little Amby, with that sudden blaze in his black eyes and menace in his voice that had so often broken through the poise of a hostile witness, "I'm managing this case, and I answer to nobody except for results. It's for a client to tell me what he wants done; it's for me to do it. I can tell you that we're just coming to the crisis in this case now, and it's going to be touch and go. A false move and the stopper is pulled and all our work goes down the pipe. The fact that you bring me the fan instead of me bringing it to you is only a detail; I worked it into your hands. Now, I've talked a lot to you because you're an odd fish and very much troubled for fear you may not give everybody a square deal, including people that want to knife you, but I don't propose to share my responsibility with anybody. On the question of whether I know what I'm about, consider the fact that we have in this room at this very minute a duplicate of the potter's verse that was penned by Garry Duane, and also the one and only sandalwood fan."

"Then let's have the message!"

"Do you want it now?" smiled Little Amby. "You don't know where the fan and the duplicate message have been during the last few days. Maybe they came together. You wouldn't hear of it. If Garry Duane's money was found, the fan would still have gone back to Wong Get: its usefulness would have been gone. But if you take the message now, if you have advance information, and if it should prove that the plant has been raised ——"

"Hinkle," grumbled Dick, "if you think a man's honest, you appeal to his honesty, and you're just as clever in appealing to a crook. You worked me for your own ends once before with that same argument."

"It's as good as ever, Phillipse. Come, you want to be in a position to lift your right hand and swear that you had no advance information, no matter whether you've been beaten to the money or not."

"Have you the duplicate there?"

Little Amby shuffled the papers on his desk, lifted one into view, and Dick saw a copy of the potter's verse.

"This is it. Do you want it?"

Dick hesitated. He felt the force of the argument against his seeking Garry Duane's money except in concert with his fellow

(Continued on Page 46)

This Spirit of Youth

Young women find in the *Ladies' Home Journal* today full answer to three great demands of modern youth. In order of their importance, these are:

Entertainment
Smartness
Helpfulness

Entertainment in modern romantic fiction. Entertainment in the news of modern women's multifold activities. Entertainment in games, in sports, in travel, yes, even in business.

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All for smart young women—and no woman today need ever grow old. For youth is no longer a matter of years, but of spirit. And the spirit of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is *youth.*

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

MORE than ever I am convinced that moving-picture patrons should co-operate with their favorite neighborhood theatres and tell the managers what pictures they would like to see. One is just as deeply interested as the other, and far from resenting requests and suggestions, the managers will be delighted to receive them. If, for example, you desire to see Universal's spectacular production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"* or Victor Hugo's *"The Man Who Laughs," "Show Boat," "Broadway,"* or *"Lonesome,"* just mention it by telephone or post-card to the manager of your favorite theatre. And just now is the time to do it. Theatres all over the land are making their bookings for Fall. Help them. And incidentally help yourselves. — C. L.

All of you who have read the "Tarzan" stories, by Edgar Rice Burroughs, will be pleased to know that Universal has one of these tales of jungle life in work, starring FRANK MERRILL and that charming young actress NATALIE KINGSTON. Lovers of the 'Tarzan' stories are numbered by the thousands and in producing *"Tarzan the Mighty"* we are responding to a popular request from the readers of this column. *"Tarzan the Mighty"* is an original serial produced by Universal by special arrangement with Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of "Tarzan of the Apes," "The Cave Girl" and other stories.

Natalie Kingston

I have received so many requests from picture-fans for HOOT GIBSON pictures that I have issued orders to secure for this most popular of all the screen-cowboys the very best stories available—stories that are out of the beaten path. One of them is entitled 'Cleaning the Town,' it is one of the best Westerns of recent years and in it HOOT is supported by DOROTHY GULLIVER and a cast of real stars. Reaves Eason has acquitted himself with much credit in the direction.

Laura La Plante

W. A. Frazer, one of the best of the modern writers, has suggested to me that we ask our readers which Universal pictures they would like to see a second time. And he says: 'People often read a book a second time, which is a tribute of value.' What do you think about it? Do you recall any Universal which you would like repeated? It was fans' suggestions that caused me to re-issue *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*

REGINALD DENNY, whose popularity is mounting by leaps and bounds, will add many admirers when his pictures for the coming season are shown. MR. DENNY assisted the story committee in the choice of material for his new pictures and he is tickled pink with the selections made.

Reginald Denny

Write to me for a list of the forthcoming releases of Universal; there are many surprises in store for you. Meantime keep in mind *"The Man Who Laughs,"* with CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN, *"Lonesome,"* that exceptional picture produced by Dr. Feyos in which there are only two in the cast, yet thousands who take part. The two are GLENN TRYON and BARBARA KENT whose performances will delight you.

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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(Continued from Page 43)

executor and the beneficiaries under the will; he felt it, knowing that it had been advanced disingenuously.

"First, answer me one plain question," he bargained. "I realize that what you have done, however little its method appeals to me and however little it flatters my intelligence, has resulted in putting the tricks into our hands. . . . Is there any form of statement or affirmation that is binding on you?"

"There is," said Little Amby, and if he spoke too well of himself he was himself deceived, for there was fierce and genuine pride in his voice. "I never welshed on a bet; I never ran out on a friend; I never beat a client!"

"Do you know where Garry Duane's money is?"

"Phillipse, I'll answer that literally. Construe it strictly. I do not—on my word as a sportsman."

"I'll take that," grumbled Dick. "Let's proceed in your way. What's the next step?"

"The next step, Phillipse, is like unto the last. We're going to assemble the interested parties and impart to them the glad intelligence, and make our final and supreme bid for the fortune secreted by Garry Duane, and our critical effort to break the true story of his death. We have the cards now, and we're going to put them down with a slam. Where are the parties? Can you get them together?"

"In a day or two. The ladies are at Saltaire just now; I can shoot them a wire. To come here?"

"To Blue Point. Fortunately, Wessel doesn't take title for another four weeks"—Little Amby was consulting his desk book—"four weeks tomorrow. I can't give you a date right now, but I want to be there. I must make arrangements to get away. I'll try to make it Friday, but I can't promise that the other side will agree to put over a trial I have on for that day. Who's at Blue Point now, if anybody?"

"I have a man there."

"Trustworthy?"

"Absolutely."

Little Amby picked up the duplicate of the potter's verse and put it into his safe. "Until Friday, Phillipse."

XX

DICK had the talk with Little Amby in Centre Street on Wednesday, September eighth. On the following day, at about six o'clock in the evening, he was called to the telephone in his apartment in Berkeley Chambers. His man was calling him from Blue Point.

"Larkin, Mr. Phillipse. Excuse me, but it's all right about that wire, is it? You told me to be pretty careful."

"What wire?"

"The wire you sent me just now."

"I didn't send you any wire."

"One came from you. The telephone company just called me up and said there was a wire from you. I haven't got it here, but it said, 'Meet the 6:15 and 6:47 at Blue Point with car without fail. Richard Phillipse.' I barely had time to call you, but I thought I would give you a ring and be sure. I'm glad that I did. You didn't wire, eh?"

"Certainly not. The chances are nobody wired. It's a trick to get you out of the house for an hour. You stay right where you are unless I telephone. Good work, Larkin. Have you got a pistol?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't use it unless you absolutely have to, and then don't be afraid. I'll back you up. Let nobody in the house at all. Don't take that chain off the door as you value your life. Turn on all the lights. You had better give the police a call and tell them about it, and have a man stay with you tonight. I'm very well satisfied with you, Larkin; you've acted just like I thought you would. Call me in the morning."

Dick called the Blue Point house after an hour. "Mr. Phillipse, Larkin. Well, what happened?"

"Nothing, sir. I have a constable here with me, and he's going to stay."

"Tell him I'll take care of him if he stays awake. I don't think you'll be bothered now though. Whoever gave you that call was probably waiting in the South Country Road to see you come out."

Before Dick went to his office on Friday he was called up by Little Amby: "Hello, Phillipse. Can you go down to Blue Point today?"

"Yes, I have everything waiting on you. I have notified the ladies at Saltaire to expect a summons, and I can have them over at Blue Point in two hours."

"Fine. Get them over there at once. I've got an afternoon off and we'll use it to close up the Duane matter. Will you meet me at the Blue Point house at half-past two? . . . Good. . . . What's that? . . . No, thank you. I'm going down in my own car. Like to have you, but there's room only for my driver and me. Half-past two, Phillipse, and bring a rabbit's foot!"

At a quarter after two, Dick swung into the Duane drive. He saw several cars in the circle behind the house. To his surprise, he was greeted by Little Amby.

"You need a new car, Phillipse!" called the lawyer jokingly.

"I didn't loaf any," said Dick.

"Turn it in and get a real boat. Look at Tug over there; he came so fast he's all worn out. . . . Hey, Tug, snap out of it!"

The big bruiser who was the doorkeeper of the little house on Centre Street was tilted back in a chair on the Duanes' wide porch. His hard little straw hat on his sunken nose, a dead cigarette in his mouth, his big yellow shoes on the railing, he was dozing.

"Never you mind Tug, boss."

"Get up," said Little Amby, nudging his plug-ugly as he might stir a lazy dog. "Go around the corner where you won't be noticed. The way you spread yourself around here, somebody'll come up and give you the bill for the taxes. Come on in, Phillipse; everybody's here. That means Miss Duane, too, in case you've forgotten her."

Little Amby was under pressure and inclined to effervesce. Dick's nerves tightened in sympathy. There was a moment of drama approaching. He entered the living room, greeted Suydam, Wessel, Zittel and Florence Duane, and seated himself by Nell. She was pale and collected and was toying nervously with the small black hand bag in her lap.

"I imagine everybody knows what we are here for," said Little Amby, taking charge of the proceedings. "We have to impart, to anyone who is not informed, that we have recovered the sandalwood fan and a duplicate of the verse that was written out by Mr. Duane. We are now going to read the message that he hid with such extraordinary care as to nearly defeat his own object. Lest we criticize Mr. Duane in our minds for having put us to a world of trouble to effect something that could have been done with simplicity, let us remember that all the difficulties and complications ensued because Mr. Duane was—interrupted. Had this fan and paper come into the hands of his friend and executor, as he intended, his object of protecting his estate from an unjust attack would have been brought about quietly and easily."

"Well, let's get ahead," said Suydam restively.

"And the speeches afterward," said Zittel, grinning to take the sting from his thrust.

"But why send for us, Mr. Hinkle?" said Doctor Wessel. "We are already acquainted with the message."

"But we're not, my dear doctor. We ask forgiveness when we tell you now that the message that was read to you in the Chinaman's apartment on Riverside Drive was one that never occupied the mind of Mr. Duane."

"It wasn't the real paper?" exclaimed Florence, staring at Dick.

"It was the real paper, but not a print of the real fan," said Little Amby, pleased as ever to exhibit his successful trickery. "The message was suggested to us by the researches of Doctor Wessel in the field of numerology. Being in possession of the real paper, we were able to make a print to fit and to read what we would. Our object was to induce the holder of the fan to part with it. Pardon me? . . . Oh, come right in, Miss Kennedy, you have a three-thousand-dollar interest in this thing.

"In any event, here is the fan and here is a duplicate of the paper that Mrs. Duane destroyed a bit thoughtlessly. . . . Mr. Suydam, I take it that I am speaking with your kind permission. I am here in the character of *prochein ami*, as we say in the law, and not as attorney for the executors. They have one already, and a thoroughly competent one."

"Go right ahead, Mr. Hinkle," said the small-town lawyer, mollified by the compliment from the famous metropolitan advocate.

"Here is the paper, and Mr. Phillipse will produce the fan. We came to exchange properties in quite an amusing way, and I'll tell you of it later at leisure. . . . I know you'll find it funny, Mr. Zittel. Get set for one of those good old stomach laughs." He placed the paper on a table; Dick imposed the fan on it. "Not so good," muttered Little Amby, peering. "Here, let's hold it against the window. My eyes aren't what they used to be."

He put the paper against a pane and again Dick sought to make the traced outline of the fan coincide with that of the original. "Right!" called Little Amby.

"'The e-a'—over there at the end!—'s-t.' 'The east,' is the first line!" cried Florence Duane.

"Wonderful eyes," murmured Little Amby.

"'Vent' is the word on the line below!" called Lowell Zittel. "'Vent in'—The east vent in ——"

"'My den.'"

"We called the study his den," said Florence. "The east vent in the den? Oh, I get it. The study was made by throwing two servants' rooms together—knocking out the partition—and so there's a hot-air vent in the east wall and one in the west. That proves it's the study too. I guess he couldn't get the letters for study. Poor, poor Garry. Can you read more?"

"'A wire,'" offered Suydam.

"'Ring!'" called Zittel.

"I think the last line spells 'pull'—yes, that's it."

"'The east vent in my den—a wire ring—pull'—that's all there is to it."

"Let's go," urged Lowell Zittel, moving to leave the room.

"If you'll adopt my suggestion," said Little Amby sharply, "you'll stay here and leave this last step to be made by the interested parties—the parties in interest, to use the legal phrase."

"But Lowell's interested," protested Florence Duane.

"Not as a matter of law, if you'll pardon me," said Little Amby, bowing. "The beneficiaries, the executors and the attorneys."

"Oho, so you are an attorney for somebody after all," snapped Lowell Zittel.

Little Amby's eyelids flickered. "Mr. Zittel, that remark would win you a reputation as a humorist on Broadway."

"He's my personal attorney," said Dick curtly. "Coming, Nell?"

"No," she said in a low voice. "I'll wait here."

The persons named by Little Amby went to the rear stairs behind the servants' hall. They crowded up the narrow stairs and found themselves in the dark and quiet study where two men had died violent and inexplicable deaths.

"That thing about the vent will appeal to all of us," said Little Amby. "I think all of us were here the night that Tap-tap Tony gave the heating plant the smoke test. Let's see—where is east and west? I'm a stranger around here—a 'city cuss in rure,' if that's Latin. If it isn't, I pass, as I never learned any other foreign language

(Continued on Page 48)

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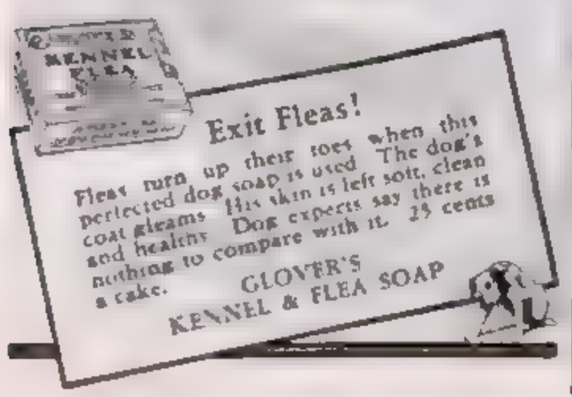
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GLOVER'S
KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

(Continued from Page 46)

enough to be chummy with a waiter. East vent—this must be it."

He maintained a flow of cheap patter as he took off the iron grille that covered the register in the east wall; he had brought a screw driver with him. His obvious nervousness made Dick wonder, and affected him with growing suspicion.

"I see the wire!" called Florence. "It was hooked into the grille. See it?"

The pierced front came out. There was a wire, going down into the flue. Little Amby pulled it, and a small wooden box of the size of a ten-cent box of biscuits came into view. Dick put out his hands for it.

"Don't touch it!" ordered Little Amby snarlingly. He drew the box out by the wire and placed it on the desk, motioning everybody back. "Look, listen and stop," he said.

With the point of the screw driver, he slipped back a pin that secured the box, and still using the same instrument with delicacy, tipped back the lid.

XXI

HE STEPPED back. "Go ahead, Phillipse."

There were in the box a small sheaf of bank notes and a typewritten sheet. Dick took them out. He counted the bank notes first, and announced: "Thirty-seven hundred dollars."

"Thirty-seven—hundred!" gasped Florence Duane. Dick lifted the typewritten sheet.

"Let's have it, Phillipse," snapped Little Amby.

Dick read it aloud:

"Friend Dick: When you read this I will be with the great majority, and past all worrying. The money is all gone but this small sum. I lost it speculating in Wall Street, and it went like a dream—two hundred thousand dollars in less than a week. I speculated under a false name, so you will never be able to trace it.

"But there is one thing worries me and that is a debt of honor I owed my friend Lowell Zittel, and I have saved this sum out of the wreck to clear my name as a sportsman. It would not be recognized in law, being a gambling debt, and void under Section 992 of the Penal Law, and he could not enforce it against my estate. And that is why ——"

Dick tossed this unconvincing document on the desk contemptuously and frowned blackly at Little Amby.

"What is this thing anyhow, Hinkle?" he growled threateningly. "What kind of a game are you trying to work on us now?"

"What do you mean?" blustered Little Amby.

"I mean what I say! I think you wrote that thing yourself. I know—if these people don't—that you read that message before we did—days ago. And I believe you came here ahead of us."

"It's true!" cried Florence Duane furiously. "That thing is a lie. Garry never knew Lowell; Lowell never lent him a cent!"

"He certainly did know him," protested Little Amby. "Why, Zittel called him up three times on the telephone, right in this house. I got proof of that."

"You have not, you fool!" she screamed, beside herself. "Lowell Zittel called me up—called me! I'm the one he knew!"

"What about the checks your husband gave him?" Little Amby shot out a taunting finger. "What about the dozens of small checks Duane gave him on account—drawn to Cash? There's proof."

"I gave him those checks—every one of them—for—for—Lowell made up that note himself because ——"

She stopped. The color went from her face; her mouth opened. The room was very still.

"Because?" invited Little Amby softly. His eyes were gleaming. He moved to advance on her, and halted as if her neighborhood was dangerous. "Because a detective had discovered enough to prove your secret friendship, and he wanted to deny he knew you—wanted to throw the whole guilt on you for the murder of your husband."

"He can't. Oh, he can't!"

"He can. He has done it. I'll prove it. He has said in the presence of witnesses that the murder shot was fired by you from"—he threw out a hand toward the bookcase beside him—"the closet hidden there."

"It's not true. I do not even know of such a place!"

"Where did you find the cat that morning? You said it was outside Zittel's window. He has said you found it in the closet—that you ran there to get it because you were afraid its mewing would disclose your guilty secret. Did Zittel lie when he said that?"

"He must have told that," she said whisperingly—"he must have told that."

She fell into her murdered husband's chair and buried her face in her hands.

"As to the box, Phillipse," said Little Amby, "I wouldn't let you touch it because I wanted to preserve the finger marks on it. It was well smoked. The fingerprints are those of Nell Duane. She's sitting down in the living room now, with the original contents of that box in a bag on her lap." He bent over Florence Duane like an avenging demon. "It was your money that paid Scissors the gunman to come here and kill your husband. And when he wouldn't come quickly enough, you did it yourself."

"I did not! It was he who paid the money to the man called Tap-tap Tony for somebody to do it! I didn't do it—I swear I didn't do it! Dick—Doctor Wessel, don't let him talk to me like this! I was at a friend's house playing bridge with lots of other people! I—I ——" She was suddenly cold and calm. She rose from her chair and faced Little Amby; there was something awe-inspiring about her, noble. "I'll tell the truth," she said slowly and evenly.

"Who fired the shot?"

Her lips moved, but she didn't live to speak the name. A jet of flame and smoke shot from the bookcase she was facing, and for the third time the study threw back the explosion of a pistol.

There was a hissing intake of breaths. The men stood motionless, numbed with horror, with the natural human horror that results from offering the supreme violence to a woman. They moved slowly and hesitatingly toward the body on the floor. And in that moment of inaction they might have heard the sound that had come to the keen ears of Nell Duane in that midnight of May twenty-first—the muffled noise of running feet. Dick was the first to recover himself. He threw himself on the bookcase, hurling books aside.

"Not that way!" cried Little Amby. "You can't go that way! Downstairs—but he won't get away! Tug is waiting to take him!"

"Where downstairs? Where?"

"That closet goes through into the hall on the top floor."

Dick bolted for the stairs, caromed from the wall at the turn, and was down to the ground floor in a matter of seconds; but even as he was passing through the pantry into the living room he heard Nell screaming, and then a bull-like bellow. He darted through the living room and burst out onto the front porch. It was empty. A car was moving in the drive, slowly gathering speed. Behind it, catching it, at its rear wheel, at its running board, was Little Amby's burly bouncer; even as Dick watched, Tug Gaffney went up and into the car headfirst, diving.

And then Dick had sprung down the steps to Nell. She was lying on the ground under the porte-cochère. Her eyes were closed. He cried her name, stooped and swung her into his arms and carried her up the steps again.

When the other men reached them he was kneeling beside her where she lay on a couch in the living room; he was talking to her, patting her still face.

"Nell, Nell!"

Little Amby went out onto the porch. "Got him, Tug?"

"Got him, boss!"

"What are you doing out here?"

"Well, boss, I guess I was catching up on a little sleep. You might be able to sit up and drive all night and begin the next day before breakfast, but me—I got to get mine. So I was relaxing a little when I heard the dame holler, and then I seen this bug taking after her acrost the porch like a rabbit. They come out that door back there, so they nearly had to jump over me. And the dame misses her jump on those steps and goes down in a heap, and with that I lammed after this bug. Well, I had to see the dame wasn't killed, so he got a little start on me."

"Nell! Come, dear; wake up."

Nell's eyes opened. For a moment they were vacant, with the pupils widely expanded as always, black as midnight; and then the gray irises drew ever more closely over the pupils. Dick was silent and tense, looking into her eyes; he divined what had happened, but he didn't dare believe it.

"You are Dick," she said. "I can—see—Dick!" She was clinging to him. His arms were about her. "I heard the shot and I heard him coming, and I knew what he was coming for. He was coming for me. And then he was in the room and I was running—running."

"Keep Zittel outside, Tug," called Little Amby softly. "He might frighten her again."

XXII

"AND now, if we may have the attention of both executors for a moment, we'll examine these papers," said Little Amby.

"Pardon me," said Dick, but his eyes recurred almost at once to Nell again, and the rapt smile returned to his face.

"I think my securing of advance information on this matter was justified by the event," said the little lawyer self-satisfiedly. "Phillipse played the part that I allotted to him to the life, a whole lot better than he might have played it if he had known he was only speaking a piece. To surprise an incriminating statement out of Mrs. Duane, on whom I chose to work, thinking her a more likely subject than Zittel, it was necessary to substitute something for what Duane put in the box. I tried to get at the box yesterday, but Phillipse's man was too clever. So I came here early today, went with Miss Duane to the study, and had her take out that box, open it and abstract the papers. To make the record plain, since Phillipse thought I was out to do him, I didn't touch the tip of a finger to the box or papers. You can see Miss Duane's fingerprints—her fingers were blackened by the soot on the box—all over both. I then put in the box what I wanted to be found there—that thirty-seven hundred dollars is mine, gentlemen—and restored it to the vent. I knew that Zittel would go to that hidden closet if he was told to stay out of the room. All I expected was that he would slip downstairs and make a drive to take the bag from Miss Duane; and I thought I had a man on guard there, and not a sleeper."

"Then you knew that Zittel had killed Duane?" asked Suydam as Little Amby opened the papers that had been in the box.

"He showed a guilty conscience when he found a detective was checking him up. But I had it on him before that. Scissors Lafetra told me that Zittel's story of meeting him on the road was all the bunk. He had never seen Zittel before. But Zittel knew that Scissors had been in the house that night. He had made a deal with Tap-tap Tony to have Duane killed; when the man didn't show up, Zittel did the job himself. And then he found out that the money and fan were missing, and that a man had been seen in the house. He figured that his chestnuts had been stolen; he went after Tap-tap Tony, who put him onto Scissors. He had Scissors arrested to try and frighten the loot out of him. As to how I cinched the case against Mrs. Duane: When I discovered the hidden closet, I took the cat and put her in there and closed her up, announced that she was lost somewhere up there, and waited to see who would run to take her out before her noise betrayed her

(Continued on Page 50)

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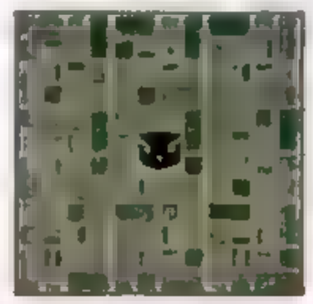

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Newark, Ohio

(Continued from Page 48)

location. And Mrs. Duane appealed to Zittel to back up her story of where the cat was."

"But Zittel tried to kill this Tap-tap Tony later."

"Because he had no more use for him, and he was a danger. He used Tap-tap Tony to get the fan—you met Zittel there, Phillipse, when he was frightened by the detective—and then he planned to betray him. He probably told Tap-tap Tony that he had the paper, showed him something that he had fixed up to read with the fan, and maneuvered the bandit into the house. I imagine he planned to kill him right in the hidden closet, or coming out of it; he would have the fan, and Duane's murder would be fastened on Tap-tap Tony. . . . But let's get ahead here first. Here we have an affidavit. I'll read it, if agreeable:

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss

Garret Kipp Duane of Blue Point, New York, being first duly sworn, deposes as follows. That on May 17, 1920, he deposited in the Mauritius Mortgage & Trust Company in New York the sum of two hundred and ten thousand dollars—$210,000—to the account of D. K. Garret. That said D. K. Garret is none other than deponent, who chose, for good and sufficient reasons, so to conceal his identity. That deponent informed the bank officials that deponent was going abroad for an indefinite stay, and that if they failed to hear from him within a year they were to communicate with Richard Phillipse of West Eighty-fifth Street, New York City; and, failing to find said Richard Phillipse, were to communicate with Miss Nell Duane of Blue Point, New York.

[*Signed*] GARRET KIPP DUANE.

Sworn to before me
this 17th May 1920
WILLIAM LIESEGANG, *Notary Public*
New York County, Cert. Filed Bronx County.

"Short and sweet," said Little Amby. "Here are some authenticating documents and examples of the signature of this supposititious D. K. Garret. There's nothing to do but to go and take over the money. The bank will probably want a court order directing them to pay the money over to the executors. Since this is in New York County, I'll attend to the order if Mr. Suydam is agreeable."

"So the money was not hidden in the house at all!"

"I was prepared to be surprised if it was," said Little Amby. "Duane was a man of too much sense; he knew what banks were made for. He put the money where it would be safe, and whence it would return eventually to his estate if anything slipped up. All he hid out was proof of his identity with Garret. His idea was to enable Phillipse to discover these papers and take over the deposit at once after the lawsuit was disposed of."

"I should think he would have told the bank to communicate with Mr. Phillipse within a month or so of failing to hear from the supposed Garret," said Suydam thoughtfully. "Mr. Phillipse would still have control, since the bank would not know of Duane's identity with Garret."

"But Phillipse would—would infer it, certainly—and it would be his duty to take over that deposit and use it to discharge the debts of the estate. Like myself, Duane had to contend with the fact that his executor and friend was scrupulously honest."

"That's sweet of you, Hinkle," said Dick dryly. "Let me ask one: Why didn't the message say at once that the money was in the bank? Then he would have had nothing to hide away."

"Because then he would have had to put the bank in charge of proofs of his identity, and he wouldn't trust anybody but you."

"Mr. Hinkle knows you, Dick; and he knows how Garry was, too," said Nell, smiling gratefully at Little Amby.

"And how do the eyes feel, Nell?" asked Doctor Wessel. "No strain—no ache? It happened just as I hoped—very typical. The blindness was psychic. I have a somewhat similar case in my sanitarium now—one where a child with unimpaired vision developed blindness out of sympathy for a blind mother to whom she was very much attached. I hope to restore that child's sight by hypnosis. It is a more extreme case—not complicated, as here, by shock and possible paralysis. Nell's case is not unique, though it is very fascinating. Where an organic derangement is caused by mental shock, resulting in physical vagaries, it is always possible to snap the patient out of the induced condition by reproducing the environment and giving the mind a chance to pick up at the same point."

"How did you come to discover that hidden closet?" asked Suydam.

"Here is a plan of the house that I dug up on my first visit here," said Little Amby with pardonable consequence. "You can learn as much by looking at this, if you know what to look for, as by tearing down the four walls of the study. You see that there used to be a hall going through the top floor to the two servants' rooms that Duane made into a study. That hall was closed up later and two clothes closets made from it, one facing the master rooms on the top floor, and the other facing the servants' rooms—back to back. It was considered more elegant to segregate the servants. But when Duane bought the place and didn't need so many servants' rooms, he threw those two into one for a study. But he didn't need that clothes closet in his study, and he built his bookcases flush across it.

"Mrs. Duane probably learned of the hidden closet from him. When she wanted a secret place about the house for her own purposes, it occurred to her to use that blind closet. I suppose they broke into it from the linen closet during one of the occasions when Duane was at Lakewood with the rest of the household. Being the housekeeper, Mrs. Duane could guard the secret. But a person in that closet was right behind the back of the bookcase. To remove a section and keep Duane under observation was simple."

"Ah, that was where the lights were switched off from that night when Scissors was killed!"

"Precisely. The old switch was still in the wall of the closet. I can imagine that Zittel, resolved to kill Duane and to counterfeit his suicide, pushed a book from the shelf to the floor; and Duane got up to restore it, was shot, and the pistol—his own—was tossed into the study. As to Scissors, he was standing with his back to the bookcase; a tap on the shoulder would have caused him to snap around. He was shot, and out went the lights. Phillipse tells me that Mrs. Duane had opened the window directly opposite the bookcase; my idea of that is that in case a shot went wild ——"

"Oh, no," pleaded Nell, breaking into tears. "Don't say that about her. She wasn't as bad as that. She was not like that terrible man. But don't talk any more about it. It's all too horrible."

That Saturday morning Dick went with Little Amby to the Mauritius Mortgage & Trust Company to present the claim. As the lawyer had anticipated, the bank officials were readily amenable and required only the protection of a formal order of court directing them to pay over the money on deposit to the executors.

Near Hallowell, Maine

"That gives Miss Duane a very nice thing," said Little Amby as they left the bank. "She is the sole heir. I guess you need expect no contest from possible heirs of Mrs. Duane."

"Since she had no children and no father and mother, who would be entitled to her property ordinarily?"

"Phillipse, don't snap such questions at me. I'm not so poor that I have to carry the law in my head. I've got books! However, Miss Duane need not fret about relatives of her late sister-in-law coming in to get her property; I'll take care of that. They'll never see a red cent of it. The whole thing belongs to Miss Duane, and I congratulate her. And you, too, I dare say, Phillipse, eh?"

"You may congratulate me on my engagement to Miss Duane, but not on marrying so much money. No, Hinkle, we were over that together and we've decided we don't want any part of the money that was Florence Duane's. We propose to give that money to charity."

Little Amby glanced aside at him. "Have you a worthy object picked out? Phillipse, there's an old Latin phrase that I picked up when I was learning the language—*Pecunia non olet*—which means that there is no tainted money. That's one of my principles. Don't forget it, will you?"

"Doctor Wessel and I had a talk about you, and since you find no taint on the money, you'll be paid out of that. We propose to pay you twenty-five thousand dollars."

"On account?" grumbled Little Amby, insatiably greedy. "Well, I'll take it this time, Phillipse, but I don't want it to set a precedent."

Dick left the lawyer and went to the apartment of Wong Get on Riverside Drive. He returned the sandalwood fan to its owner, told him how it had been of service and thanked him for its use.

"And the guilty wife was shot dead?"

"Shot dead."

"How fortunate. But it has indeed been a fortunate day. I have just heard that the gambler of Doyers Street who listens at doors and sells information to robbers has met with a happy accident."

"Huey Gow? What happened to him?"

"He is dead. He was killed, in fact, but since he was a man without enemies, I say it was an accident."

"I can't say that the news afflicts me greatly. Mr. Wong, I am a collector of fans. I have quite a few that I would be delighted to have you look over sometime at your leisure. Pardon me for asking, if I offend you, but can that sandalwood fan be bought?"

"And how much would you pay for it, Mr. Phillipse?"

"I'll give you two thousand dollars for it. I'd like to have it, apart from its intrinsic value."

"And would you not give three?"

"That's pretty high, Mr. Wong. But still—you're offering to sell it for that?"

"I do not say so. I think not. Come, I shall name you a price. I must know that you value this fan, for it is very rare. If you will say you will give me five thousand dollars for it, you shall have it."

Dick hesitated, gulped, and said, "I'll do it. Hang it, I want that fan! I'll give you five thousand dollars for it—and when I came here I was determined to stop at two."

Wong Get's eyes shone approvingly; the wide smile on his small round face made him look even more doll-like.

"You like this thing because it is so old, so enduring. In the East we like better what is passing—the color of clouds, the flash of the swallow's wing. We are content to pass. You shall have the fan, but not for money. For something more precious, Mr. Phillipse. Will you give me for it—a flower from your bride's bouquet?"

He placed the sandalwood fan in Dick's hands.

(THE END)

The Tribute of America to the ALL-AMERICAN SIX

America demanded it . . . this new type of automobile. A car embodying the size . . . the style . . . the luxury that every motorist wants. A car with the power and stamina to conquer the steepest American hills. A car with American speed and snap . . . with a flashing change of pace.

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Oakland recognized this demand . . . set out to meet it . . . set out with a sincere desire to provide a better car than its price ever bought before. Marshalled all the resources at its command. Its own skilled engineering staff. The genius of General Motors' engineering corps. The discoveries of General Motors Research Laboratories. The facilities for testing and developing provided by General Motors Proving Ground.

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A chassis was designed . . . developed . . . proved. Fisher contributed bodies . . . the very essence of luxury and style. Then it came before the public . . . the embodiment of America's motoring needs. A car that America instinctively admired. The All-American Six!

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A year has passed. A year in which America hailed the All-American Six. Examined it. Watched its performance. And purchased it in numbers far exceeding the previous year's Oakland sales.

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And now, in the success of the All-American Six . . . in the enthusiasm of its owners. In these, its builders find justification for their labors. For its success and the enthusiasm of its owners are the tribute of America to the All-American Six. In turn, Oakland expresses its appreciation . . . and a sincere pledge of quality motor car building for the months and years to come.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICH.

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 19)

roof of the great house glittered in the sun with dormers; it stood in deep lawns cool with the shadow of immense forest trees brought, many of them, from Europe; the dwelling had an air of isolated and somber grandeur. Part of it had been swept away by storms, by the hurricane, and numerous rambling additions gave it a strange air of appropriateness to the rank of luxury of vegetation that inclosed it. There were long rose gardens and arbors, peach and apple orchards, and beyond the heavily built stables and cribs, green streets of whitewashed cabins.

He showed her the house from the heavy and turbulent, the yellow, waters of the river; from the river the plantation was as wide and various and inhabited as a little town. They walked in the drawing-room, the tea room, and through the high-arched music room, where portraits filled the walls. He showed her a painting of a thin-faced handsome man of sixty. "My father," he said—"Samuel Davis. He was a good soldier—none better—a good citizen, a good master to his negroes and the best rider in the country—looked like one of Charles' cavaliers on horseback, like one would imagine Peveril of the Peak looked—Jefferson reminds me of him at times so much that it startles me." From the music room, Varina continues, they walked through high-paneled glass doors into the garden. Her world was thick with the golden light of late afternoon, and into it Jefferson Davis suddenly, romantically, rode. When she saw him then, she admits, she instantly thought of Wallace and Glendower and Bruce and like heroes of history.

Jefferson Davis remained at Brierfield and Varina walked with him in place of his elder brother. They rode the winding country lanes and through groves of magnolias gray with moss, by live oaks and cottonwood and gum trees. They saw the Mississippi River shining through clearings in the forest; sweeping down in an irresistible flood of great sullen waves; quiet in smoky crimson sunsets; immense and leaden and ineffably sad. Varina knew and related all the legends of the river; Jefferson Davis repeated miraculous passages from Vergil. She wore, on horseback, a long dark blue habit and a small hat with a curled plume. She managed her bay horse, selected for her with great particularity by Jefferson, with a perfection of ease.

The evenings were filled by a light elegance of conversation and dialogues and reading in a more classic form. There was a great deal of rhetorical Latin. Ladies, in the widest crinolines imaginable and with towers of ornamented hair, exhibited their adroitness with French turns of speech and showed a pleasant taste in poetry. That, usually, together with the domestic engagement, made up the whole polite feminine world. But men of superior accomplishments demanded more—they required a not inconsiderable political understanding, some apprehension of philosophical systems, in addition to an indispensable charm. Jefferson Davis was a highly organized, a rigid and sensitive, man; he was, even then, morbidly intense; and his requirements were peculiarly difficult. It was clear, however, at least to his brother Joseph, that Varina perfectly fulfilled them. Her good looks and mind, he asserted, fitted her for any sphere that the man whom she married might well feel proud to reach. On the day before her departure from The Hurricane she sat through the late afternoon with Jefferson Davis in the music room. There was a fire of hickory logs on heavy brass andirons. Close beside her, Davis saw that Varina had not put on what she called her subtreasury brooch, an emblem of her Whig sympathies. That, commonly, had been the subject of humorous comment at The Hurricane, a Democratic house, but there was no politics in Jefferson Davis' sudden discovery of its absence. It was the sign of Varina's surrender to him. They became—if Jefferson secured the approval of her family—engaged. They stayed with their heads close together, lost in their planned happiness, until the sun had withdrawn from the room and dusk enveloped them.

The Howell family, Varina quickly found, not only approved of Jefferson Davis—it was delighted with him. Her mother remembered him, a handsome youth, from the long-past visit to West Point; her father, Whig and vestryman of Old Trinity Church, declared that the whole state was comparing Jefferson with Sergeant S. Prentiss. What, he rather surprisingly asked, did political parties amount to anyhow? It was the man, after all. Yes, he reiterated—the complete parent—it was the man, after all. Both the elder Howells now insisted that Jefferson Davis' politics was not a cause for concern. The truth was, William Howell intimated, that the Democratic Party was growing daily stronger. The Whigs, he thought, but not too loudly, might not quite understand the new and rising power of the deep South. It is doubtful if Mrs. Howell ventured so far—the Whig spirit was last supported by the feminine world; it was attended with genealogical research, gilded with the identification of coats of arms; it served to distinguish the ladies of superior pretensions from what they universally called the common herd.

Varina herself went quickly through a political transformation. At first she had determined to ignore Jefferson's beliefs, because she loved him; then she decided that, since his beliefs were his, she should meet them with affectionate regard; and then she adopted them—she adopted all of him—for her own. Varina, at first, was a little fearful of the opinion of her world; she was anxious to discover Judge Winchester's attitude toward Mr. Davis' convictions. But almost at once her vigorous mind and determined character, the power of love in her, killed all her questioning and doubt. From that moment until the end of her life she knew that Mr. Davis was right. The people who disagreed with him were wholly wrong. Her passionate loyalty, her absorption in the man she married, was characteristic both of Varina and of her times.

Women, then, thought themselves well lost in the men they loved and married; they made every effort to sink themselves in their husband's personality; his necessity was theirs; his breath was their breath. In that way only, it appeared to Varina, could she be happy and justified, fulfilled. She didn't lose her spirit, her individuality, but found it. She became, in a very real sense, one with Jefferson Davis. There was no subserviency in this; she willingly and freely accepted Jefferson's ideas; the quality of her love made that not only possible but imperative. The quality of her love, of course, was at once passionate and ordered; it was love safely contained in the formal necessities of religion and of a social system.

Varina's society, her world, was primarily masculine; it was founded on the agreement that men, in the abstract, were superior in strength and in mentality to women; the superiority of women was totally different—it lay in purity and fidelity, beauty and all the domestic virtues. That—at least it seemed so then—was the ideal of happiness and marriage. There was no direct competition of duties, of responsibility, and so there was no implied or actual inferiority. A man and a woman were different—singly, they were incomplete; together, married, they accomplished the perfection of human relationship.

It was, then, unthinkable that Varina should continue to be a Whig when Jefferson Davis was an active Democrat. He was, through the period of their engagement, more active than ever before. He came very often to The Briers in the spring and summer of 1844—he was campaigning for the nomination of elector for Polk, and his struggle against Prentiss, who represented Henry Clay, lasted into the fall. A very short while ago, indeed, Varina had regarded Mr. Clay as the noblest figure in the country! Her interest now was all Mr. Calhoun's, all Jefferson's, and she addressed herself to the problems, the growing difficulties, of Democratic power and management. Her sheer youth, her lightness of talk and spirit, left her; she grew thin, worn and intent; a grim determination—well recognized and feared in Southern women—settled upon her mouth.

Varina's love for Jefferson Davis, her anxiety in his political situation, finally overcame her and she fell ill of a fever. When the month arrived for her wedding she was far too exhausted for that supernal ceremony. It was February, spring again; the gardens of Natchez were bright with the scarlet camellias Varina kept in her hair. Davis arrived and it was noticed in the family that at once she was better. She was almost gay. He returned soon upon that, she was almost recovered, and the date for their marriage was settled. The Reverend David Page, rector of Old Trinity Church, married them on the twenty-sixth day of February in 1845, with the simplest ceremony that could be devised. Varina was wedded at home, only a few people were present, and there was no breakfast. That caused a very wide comment and speculation in Whig society—could it have been because the Davis family were Baptists? Why, in addition, had practically no one seen Varina's trousseau?

Jefferson, on their wedding trip, took Varina to his sister's plantation in Louisiana, Locust Grove, on the Bayou Sara. His first wife had died there, and it was conceivable that Varina might have felt some private resentment, but it was clear that she didn't. She was deeply, romantically, interested in her husband's early tragic loss. Varina wrote, "We carried flowers to her grave in the family burying ground down by the garden before we left."

They went from Locust Grove to Rosemont, to see Jefferson's mother. Rosemont was a wide cotton plantation; the dwelling had the columned portico, the tangle of roses and jasmine, usual in that region. Varina found the elder Mrs. Davis still beautiful at eighty-five, and of a poetic temperament. Her eyes were bright, her hair was a soft brown and her complexion as clear and white as a child's. They continued then—the main affair of their trip—on to New Orleans.

They stayed, inevitably, at the St. Charles Hotel, where there was the most elaborate bridal suite in the country. A great many fashionable people, Varina commented, but one she remembered most clearly was Mr. Wilde, the poet, whose sonnet, My Life is Like a Summer Rose, had made quite a local success. General Gaines, at the request of some lady friends, was in full uniform. He had stern blue eyes and carried himself proudly. General Gaines indulged himself in a caustic comment at the expense of General Scott's System of Tactics. After six weeks she returned with Jefferson to Brierfield.

Jefferson Davis had planned and built the dwelling at Brierfield, in the great tract known as Davis Bend, a simply constructed house with cat-and-clayed walls set in a grove of live oaks, with the elaborate strangeness of a fig tree at each gable end. The slave quarter was nearer the plantation house than was common. Davis and John Pemberton, his body servant, had put the land into a high state of cultivation. Varina was an extraordinarily pure example of her day and situation and education—a child, in reality, who had devoted almost all her time to formal and classic books. She now entered into the domestic obligations of her existence, and they were difficult and continuous—she was, in effect, the sole mistress, the controlling moral and spiritual force, of a complete village. The very number of servants, of slaves, at once made her duties light and her responsibility serious.

Brierfield, except for the plantations beside it, was isolated from the resources, the immediate supplies, of cities. Its only doctor was Jefferson, assisted by Varina; its principal nurse was Varina herself. Negroes, under slavery, were absolutely dependent on their masters; they bore, for the most part, no trace of any responsibility. They were, outside the performance of their simple unvaried tasks, helpless. Varina, in all that had to do with the house, in everything that touched the personal life of the negroes, had to depend on her own wisdom and patience and tact. Jefferson's concern was with the fields and field hands, with justice and discipline. He rode in the morning over his land, conferring with Pemberton and overseeing the planting and harvest.

(Continued on Page 54)

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Inauguration of the Hon. Jefferson Davis as President of the Provisional Government of the New Southern Confederacy of America

COMPLETE

PRICES

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Graham Brothers Trucks are all sixes. All have 4-wheel brakes. Six cylinder power . . . . Six cylinder speed . . . . Six cylinder flexibility and operating ease . . . . The snap of six cylinder acceleration and the safety of 4-wheel brake deceleration . . . . Four speed transmission on 1¼, 1¾ and 2½ ton trucks.

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More than ocean waves are *needed... to rid him of that half-clean look*

A DASH through the surf, a swim to the raft—even then, she notices, his face still wears that sallow, half-clean look!

For more than ocean waves are needed to make his face really *clean*. The pore-dirt that hides in every face gets grimed down *under* the skin where washing cannot reach.

How does it get there? All day long—on the street, even indoors—the air teems with millions of tiny specks of sooty gray. These specks are so small they sneak right *into* the pores . . . get jammed in tight *under* the surface of the skin.

Once under, pore-dirt is there "for keeps" . . . *unless you massage it free.*

That is why Pompeian Massage Cream was made. That is what this remarkable cream so clearly *proves* to be true!

Every inch of air, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, is alive with millions of tiny specks of soot. Motor puffs, chimney smoke, dusty streets—no one escapes!

taken under the lens of a microscope, showing section of any ordinary man's skin *after* Pompeian Massage Cream has gone to work!

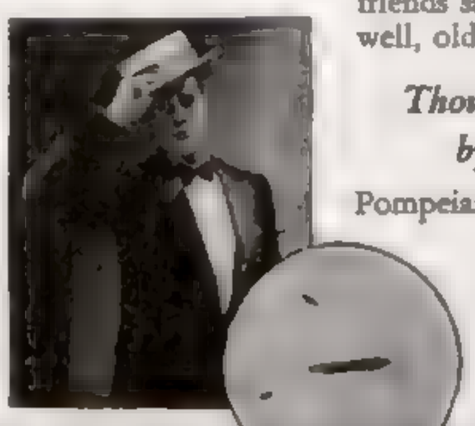
See the dark marks? They're the dried pellets of cream laden with pore-dirt that a few seconds' massage rolled free! *Now* that skin is *clean*—gloriously clean—Pompeian clean!

Try it on your own skin! After a hard day's work let this bracing cream bring to your face the freshness of a chap who's just had a few hours' nap.

There's nothing like a pick-me-up Pompeian massage to make your friends say, "My, but you sure look well, old man!"

Goes in pink—rolls out GRAY

Below, in the circle, is a photograph



Step out tonight with a face really clean—Pompeian clean! So fresh and ruddy that she will say, "My, but you sure look well tonight! You never looked better in all your life!"

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Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. You're welcome to test it *free*. Thousands of men have been convinced this way. Please take advantage of the coupon. Mail it—*now!*

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Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

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Name _____

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City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 52)

Varina was busy supervising the affairs of her primitive kitchen, directing the maids who washed her delicate tea china, and the boys polishing her silver and cleaning the brasses.

The rooms she described to be of fair size and opening out on a paved brick gallery surrounded by lattice work. It was her husband's first experience as an architect. "As he carried me over the house," she continued, "he dwelt specially on the great doors as most desirable for admitting plenty of cool air. However, when they were opened the side of the house seemed taken down. The fireplaces were very deep and looked as though they might have been built in Queen Elizabeth's time to roast a whole sheep. It was a cool house, comfortably furnished, and we passed many happy days there, enlivened by daily rides in which we indulged in many races when the road was smooth. The game was more abundant than chickens now. There were wild geese in great flocks made fat by the waste corn in the fields; and white and blue cranes adorned almost every slough, standing on one leg among the immense lily pads that yet covered the low places with lemon-colored flowers as large as coffee cups."

Great flocks of wild geese and blue cranes, immense lily pads and lemon-colored flowers! Varina had a deep affection for flowers, for plants and trees; she constantly rode over the plantation with Jefferson, and she came to know almost every individual tree and lilac bush. That was a time of happy and pastoral tranquillity; it was serene with a perfection of companionship and passionate with love. The negroes surrounded her with affectionate pride; old slaves confused her with their earlier mistress, Jefferson's first wife. It did not last. Spring was lost in summer; the crops were laid by; myrtle and star jasmine were in flower; and a renewed insistent political pressure was brought upon Jefferson Davis.

A widening recognition of his powers forced him to stand for election to the Twenty-ninth Congress, and at once there was a sharp change in the contentment of Varina's life. I could easily take the sense of her own words and make it comprehensible, simplify quotation out of existence; but, aside from all exactness, there is an acute beauty in her formal phrases, a living breath of sweetness, that it would be a fault to lose. "Then," she admitted, "I began to know the bitterness of being a politician's wife; that it meant long absences, pecuniary depletion and ruinous absenteeism, illness from exposure, misconceptions, defamation of character, everything which darkens the sunlight and contracts the happy sphere of home."

She made, however, no effort to restrain Jefferson—his life, his success, were entirely hers. Varina was a very proud girl; she became a woman proud to the point of difficulty. When the serenity of her earliest married life was over, she clothed her spirit in a determination as fine as the muslins that adorned her body. Mr. Davis went to Vicksburg to introduce John C. Calhoun to a political gathering; Varina accompanied him, and her first view of Calhoun completed her allegiance to the Democratic Party. The speaker was late and the audience restless. There she saw Jefferson, tall and thin, beside Mr. Calhoun. She had never heard her husband speak publicly before. They had written his speech together and she made a fair copy of it, and they both were profoundly moved. He had asked her not to look at him, so she listened tensely to his voice. Davis proceeded slowly, insecurely; it was evidently difficult for him to remember his words; and they never formally prepared another. Dates and some names were noted on a minute square of paper. After the meeting she talked for a long while to John C. Calhoun, and a deep mutual regard began that lasted throughout their lives. The statesman sent Varina tremendous communications on government in which it was evident he felt no necessity to mitigate the difficulty of the subject for her comprehension.

Jefferson Davis had been elected to Congress, and with Varina, he continued journeying north from Vicksburg. They proceeded toward Washington by the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Wheeling; from Wheeling they went in a stagecoach eighteen miles over the National Pike to Pittsburgh; they left Pittsburgh by steamboat for Brownsville; and, again by stage, accomplished the seventy-two miles that lay between them and Cumberland. They took up their journey at Cumberland on a steam railroad and finally reached Baltimore; the last forty miles required nearly three hours by rail. It was a very rough and varied trip. On the Ohio, the river was filled with ice, the boat was frozen into a solid expanse and they were forced to wait for a thaw. This was Varina's first actual contact with democracy—the common herd—and the change in her had been so absolute, she responded to it with a gay good humor. A pilot's wife, who had been indignant at Varina's superiority, ended by giving her a paper of apricot seeds. From them, at Brierfield, an apricot tree grew that Varina called the Pilot's Wife.

In Washington she was very alert; her mind, her curiosity, was as active as her movements in society. Varina was a success at once. She carefully noted Mrs. Gaines—not then, she added, ankle deep in her great suit—the lovely Mrs. Ashleigh, who afterward was Mrs. John J. Crittenden; Appollonica Jagello—a Polish heroine with a mustache and bass voice; Mrs. James Gordon Bennett; Mr. Calhoun and his family, newly moved into a house on Missouri Avenue. Mr. McDuffie, from South Carolina, Varina saw, closely resembled Mr. Calhoun, but "bearing aloft a cavalier's head, and who, like Launcelot, was not averse to dalliance for a while with pleasures of society." She doubtfully considered Judge Douglas, from the West, and Judge Woodbury of the Supreme Court impressed her immensely. He had brilliant eyes and gentle manners and a beautiful daughter who became Mrs. Montgomery Blair. Mrs. Woodbury was well preserved, a handsome and elegant woman and a most amiable and charitable creature. A sentence and opinion of inexplicable feminine texture. Mr. Bedisco was the Russian minister; he had married a schoolgirl in Washington; and she, although scarcely more than a child, was equally admired by men and women.

Mr. Lincoln, Varina heard, was a member of that session of Congress. A Mr. Seddon was accompanied by his handsome bride. Colonel Dix—he became a general—was a senator from New York and one of the few members of Government who possessed a house. Mr. Slidell passed through Washington on his way to Mexico; the Davises called, and the beauty of Mrs. Slidell—which was of the best Creole type—impressed them agreeably. The French empressement of her manner had an effect on Varina that was never effaced. Mr. Slidell, years older than his wife, had features that were regularly handsome. Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, came to see Varina Davis. He was tall and of fine presence and always wore a wide and immaculate white cravat, faultlessly tied. He was fair and delicate in color, his eyes—one had been seriously injured—were blue. A drawback existed, however, in the nervous jerking of his head. His unwilling footsteps then were just upon the boundary of middle age, and a more charming man could hardly be imagined.

Varina's success swiftly increased; Washington society—except for a few individuals who resented the superiority of her bearing and the quickness of her wit—accepted her wholly. Her eyes, it was generally agreed, were her best feature, but her face had pride and beauty; it was charming, with the freshness of youth. She talked for an evening with Robert Walker, the Secretary of the Treasury; Charles Ingersoll and George Dallas. No young men of this or any other day, Varina asserted, equaled

(Continued on Page 57)

DeSoto

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DE SOTO SIX

WALTER P. CHRYSLER and his associates will announce next week, the latest product of Chrysler engineering genius and Chrysler scientific precision manufacturing—

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The public presentation of the De Soto Six will constitute, we believe, an event of the greatest importance to the automobile-using public.

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The De Soto Six is so consummately new in all respects, so radically in advance of anything previously offered in its field, that we enthusiastically invite your most critical study upon its initial appearance next week.

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The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the Coca-Cola bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 54)

them. Together they explored Byron and Wordsworth, Dante and Vergil. She knew Sam Houston and declared that he had a noble figure and handsome face. He had, in addition, a catamount-skin waistcoat and ostentatiously left open his coat to show it. It was alternated with a waistcoat of scarlet. His manner was swelling and formal. When he was presented to a woman he took one step forward, bowed very low and said, "Lady, I salute you." If she chanced to please him, he took from his pocket a small snakeskin pouch and produced a wooden heart the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. "Lady," he would continue, "let me give you my heart." He spent days in the Senate whittling out these hearts and he had a jeweler put rings in them.

Congress was stirred by the agitation over Texas, and Jefferson Davis—who had a solid knowledge of the West—took a brilliant part in the consequent discussions. The war with Mexico became a reality. Davis was notified by Colonel James Roach, who bore the message from Vicksburg, that he had been elected to the command of the First Mississippi Regiment and he immediately accepted that change of employment and responsibility. Jefferson and Varina Davis left Washington in June. They retraced their former passage, but the weather, the countryside, were now ideal. The rattle of the stagecoach was lost in a heavy rumbling of artillery wagons. Jefferson was quick to inquire about it, and Varina had a sudden overwhelming premonition of loneliness. It was, he informed her, Duncan's Battery going down to Mexico. Jefferson was constantly preoccupied with a small book of military tactics, and in a sudden irrepressible unhappiness—she felt almost unnecessary to him—Varina rebelled. She recovered almost at once and became part of his enthusiasm for the formations and maneuvering of soldiers. When he left Brierfield for the war, on an Arabian horse named Tartar, with a mounted body servant, Varina felt that it was like death.

She removed, while Jefferson was away, to The Hurricane, but on every day that it was possible she rode home, caring for her flowers and shrubs, watching every detail of the plantation. She began to worry about a fatality to her husband—she would never, then, have the children that were imperative to her. Varina grew thin, with sharp shoulders and eyes melancholy in large dark circles; her complexion lost its freshness; she was sallow, no longer beautiful. She imagined that she was the mother of a miraculously beautiful child, a boy. He would grow up exactly to resemble Jefferson. Varina wrote nothing of this to Mexico, fearful of distressing Mr. Davis, but her condition grew steadily worse and she was obliged to return to Natchez and her parents. Jefferson Davis finally learned this, and after the Battle of Monterey, where his services were distinguished, he obtained sixty days' leave of absence—that, in the difficulties of travel, allowed him two weeks at home—and came back to Mississippi.

When he was forced to leave her again Varina was far steadier in spirit; she was fired by his stories of border warfare. His letters stayed for days warm in the bosom of her dress. Then he wrote that he had been wounded. She had a note from Thomas Crittenden praising Jefferson's valor at Buena Vista. Varina then began to realize that he belonged to the nation as well as to herself. It might even be that the nation came first. She would, then, have to give him up. The world was a masculine world, and her part, with all her spiritual and physical closeness to Jefferson Davis, was principally acquiescent. The last of her sheer youth, her untroubled gayety, was gone.

When Mexico was defeated and Davis returned, he was welcomed in New Orleans by Prentiss, his Whig opponent, with a speech of boundless eulogy; Jefferson Davis replied eloquently; the balconies of the city were crowded with women who threw down armfuls of yellow roses on the soldiers. Varina waited for him in Natchez. He arrived on a special boat and a throng of people swept forward ahead of her. The crowd parted and he came forward, thin and pallid and on crutches. He was, actually, extremely ill. Although, in the complete peace of Brierfield, his wound healed, he was never well again. When he was once more comparatively active, the governor of Mississippi, Brown, appointed Davis to fill the vacancy in the Senate created by the death of Jesse Speight. He continued to be weak; Varina was constantly troubled about him; she was far from well, but she ignored that in her concern for Jefferson Davis.

He was immediately a conspicuous figure in the Senate; their position in Washington was now highly important. Varina brought her brother Beckett North and placed him in a school at Alexandria; her younger sister Maggie was constantly with her. National events were charged by a dangerous and explosive excitement, and Varina was

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis

intimately occupied by the public and social affairs that surrounded her. She began to assert her personality and opinions more decidedly; she dressed with an increased expensiveness. Men were drawn to her. She was, however, deeply religious, never tactful beyond the point of insincerity. Her supreme talent lay in the conduct of her marriage with Davis. They lived next to the United States Hotel; a bridge connected them with the dining room of that famous establishment. They had, appropriate to their time and position, a mess that always dined together. Governor McWillie and Mr. and Mrs. Burt of South Carolina belonged to it. The Toombses from Georgia were often present. Mr. Robert Toombs was very tall, he was very broad, he had very long black hair; and when he was speaking, he contrived to toss it about in the manner of Danton. Varina was devoted to Alexander H. Stephens. A question rose of Jefferson's going to Cuba; General Lopez had come from Havana to beg his assistance; he conferred with Robert E. Lee, who asserted that such a venture would not be consistent with his obligations to the United States, and Lopez's representations came to nothing. That was the first meeting of Lee and Jefferson Davis and Varina. The controversies of the Thirty-first Congress increased in sectional bitterness, and when it adjourned, Davis returned to the deep South for debate with the Whigs. In 1852 he was defeated for the governorship of Missouri, and again occupied himself with the pastoral affairs of his plantation. Even in retirement, the political and social fame of the Davises continued to grow; their prestige spread throughout the state. Varina, at last, was going to have a child.

Samuel Emory Davis was born at Brierfield on the last day of June, 1853. The slaves brought him their customary gifts of hens and eggs and yams, and in the interest of their baby, Varina tried to persuade Jefferson to stay quietly on his plantation. Instead he went to the inaugural ceremonies of Franklin Pierce at Washington and accepted an invitation from the new President to become a member of his cabinet. Jefferson Davis was made Secretary of War. His family left Davis Bend again in a great stir; Pemberton had died and the plantation was put under a white overseer. They took a furnished house on Thirteenth Street, and Varina brought Beckett and Maggie again North with her. Her life in Washington was even more impressive than before; her child grew finely, she spent many placid evenings in the company of Mrs. Franklin Pierce. Varina read French and Latin, she practiced new fugues and dominated the formal and official activities of society.

The brilliant human pattern in the kaleidoscope of Washington had changed since Jefferson Davis was in the Senate. Captain McClellan, commissioned to study warfare in the Crimea, looked even younger than he was; he blushed deeply when unexpectedly addressed and appeared to be a modest and gentle and sensible young man. Mrs. Pierce—a broken-hearted woman—was continually sick and encountered strangers with difficulty. Franklin Pierce, in Varina's opinion, combined a flawless courtesy with a gravely sincere and plain habit of speech. Professor John Le Conte impressed her favorably. He had an exquisitely beautiful wife. Varina conversed with Professor Agassiz and Doctor Pearce. She saw a little of General Scott—a grandiose man. "General Totten was an exceedingly elegant man in his deportment, and most kind-hearted and observant of all the courtesies of life, being a soldier in the scientific sense of the word." Mr. Charles Sumner was handsome and unpleasing; his brilliancy, Varina Davis felt, was studied; his deference obeyed nothing better than a social policy.

The Davis house proved uncomfortable and they moved to another a few blocks away. Samuel, their son, died after a brief painful illness. For weeks Davis lost himself in work through the day and walked in bitterness of grief at night. The cries of children in the street were unsupportable to him. Varina was quiet. Soon her second child, Margaret, was born. Buchanan was elected President and the sectional difficulties were revived in Congress. Jefferson Davis was again elected to the Senate; he resigned from the cabinet in the March of 1857 and took his seat together with Douglas and Crittenden and Robert Toombs. The national tension fast increased. In the winter of 1858 party differences were so acute that they were reflected in social relationships. Varina managed to keep a cordial air in drawing-rooms of many different political colors, but it grew daily more difficult. Generally, the ordinary courtesies were wholly cast aside, public and private gatherings were rent with controversy. Jefferson was ill and Varina was again worried about him.

She developed, for the necessities of her situation, an apparently light attitude and humorous comment; she declined, it seemed, to take the declarations of either party entirely seriously. Davis contracted laryngitis—in addition, for the time he was practically blind—he lay for two months in a darkened room, unable to speak, writing almost illegible communications on a slate.

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Ask your barber or hairdresser for a "Rub With Sergeant's" or treat yourself. Apply Sergeant's to the scalp, freely. Rub it in—down into the scalp with your finger tips. Keep on rubbing until you feel the glow and tingle of increased blood circulation, and awakening hair roots. Do this every week—your hair will be healthy.

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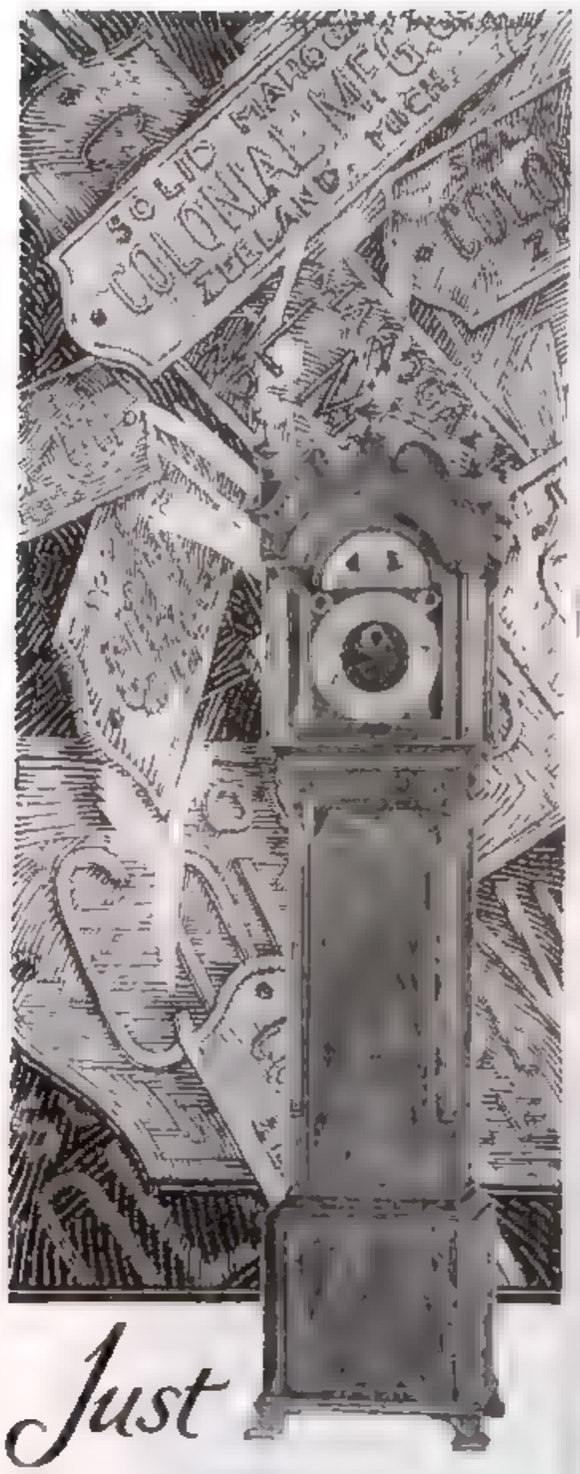
For the Hair



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COLONIAL CLOCKS

He needed, his doctors insisted, a long rest and change, and with Varina he went North for the summer. Returning to Washington, Varina remained there while Jefferson Davis went on to his plantation. Varina, apparently occupied with the social calendars of her younger sister and brother, actually was wholly delivered to the gravity of her husband's political position.

The situation in Washington became steadily worse, the deep South was torn in bitter disagreement, and Davis was caught in the local struggle. His letters to Varina were the reverse of optimistic, and the moment she saw the somber pallor of his face she knew they were confronted by an imminent and perilous dilemma. She continued, however, to attend dinners and balls; Mr. Seward, who was opposing every Democratic movement, kept up a habit of calling upon her. Varina went with Mr. Davis to the Democratic Convention at Charleston—it was 1860—and no one there followed its strategy with a more detailed interest or greater understanding. She watched with a cold enmity—Varina was now passionately partisan—the persistence of the Douglas faction; she was concerned at the diffuse organization, the poets and scholars, the lawyers and country gentlemen, behind Rhett and the South Carolina extremists; she was openly scornful of the failure of the Northern delegates to understand the spirit of the South.

Varina was, as usual, engaged by the stir and excitement of the crowds and events. A Mississippi delegate assured her that she was all that made the funereal convention endurable. It entertained her when a Southern Free-Soiler told her that the convention was pied, very much pied, and not very much of anything else. When it became evident that the Douglas Squatter Sovereignty was lost her delight was unconcealed. John C. Breckenridge, upon his nomination, realized her ideal of a high chivalry. He said to her, "I trust I have the courage to lead a forlorn hope." He led the forlorn hope to preliminary defeat in his person, and Varina was inconsolable; she sent Breckenridge letters of bitter regret stained with her tears. Something more of her serenity departed; for the first time in her memory she found herself disliking, even actively hating, people. Her pleasure in Mr. Seward evaporated. The President, Buchanan, was pointedly indifferent to Jefferson Davis, and this served to stiffen Varina's pride of bearing. She dressed with an increasing carefulness; her manner was absolute in correctness. Beneath a mere appearance, however, her nerves were strained. She expressed her love for Davis with little emotional restraint; Varina was never, if it could be avoided, away from him. Their marriage reached a new perfection.

The congressional representatives of Mississippi and Alabama and Florida gathered in grave consultation and Varina was in a state of unbearable suspense. There was an enormous crowd in the Senate Chamber for the last day of that session and Varina sent a servant to hold two places. Jefferson's condition was again precarious and it was doubtful if he'd be able to speak. He did speak, and although there were many tears at his eloquence, Varina left with a sense of accumulating heavy trouble. The long suspense was over, the South was free, but she was an utterly hopeless and miserable woman. "We left Washington," she wrote, "exceedingly sorrowful and took our three little children with us."

Their journey to Mississippi was turbulent; the people everywhere demanded to see Jefferson Davis, to hear him speak, and Varina was fanatical in her efforts to prevent him from overexertion. In the Alabama hills there was a scent of violets. The city of Jackson received them with a universal enthusiasm, and they proceeded immediately to Brierfield. A sense of tragedy, of loneliness, settled over Varina. The negroes crowded about the door asking for little Samuel, unaware that he was dead. The plantation was invested with an air of neglect; the Cherokee roses had spread in a wild and unattended tangle. Jefferson Davis and Varina were in the garden, pruning a rosebush, a Glory of France, when a messenger arrived on horse from Montgomery—Mr. Davis had been elected president of the Confederate States of America.

Varina knew that Jefferson Davis belonged in the military and not the civil branch of government, but she was overwhelmed by the honor that had come to him. Standing later on the gallery of the plantation house, she cried, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!" Jefferson left; it was arranged for her to meet him in Montgomery. Her journey up the Alabama River depressed her; the Exchange Hotel, the president's temporary residence in Montgomery, was no more encouraging—their rooms were crowded with men seeking preferment, with statesmen and lawyers, congressmen and planters and merchants. There was a confusion of contrary pressures and interests and individuals—the Honorable William C. Rives of Virginia, Pierce Butler, Butler King, William Lowndes Yancey, James M. Mason, John Preston, Stephen Mallory and James Chestnut.

They moved to a house at the corner of Bibb and Lee Streets; it was filled, together with politicians, with hampers of roses. Davis went to his office at nine in the morning and returned at six completely exhausted. He slept but little. He ate practically nothing. His first presidential message closed with the solemn protestation that the South desired peace at any sacrifice save that of honor. When the government was removed to Richmond, Davis, sick from labor and anxiety, was carried on a bed. Varina was forced to see him go without her; when, a week later, she followed, the country was filled with soldiers in butternut trousers and gray homespun coats with epaulets of yellow cotton fringe.

Richmond was an armed camp; the Spottswood Hotel—they were again in temporary quarters—was no more relieving than the Exchange in Montgomery. After the battle of the first Manassas, Varina was distraught by the growing antagonism to the president. The question of cotton, the paramount question of finance, came up and found no solutions. Davis' physical condition had improved little, if at all; he was unable to eat under any excitement; and Varina gave up all entertainment except formal receptions and the most informal breakfasts. In the evening Mr. Davis could bear to see no one. The provisional government came to an end and in February, 1862, Davis was elected president of the Confederacy. It was a morose day with a pall of cloud, pouring rains; Mr. Davis stood under an insufficient awning in the public square, but the gathered and cheering people were unprotected from the weather. The president, dedicating himself to the service of the South, was so pale and emaciated that he seemed to Varina a willing victim going to his funeral pyre; she was so affected that she was obliged to offer some excuse and leave the ceremony.

The mainly passive activities of women in a state of war began—they made clothing for the soldiers and sewed together the silks of battle flags; they fed families in poverty and supported orphans; they played guitars, sang, for the wounded in tobacco warehouses turned into hospitals. The cause of the South became worse; it rapidly grew desperate. Women, like Varina, bred in an aristocratic and luxurious pride, covered their worn-out shoes with pieces of satin from old boxes; old faded scraps of silk were cut in strips and picked to pieces; they were carded and spun into thread and stockings knitted from them. The only dyes were barks and copperas. Guinea feathers decorated palmetto hats; goose feathers were transformed into camellias for trimmings; antique velvet jackets made their unabashed appearance; black silks, more often than not, were the remainders of old umbrella coverings. The buttons from soldiers' uniforms decorated dresses everywhere. Raspberry leaves were used for tea; persimmons and black pepper, with hickory nuts and walnuts, were put in fruit cake. The coffee was ground nuts and parched okra—often sweet potatoes. For figs, there were persimmons in brown sugar. The sad little pretenses and courageous delicacies of privation.

The brief hopes raised by the Confederate successes in 1862 collapsed in 1863. The victory at Fredericksburg was the only light that, for a little, stayed the advancing shadows of ruin. Shiloh was lost, Vicksburg and New Orleans fell, Gettysburg turned General Lee back from the richness, the promise, of Northern conquest. Disaster became universal; and when, in the spring of 1865, it was clear that Richmond would be invested, Jefferson Davis begged Varina to go into the deeper South. She protested bitterly against leaving him, but she obeyed his desire. Varina sold everything she could not take; Davis, who still had a little gold, reserved a five-dollar piece for himself and gave her the rest. Mr. Burton N. Harrison, President Davis' secretary, accompanied her to Charlotte, North Carolina. Rumors of fresh defeats reached Varina there. When the treasure train of the Confederacy and of the Richmond banks, escorted by Captain Parker and her brother, Jefferson Davis Howell, arrived at Charlotte she decided to continue on with it.

At Chester, where the tracks were destroyed and further progress impossible, Varina was met by General Preston, General Hood and General Chestnut. Preston said, "We of this day have no future. Anything that a man can do, I will do for you or the president." An ambulance was secured for Varina; it was overloaded; her maid was too weak for any effort; and Varina, with a cheerful baby in her arms, walked through the darkness and mud five miles into Abbeville. She reached the little church that was her destination for the night past one o'clock; others were before her, but they were sleeping on the floor; the communion table had been kept for Varina. From there she proceeded to Washington, in Georgia.

Jefferson overtook her beyond Washington. He traveled with his family for three days, then left it for the care of state papers. Near Macon he was surrounded by Union troops, secured and taken to the Macon hotel, where General Wilson had his headquarters. Davis, who thought his family would be permitted to accompany him, asked to be sent North by the greater safety of water. This was agreed to, but he was denied Varina's support. A tugboat came up to the ship in which they were confined and bore off Varina's brother; a second tug went away with Mr. Stephens, General Wheeler and Davis' private secretary; the following day a third appeared with a detachment of German soldiers. Jefferson Davis conferred with their officer and returned to Varina. "It is true," he told her; "I must go at once." He begged her not to gratify their enemies with any signs of grief and she said good-by to him quietly. They parted in silence. Varina watched him as he was carried away from her, standing erect and bareheaded between files of foreign soldiers, and Jefferson seemed to her a man of another and higher race.

A provost guard, with female detectives, came on the ship and searched her baggage. Varina asked permission to debark at Charleston, where her sister was ill; this was refused and they left for Savannah in a half gale. Soldiers broke open and robbed her trunks. Davis, again in a precarious condition, was confined to Fortress Monroe, and Varina, with great difficulty, got a permit to see him. He was so sick it didn't seem possible to her he would live through the month. She then labored ceaselessly for the release that was later granted him. Their money was gone, the plantations at Davis Bend wasted or seized; but Varina, at last, had Mr. Davis for her own; for the remainder of his life he was wholly in her tender and immaculate hands. She wrote, "I watch over him ceaselessly. . . . Twenty years' difference asserts itself. . . . I am in terror whenever he leaves me."

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Cheese, however, should be purchased by brand name; you will be more certain of highest quality. The maker's name is there because he vouches for the quality—at least that's the significance of the Kraft name on cheese. And you will never be disappointed in either quality or flavor if you will remember to say Kraft before you say cheese.

You can find the kind of cheese you like bearing the Kraft Label. Sold by the slice, and in half and quarter pound cartons, packages and jars.

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Gone . . . Sunburn's Power

Relieve the torture at once!

How contagious their joy is! Protect them against suffering from the cruel sun

HOW they love the water! Their arms splash like ducklings' wings; down to their little feet digging in the sand, they are happiness itself.

But be on guard for them. Sunburn comes like a flash. Keep Unguentine ready.

Neglected sunburn can torture tender skin for days. Soothe the sting at once, heal the scorched tissues with the surgeon's own dressing. Playtime is so precious!

Unguentine helps prevent blistering and the formation of the toxic sunburn poisons that can cause deathly illness. Apply it liberally at the first sign of redness. Or, better still, apply it before exposure. Your skin tans quickly but does not burn painfully. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Unguentine

Keep a tube of Unguentine at the club

MONKEYSHINES

(Continued from Page 15)

girls, who had the hardest kind of work to do. But Ruth, now at ten minutes to five, was still fresh. Even her hands were not much dirtied by the constant handling of newly printed magazines. It seemed to Homer that she was so immaculate that dirt would not abide with her. Her fair hair was smooth and shiningly clean. There was something strange about her, something that made the boy's throat ache. His faith in his mother's theories waned. Surely there could be nothing unlovely in such flower-like and fragrant beauty.

The big bell in the wall rang with a sudden clamor and the girls, who had slowed down and managed so that they wrapped the last bundle of books before them at the stroke of the bell, hastily took off their aprons, freshened their tired faces with powder, got their wraps from their lockers and poured out past the time clock into the street. Homer showed Ruth how to punch the clock properly, and heard again her low word of thanks, to which she added now a good night; and she went out alone and walked quickly away in the cool dusk. Homer went back and cleared up the remaining work, pushed the big trucks with their high corner posts up in front ready for Mr. Flynn, and got the room in order for the janitor. He washed his hands and combed his hair, tightened his tie and put on his jacket and cap. He punched the clock and then turned back as Mr. Duncan came down the stairs.

"Everything's cleared." Duncan nodded. "Did the Old Man say anything about me?" asked Homer eagerly.

Duncan looked at him sourly. "You'd like to know, wouldn't you?"

"Well, tell me then."

Duncan got into his overcoat and felt hat. He stopped beside Homer and looked at him menacingly. Duncan's wife was Isabel's cousin. Duncan mightn't like it if Homer started rushing Ruth Paul. The mailing-room foreman was only about thirty-five, but he looked older, with his heavy truculent countenance. He had a frail wife and he felt, he had once told Homer, that nobody cared for the mailing room—"Look at the swell help they got upstairs. They give us all the dumb help down here. What do they care if we throw the books away? Buy good paper, get good advertising, print 'em fine—then throw them out the door as cheap as you can."

But tonight Mr. Duncan was not complaining. He was threatening: "Listen, Homer, get wise to yourself. You've pulled your last funny stuff around here. One more chance—see? Then out you go with the torn mail bags. And where will your mother be then?"

Homer felt an unreasonable conviction that Mr. Duncan was bluffing. He felt that if Mr. Welch had intended to say anything, he'd have said it to Homer.

"Thanks, sweetheart," he answered, and Mr. Duncan went out and banged the door.

In That Moment He Thought Nothing of Mr. Welch or the Paper or Mr. Duncan or His Wife, of Ruth or Isabel. He Was Outside Himself

Everyone was gone. Homer could hear the janitor's broom knocking on the stairs. The big press had stopped and the building was oddly still. It was near the end of the week and the last of the issue was to be mailed tomorrow. The feverish activity and overtime of the first three days was gone. Homer looked about the room—at the pigeonholes for the railway post office labels, at the metal sack holders, at the pressroom trucks filled with books, the sack trucks filled with mail bags, the dusty windows along the western wall—he looked around at this world which teemed all day with sound and motion and flying hands.

"Isabel's right—I've got to cut out the monkeyshines," he said, and felt strangely lonely. People were such owls. It was hard to take them seriously when they walked around with their funny ways. He could be quiet and sober when he was alone. But when anybody else was around him, he seemed to be all arms and legs—he felt that his voice was too loud, his hands too big, his feet too long, his eyes too bright. He felt as though he saw too much, and as though any chance observer could see his own heart beating in a glass can. All human beings were ridiculous, but none so funny as himself. When he felt that way, he always got nutty. Then he made fun of other people and pulled a lot of wise-cracks.

He felt a prickling at his nose and a tightness in his throat. He humped his shoulders in his thin jacket and went out into the dark. And as the cool fresh air touched his face, the thought of the new girl, Ruth, with her clean small hands and her firm and tender features and her low voice, saying "Aren't you wonderful!" came to him and soothed his jangled nerves and left him feeling strangely calm and happy. A pretty girl certainly made a fellow feel grand, even though she might be frivolous.

Isabel piled the work onto the new girl unmercifully. A fast mailer is never popular in the mailing room, anyhow, as she compels her team mates to maintain the speed she sets; but now Isabel did a faster job of mailing than she had ever done before. As much as it was possible, Mr. Duncan wanted every girl in the room trained to handle a mailing machine. In that way each girl in a team of three could take the mailer turn about, one addressing and the two others wrapping for her, and the work kept up at a steadier pace and was not too hard on anyone. But it took time for a new girl to become expert with a mailer. She had to be put on singles first, at the end of the run, and go back to wrapping when the new issue started. So that the first few weeks, while she was learning the mailer, Ruth had to wrap all day the first three days of every week. It was heavy, steady work for young shoulders.

Both Molly and Isabel were good mailers, but Molly was kind and adjusted herself to Ruth's pace. Sometimes when Isabel was mailing, Molly took an extra bunch to her own place, or Homer came and helped Ruth to catch up. Homer had got a box for Ruth's feet in place of the footstools provided, because she was so little she could not reach the stool. He advised her about standing at her work part of the time as a rest and change. He quarreled outright with Isabel about the way she imposed on the new girl, and appealed to Mr. Duncan to put Ruth with another team. But Ruth interposed that she thought she could do it and was satisfied where she was. And to everyone's astonishment, by the end of her second week she was wrapping as fast as Isabel could mail. She took to the mailing machine with unprecedented skill and her small firm hands were quick and competent.

(Continued on Page 62)

The smart woman's day

For each of her activities . . . correct hosiery selected by the Realsilk Fashion Committee

SPORTS . . . tea . . . bridge. Out-of-door dining . . . out-of-door dancing.

What hosiery does the smart world choose for these occasions? What are the newest colors for the different hours of a summer day?

Weeks, months, before the opening of the summer season, both here and abroad, the Realsilk Fashion Committee has the answer to these questions.

Moving in the fashionable circles of two continents, they are able to prophesy a hosiery style long before it is accepted generally.

From their points of vantage in the *chic* world, they continually observe, select, pass on to us—and to you—hosiery fashions that are always far in advance of the popular trend.

Wherever you may live

And so, more quickly than ever before, the newest that is also the smartest, reaches you in Realsilk Hosiery—wherever you may live.

Without delay, with no in-between steps, our Representative brings them to your home—stockings of sheer loveliness and most amazing durability.

In gossamer full-fashioned chiffons, as well as in the service weights, strong, elastic *fresh* silk—seldom more than 24 days from the Orient—insures long wear, smooth fit at ankle and knee, and shimmering beauty after many washings

In every pair the exclusive Dura-foot gives still additional durability—service wear from even the sheerest dress chiffons.

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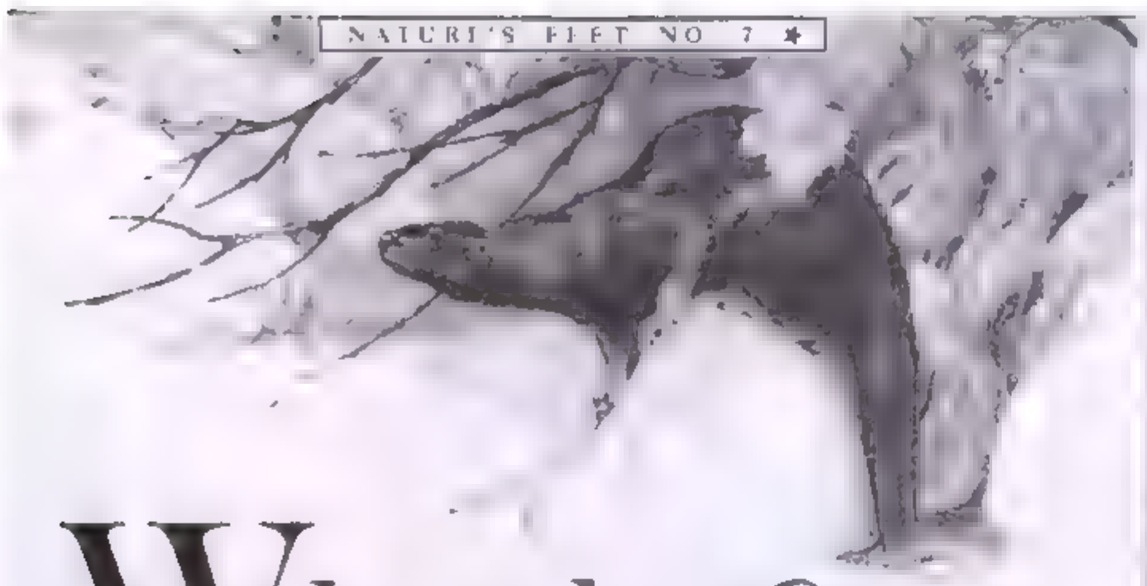

Why the Otter never slips

TRAPPER EVANS

UNDAUNTED by the most precarious footing, the otter clambers swiftly over muddy, half-submerged logs; over stones slimy with moss, and up steep river banks. He never slips, because on his hind feet he has three little knobs by which he safely grips the slipperiest surfaces.

Read Trapper Evans' story of the otter's first swimming lesson:

"A few weeks after the little otter is born, his mother brings him out for his first trip into the sunlight on the edge of the bank. She dives into the water and the little ones stand at the edge whimpering, but afraid to go in. The mother swims about for a few moments, then comes out and lies in the warm sunlight, the little ones romping over her. Then finally one or more get onto her back. It is then they get their first swimming lesson.

"The mother quickly enters the water with the little ones on her back and starts swimming about; suddenly she dives under, leaving them to take care of themselves. Speedily the little fellows catch on how to swim and start out for the shore. They have had their first swimming lesson.

"The otter, living near the water's edge, has to climb over slippery rocks and logs, just the same as you sometimes do when on your vacation. Nature has taken care of this by providing them with a gripping substance on their feet. The hind feet have three knob affairs which keep them from slipping and which are springy enough so that they can grip the wet log and jump without danger of sliding back."

Trapper Evans

KEDS give to the human foot much of the protection and surefootedness of the otter's feet. Watch the joy with which children change from their hot, heavy stiff shoes, to cool, light, springy Keds.

It's when we interfere with nature that our foot troubles begin. The farther we get from "barefoot freedom," the smaller are our chances of having good feet. Keds, with their elastic, springy soles, represent nature's way to normal feet, for Keds encourage the foot muscles to exercise freely and the arch develops normally.

Many of the evils of stuff, ill-fitting shoes can be avoided by wearing Keds as often as the season and climate permit.

Keds tough rubber soles wear and wear. Keds uppers are light with a good snug fit around the ankles. A special insole of Feltex keeps your feet comfortable. Ask for Keds by name. Keds are made in a dozen different models ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.50.

United States Rubber Company

TRAPPER EVANS *will send you the actual footprints of the Otter*

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans, the makers of Keds offer actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in clay-like material, hardened and mounted on felt. Each one is an original footprint. Write to Trapper Evans, care of Keds Outdoor Department, Desk G, 1790 Broadway, New York City, enclosing 35c and stating whether you prefer the forefoot or hindfoot track. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will send you an otter's track (postpaid in U. S. or Canada). A postcard will bring a complete list of these wild animal tracks free.

THE "JUNO" (*left*) *has a rugged crepe sole and gum toe cap. For misses and women. In white, brown or gray.*

THE "CONQUEST" (*right*) *has a crepe rubber sole which gives sure grip and wonderful wear. White, brown or gray.*

They are not *Keds unless the* name *Keds is on the shoe*

*This account of the otter by Trapper Evans is the seventh of a series [illegible] printed for the first time by the makers of Keds.

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Homer thought about her constantly. He had never seen anyone like her. She was the most natural person he had ever come in contact with—unless Mr. Welch could be excepted. She was as free from self-consciousness as the Old Man himself. She made no effort toward anyone or away from them. She was responsive, answering, smiling, thanking him politely, and sometimes she looked up and said something in her quick low voice. She either spoke or was silent according to her own desire, but for the most part she was quiet and self-contained.

But there was more than that—more than her softness and silence, more than the dignity of her utter naturalness—something that drew Homer compellingly. The way she worked charmed him. He had never seen a human being who functioned so perfectly. She did not seem to have to think and practice and plan, but all her movements and her gestures were governed as though by a genius of coördination. Her fresh, unsoiled appearance at the end of the day was more than tidiness or the taking of pains. It was innate orderliness. Where a pedant might have said that her racial inheritances were all released and available, they said at the tables that she was a natural good mailer.

By this time Homer and Isabel were definitely at war. Although Homer had exchanged few words with Ruth and had not seen her outside the mailing room, all the girls understood that she was beating Isabel's time with Homer. The boy's loud laugh could be heard at any hour in the day. His antics were more disgraceful than ever before. He flung sacks of mail about as though he were playing basketball; he kidded Mr. Flynn and bothered him, hiding his hat, mislaying his glasses, causing him endless annoyance. He skated recklessly on the thin ice of Mr. Duncan's displeasure, although his manner was urbane and respectful when he was talking to the foreman. He worked feverishly and was the first one in the mailing room in the morning, the last to leave it at night. But the light of good honest work was hidden under the bushel of nonsense. If Ruth knew how desperately she was being courted, she made no sign.

"What are you delaying your work for?" he said to Isabel one morning. "You only worked three times as hard as anybody else yesterday and you know you ought to work four times as hard. I'll have to report you."

"Come here, Homer," said Isabel in a coaxing voice, "I want to tell you something."

Homer's expression was oddly horselike. He suspected the carrot. "I've got work to do," he answered; but as she smiled at him in a rather humbled way, he was ashamed, and went over and stood by her with his back to the table. Mr. Duncan came toward them, and Homer said impatiently, "Well, what is it?"

She looked up and he saw that there were tears in her light-gray eyes, and he felt very uncomfortable. Isabel was a fine girl, he reminded himself.

"Won't you make up?" she half whispered. "Gee! I'm sorry I was so cross to you. You know it's only because I like you, Homer. I want you to succeed. I want everyone to think well of you."

He was afraid Ruth could hear her. "Don't cry, Isabel," he said in a low voice. "I'll see you tonight." And then, as her face lit up with pleasure, he added—"after work. I've got to do some stuff for my mother after supper."

"I'll come and help you. . . . Won't you make up?"

"I —— Gee, I don't know," he said uneasily.

"Tonight then —— I want to talk to you, Homer."

Homer fumbled with her mail bag—wondered, half absent-mindedly, what had ever become of the wire glasses he had made and thrown in Ruth's bag a couple of weeks before. He felt that Ruth and Molly and Eddie were all watching him, and his face was crimson, but he hardened his heart against Isabel.

All the same, he was filled with dismay. He could picture what would happen. She would come to his house after supper, and there he'd be with Isabel and his mother, and they would reason with him about his future—about their future—and Isabel would cry, and his mother would probably cry too. He'd get engaged before he had a chance. He was stricken with panic. He didn't want to marry Isabel! But Isabel's desire lay like an unreasonable responsibility upon him.

"Mr. Duncan wants you, Homer," said Ruth, and he turned about.

"We're going to start on the St. Louis car this afternoon," said the foreman. "You want to get things organized. Did you get the last list of post-office corrections for that car?"

"Yes, I did; but we'll have to write some labels. The job room didn't get them all printed."

"Well, I'll not be here till three o'clock, or maybe four. I've got to take my wife to the doctor. Can you go ahead and get that car started? Better stop loading about four o'clock so we'll have a start for the morning, and we can fill the car in time for the afternoon train. Watch it close."

"All right, Mr. Duncan, I'll watch it."

"You can ask Mr. Flynn anything you want to know—and mind, no monkey-shines!"

The foreman got his hat and coat and left. Molly asked Isabel what was the matter with Duncan's wife.

"They're going to take her to the hospital to have her lungs X-rayed. She's been running a temperature every day. Duncan may have to take her West. Mr. Welch thinks he can get him a job out there."

There was a little silence, and then Isabel said, "This is your chance now, Homer, to show what you can do, if you'll just get down to it."

"From canal boy to President," answered Homer, and Ruth looked up and took an unexpected part in the conversation.

"Why do you always talk that way to Homer?" she said. "Of course he can do it. I think Homer's wonderful. He does more work than anybody else here—or likely anywhere in the building. He could run the mailing room easily if he had to. I don't see why everyone wants to change Homer. Just because he doesn't go around with a long face is no sign."

Isabel became pale and then scarlet. "Oh, is that so?" she said elaborately. "You seem to know a lot about him—more than his old friends."

"Yes," said Ruth quietly, "I do."

Homer walked away from the table, his heart brimming with ecstasy. Later, from a little distance, he watched the girls. Isabel had pushed back her stool and stood at her work, with her face red, and never in that room had a mailer been handled with such speed. Ruth, as though she accepted the challenge, pitched into the books pushed before her with a skill the equal of Isabel's, but Molly began to complain loudly. Homer came to understand that Isabel's skill sprang from the need to be better than others, but Ruth's was a natural pride in her work.

Homer's gaze was fixed upon Ruth. His own imagination stimulated by his romantic feeling toward her, his good though uncultivated mind governed by the native wisdom of his own environment, the boy perceived at last that Ruth's beauty was a true expression of inner loveliness. He saw that Ruth had a great gift, that she had qualities of genius which were enduring. With a widening of all his own being, he understood that she would always be competent, always kind and understanding, always gentle. Her personal dignity was as great as any queen's, because she was not self-conscious, because she was simple and good. And under the quiet natural ways, there was the power of vitality, youth and health. And she thought he was all right. His shoulders straightened. For the

Continued on Page 65

There is only *one* thing that the manufacturer of *any* automobile can give you—and that is *miles!* The kind of miles you get from a car determines the *difference* in cars. Auburn has gone to unprecedented extremes to build a car of power, smoothness, ease of handling and endurance in order that you may enjoy *finer* miles than ever before. Less is required of *you* when driving an Auburn. The reasons for this *finer* standard of transportation are many; including, the strongest frame under any car giving greater rigidity and endurance; the most powerful motor per cubic inch of piston displacement; smoother flow of power due to straight eight cylinders, Bohnalite pistons and Lynite connecting rods, dual manifolding and carburetion; lower construction; easier handling; better braking. If the Auburn does not produce better performance, greater comfort, and easier handling than any other car you will not be asked to buy. We have built our success upon that platform.

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¾ cup sifted Swans DownCake Flour
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½ teaspoon salt
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2 eggs, well beaten
3 tablespoons sugar
⅔ cup milk
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, melted

Sift flour once, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine eggs and sugar. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Add butter and beat well. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling each about two thirds full. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 9 to 12 muffins.

So effective! So *good to eat!*

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Bulk for regularity and a delicious flavor to tempt you into healthful habits! That's why millions find Post's Bran Flakes with other parts of wheat the best ally against constipation. Try it now and see how delicious it is. Eat it once a day for two weeks and see how much better you feel. Then eat it regularly for health. No preparation necessary. Serve right from the package with milk or cream, with berries or fruits. Great for muffins and bran bread.

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

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(Continued from Page 62)

first time since he had started to work, he felt entirely free from the necessity to provide amusement for one and all.

Mailing the St. Louis car was the hardest part of every week's work. There were a great many single wrappers and small bundles. Half-filled mail bags went to small post offices, and the standard and big bags that ate up the mail could not be used.

It was a hard list to mail and wrap, to label and weigh, and the whole force usually worked an hour or two overtime after the last weighing at four o'clock. What Ruth had said was true—that anybody that could oversee this mailing without mistakes was ready to take charge of the department. It was perhaps the worst time of the week for Duncan to be away from his post, for if the girls slacked down, if the list was poor and not properly marked for the mailers, if the press faltered and they ran out of books—the St. Louis car would not be ready for tomorrow afternoon's train.

Homer's freedom from self-consciousness was of short duration. After the noon hour, when the new list was to be started, Mr. Welch appeared in the mailing room, his glasses astride his big nose, his manner unusually irritable. Homer, secretly afraid that Mr. Welch had seen him in his mockery a couple of weeks before, felt called upon to show his independence. The girls bent to their work with respectful silence and gravity. Homer gave Ruth the mailer at her own table. And with Mr. Welch watching, Homer could not for the life of him help the exaggerated activity with which he loaded bags on trucks, the way he turned corners, the very manner in which he plucked labels out of the pigeonholes with thumb and forefinger, like a lady with a teacup.

And then the bomb!

You certainly couldn't blame Mr. Flynn. For weeks Homer had made life miserable for the postal clerk, who lay awake nights thinking up answers to Homer's sallies and was helpless again the next day. Besides, the post-office detail man had no authority over Homer and could not dismiss him and would not stoop to laying a complaint. Now, as Mr. Welch asked Homer how long it would take them to get the St. Louis car out, Mr. Flynn approached them with an envelope in his hand and gave it to Homer right before Mr. Welch.

"Is this yours?" he said. "Do you know anything about it?" Homer opened the envelope, which had already been torn, and found in it a folded piece of paper and the wire glasses with their stencil ribbon, which immediately unrolled and dangled. His face flamed red.

"See?" said Mr. Flynn. "There's a letter. The postmaster out there says he found these in one of our mail sacks and thought they might belong to me."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Welch, his countenance lighting up; "yes, indeed—I've seen them before. Put them on, Mr. White, put them on and let's see how you look in them."

Homer laughed awkwardly and shoved the letter, glasses and all into his trousers pocket.

"No, no! I mean it! Let's see how they suit you. Or perhaps you'd rather have mine. I knew you could do a fine imitation of me, and why deprive me of a privilege everyone else has enjoyed?"

"Aw, Mr. Welch, I didn't mean anything wrong."

"Won't you put them on?"

Homer's face hardened. His long upper lip came down in a stubborn line. He did not answer. Ruth's sack was full and he took it down and tightened the mechanical fastener. He put a blank label in the slot and wrote on it the town name and the R. P. O. routing and turned to load the bag.

"Come here, White," said Mr. Welch in a low voice. Homer turned back; Flynn looked regretful and the girls slowed down and stared. Homer felt a queer instinct to stand closer to Ruth. Then something inside him snapped. He would not be humiliated before her. Everybody had always predicted something like this for him and it was coming true. Only Ruth had believed in him. He stood up straight and tightened his belt—an instinctive warlike gesture.

"I don't have to," he said, looking Mr. Welch in the eye. "I'm through—see? I'm quitting."

Mr. Welch stood studying him. There was something in Mr. Welch's straight look that made Homer ashamed. To his surprise, he could see in the publisher's face neither dislike nor antagonism, but an odd kindness—a reaching look. Homer stiffened himself.

"Now I've quit," he said. "I don't mind saying I'm sorry. I shouldn't have made fun of you. You're the boss and you're all right. It didn't mean anything —— But I don't have to put those glasses on and I won't."

"Of course not," said Mr. Welch. He looked around at the paralyzed mailing room. "Well," he said, "run along—get your time from Dan Tippet. We can get the mail out—the girls and I."

Homer paused, with a sinking sensation. Mr. Welch and the girls could never get the mail out—not the St. Louis car. There would be the most awful mix-up—and Duncan was at the hospital with his wife.

"I'll load this car," he said stiffly. "I'm quitting, so I don't want any pay, but I'll load this car. I'm not walking out with the St. Louis car just started. Get to work there, Isabel, darn it! What are you staring at? Snap into it, Molly! Show us your dust. Come on, Eddie, you can wait till five for your smoke today. Make the books fly, now, everybody!"

He began to work furiously. He did not realize until long afterward that for the second time that day he didn't care what anybody thought.

"You don't have to do this for me, White," said Mr. Welch. "We can get along without anybody that wants to leave."

"I'm not doing it for you," said Homer with an irritation that was equal to Mr. Welch's best. "I'm doing it—I'm doing it because it's my job—because Mr. Duncan's away—and anyhow, I can't walk out!"

"I see," said Mr. Welch, who saw far better than Homer the compulsion the youth was under. "Go ahead then, but don't work the girls too hard."

But the mailing room knew no let-up that day. Homer was a changed man. He was not satisfied with working hard himself he drove them all at top speed. His bad temper gave him a dignity he had lacked heretofore. Since he was through, the girls might have defied him. But there was something about Homer today—a look in his eye ——

Only Isabel said to him, in a scorching tone: "You don't need to come to my house tonight and I .. not go to yours I m through trying to make anything of you unless it would be a circus clown." She was pale and distraught and disappointed.

"Every clown has a silver lining," he told her, yet felt a heavy hurt that Isabel should turn him down now. Ruth, too, most likely was through with him!

Four o'clock came and passed, and Duncan went by the mailing-room windows but did not come in Homer closed the day's mail and had Eddie help him move it out on the platform for Mr Flynn

Then they started in, piling the last hour's work on the trucks for the morning's mailing. Fresh sacks were hung all around, new supplies of books were brought in, the mailers were filled with paste, the lists divided

"We'll work an hour overtime," said Homer, when the bell rang, and he turned on the big lights over the tables. The girls were silent now with fatigue. The rest of the building emptied and an unnatural stillness surrounded them. Even the big press was dumb. The hour passed and the girls left. Homer set the room in order for the morning.

"Homer!"

Ruth stood beside him in hat and coat, with a soft gray scarf under her sweet chin. He found himself trembling a little.

"Guess this is good-by, Ruth," he said lightly.

"Homer, Mr. Welch would never have let you go. He went upstairs that day and had a big laugh over your take-off. He told Mr. Hamel and Mr. Millay all about it. Irene Bonniwell told me. Mr. Welch wasn't angry. But don't you care. I don't blame you for quitting. You work so hard all the time—you'll get a better job."

She smiled at him. He felt a little dazzled by the ineffable kindness of her eyes. The last shreds of his mother's prejudice loosed hold. His own instinct was right. Ruth was loyal to him. He was tongue-tied and awkward in his emotion.

"I like you, Homer."

"Ruth ——"

And then they both paused and lifted their heads with a gesture oddly alert and animal-like.

"I smell smoke," she said in a voice soft with horror, but still not afraid.

"That Eddie ——" said Homer, looking swiftly around for any haze.

"He was smoking in the sack room," said Ruth, and together they ran to the other end of the room. There was no door into the sack room, but only an opening, and Homer was in there at once, fumbling for the switch. But he did not need the electric light to see what was before him. Here a partition shut off the storage place for mail bags. Sacks were sent by the thousand to Welch's Farm Weekly from the nearest postal depository and they were sorted and piled flat here, as high as the ceiling, with a narrow passage back between the piles. There was sometimes waste here, and old frayed bags which were to be sent away to be repaired. There was, in the darkness, a little line of flame along the floor.

Post-office mail bags are not very inflammable. It would take a pretty hot fire to get a pile of them going. But the floor on which they were resting was a wooden floor which had been cleaned with floor oil and sawdust for years. It was combustible, as only an inside floor in an old building can become.

In this part of the structure the floor was single and laid on the studding. Once a hole was burned, the draft from the basement would fan the blaze. All this went through Homer's mind in the twinkling of an eye.

"Go back to the pressroom," he cried to Ruth, as he began to stamp at the fire, "and see if any of the boys are there And use the phone there the switchboard is left connected with the pressroom. Call the fire department and Mr. Welch."

Without a word, she turned and ran quickly—back into the building, with the fire between herself and the door. Homer, his heart beating very fast, saw that the fire was under the bags. He grabbed an empty paste bucket from the mailing room and rushed with it to the tap. The water, for some reason explainable only by a small-town light-and-water company, was turned off. In fright now, he took up the paste, made for tomorrow and ran back to the fire. He found now a thick smoke in the sack room, a blaze farther back along the floor. He remembered with terror that the premiums of the subscription department were stored in the basement—dolls and dishes packed in excelsior, guns in cardboard boxes

He fought the fire furiously, but with self-control He poured out the paste, which lay, a gelatinous mass, and did not flow He pulled down a heavy bag and used it for a flail His hands were scorching, smoke choked him, but a desperate cold haste was upon him In that moment he thought nothing of Mr. Welch or the paper or Mr. Duncan or his wife, of Ruth or Isabel. He was outside himself. He was under command. Fire was his foe. He had to fight it. And though the fire was getting away from him rapidly, it did not occur to him to flee. Instead, he went back over the hot boards to try to head off the spreading flames and stepped through a burning hole up to his ankle, but pulled his foot out with a cry of anger and went on.

From far away, piercing walls and doors, a blessed sound came to his ears—a sound which can strike fear into the calmest heart, but which the boy heard now with a sob of relief. It was the long-drawn-out, undulating scream of a fire-engine siren. They'd be here in a minute. He remembered, now that he thought of the fire engine, that there was a chemical extinguisher by the stairway, but he dare not leave the blaze to get it. But bless Ruth, she had got the firemen, as he had known she would.

The fire was creeping under the bags, across the partition at the back of the sack room, when the local firemen came pouring in, their rubber coats only half on over their work clothes. There was the chief, a Hilltown merchant, competent and skilled in such emergencies. In a few moments the fire was only the stench of scorched wood and chemicals. They dragged Homer half fainting out of the sack room into the mailing room, where Ruth was waiting for him.

"All out!" said the chief, and the big fire truck in the street backed and turned in the midst of a melting crowd—they had not even connected up the hose. "Homer, you're burned. You'll be in bed two weeks. Can you stay with him"—this anxiously to Ruth—"till I send one of the boys for a doctor? I'll send someone back to watch that the fire doesn't break out again. Tell Mr. Welch ——."

The door banged and Ruth had Homer in her arms. Her throat was marvelously soft and cool against his burning face. She drew him down beside her on an empty truck. She folded her silk scarf about his blistered hands to keep the air away. Through his pain there ran a delicious happiness and the thrill of newborn manhood.

Ruth cradled him. She did not say a word. A strange, silent girl.

"Ruth," he whispered, but she answered "Sh-h-h!" and held him to her. How wonderful that now, when he could tell her all the things he had longed to say, there were no words between them. He perceived how useless it would be—of course she knew that he loved her and her alone, that they would be married as soon as he could get a job, that his lot was cast in with hers forever She knew all about him and always would He felt real, strong and brave, and equal to anything, in spite of the pain in his hands and his foot, in spite of the dizziness.

Mr. Welch himself brought the doctor.

"Fix me before I go home. My mother—she'll be scared."

They cut his jacket off, and Ruth, white but capable, helped the doctor dress his hands and his burned foot He felt a great deal better and quite romantic in all the white bandages Mr Welch had cut away his shoe with his own hands. They had been very careful, and he had clenched his teeth against the searing pain and made small senseless jokes And now, leaning on Ruth and on the publisher, he got out to Mr Welch's car and he rode home in the big back seat with Ruth beside him

"You must get well as quickly as you can, White," said Mr. Welch "Duncan has to take his wife out to Arizona—we need you down there, and you'll need a better job now. Don't worry about money while you're laid up. You go on foreman's pay today"

Homer stood on his mother's porch and looked up into Mr Welch's anxious grieving eyes. Leaning heavily on his sweetheart, he yet managed to strike a pose

"Thank you kind sir and noble sire," he said, and fainted.

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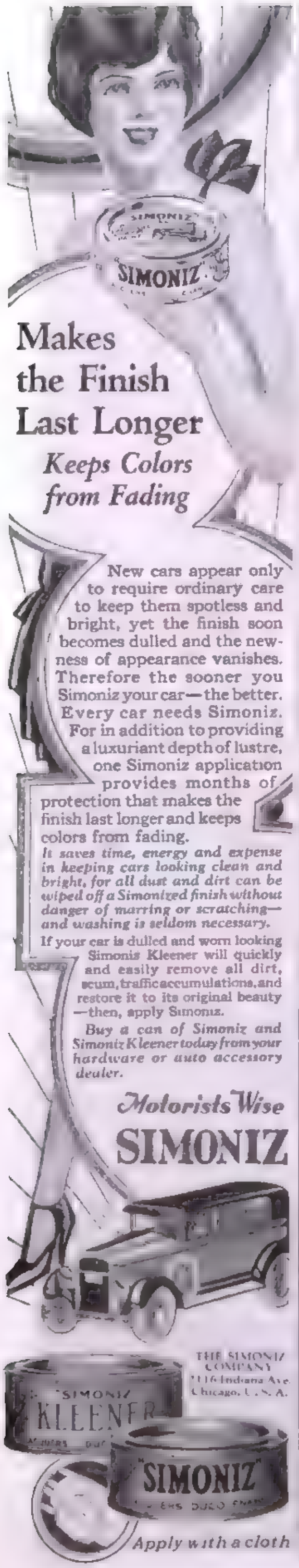
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THE FRESHEST BOY

(Continued from Page 7)

of romance. Its postponement for week after week due to his sins—he was constantly caught reading after lights, for example, driven by his wretchedness into such vicarious escapes from reality—had deepened his longing until it was a burning hunger. It was unbearable that he should not go, and he told over the short list of those whom he might get to accompany him. The possibilities were Fat Gaspar, Treadway and Bugs Brown. A quick journey to their rooms showed that they had all availed themselves of the Wednesday permission to go into Eastchester for the afternoon.

Basil did not hesitate. He had until five o'clock and his only chance was to go after them. It was not the first time he had broken bounds, though the last attempt had ended in disaster and an extension of his confinement. In his room, he put on a heavy sweater—an overcoat was a betrayal of intent—replaced his jacket over it and hid a cap in his back pocket. Then he went downstairs and with an elaborately careless whistle struck out across the lawn for the gymnasium. Once there, he stood for a while looking in the windows, first the one close to the walk, then one near the corner of the building. From here he moved quickly, but not too quickly, into a grove of lilacs. Then he dashed around the corner, down a long stretch of lawn that was blind from all windows and, parting the strands of a wire fence, crawled through and stood upon the grounds of a neighboring estate. For the moment he was free. Putting on his cap against the chilly November wind, he set out along the half-mile road to town.

Eastchester was a suburban farming community, with a small shoe factory. The institutions which pandered to the factory workers were the ones patronized by the boys—a movie house, a quick-lunch wagon on wheels known as the Dog and the Bostonian Candy Kitchen. Basil tried the Dog first and happened immediately upon a prospect.

This was Bugs Brown, a hysterical boy, subject to fits and strenuously avoided. Years later he became a brilliant lawyer, but at that time he was considered by the boys of St. Regis to be a typical lunatic because of the peculiar series of sounds with which he assuaged his nervousness all day long.

He consorted with boys younger than himself, who were without the prejudices of their elders, and was in the company of several when Basil came in.

"Who-ee!" he cried. "Ee-ee-ee!" He put his hand over his mouth and bounced it quickly, making a wah-wah-wah sound. "It's Bossy Lee! It's Bossy Lee! It's Boss-Boss-Boss-Boss-Bossy Lee!"

"Wait a minute, Bugs," said Basil anxiously, half afraid that Bugs would go finally crazy before he could persuade him to come to town. "Say, Bugs listen. Don't, Bugs wait a minute. Can you come up to New York Saturday afternoon?"

"Whee-ee-ee!" cried Bugs to Basil's distress. "Whee-ee-ee!"

"Honestly, Bugs, tell me, can you? We could go up together if you could go."

"I've got to see a doctor," said Bugs, suddenly calm. "He wants to see how crazy I am."

"Can't you have him see about it some other day?" said Basil without humor.

"Whee-ee-ee!" cried Bugs.

"All right then," said Basil hastily. "Have you seen Fat Gaspar in town?"

Bugs was lost in shrill noise, but someone had seen Fat; Basil was directed to the Bostonian Candy Kitchen.

This was a gaudy paradise of cheap sugar. Its odor, heavy and sickly and calculated to bring out a sticky sweat upon an adult's palms, hung suffocatingly over the whole vicinity and met one like a strong moral dissuasion at the door. Inside, beneath a pattern of flies material as black point lace, a line of boys sat eating heavy dinners of banana splits, maple nut and chocolate marshmallow nut sundaes. Basil found Fat Gaspar at a table on the side.

Fat Gaspar was at once Basil's most unlikely and most ambitious quest. He was considered a nice fellow—in fact he was so pleasant that he had been courteous to Basil and had spoken to him politely all fall. Basil realized that he was like that to everyone, yet it was just possible that Fat liked him, as people used to in the past, and he was driven desperately to take a chance. But it was undoubtedly a presumption, and as he approached the table and saw the stiffened faces which the other two boys turned toward him, Basil's hope diminished.

"Say, Fat ——" he said, and hesitated. Then he burst forth suddenly. "I'm on bounds, but I ran off because I had to see you. Doctor Bacon told me I could go to New York Saturday if I could get two other boys to go. I asked Bugs Brown and he couldn't go, and I thought I'd ask you."

He broke off, furiously embarrassed, and waited. Suddenly the two boys with Fat burst into a shout of laughter.

"Bugs wasn't crazy enough!"

Fat Gaspar hesitated. He couldn't go to New York Saturday and ordinarily he would have refused without offending. He had nothing against Basil; nor, indeed, against anybody; but boys have only a certain resistance to public opinion and he was influenced by the contemptuous laughter of the others.

"I don't want to go," he said indifferently. "Why do you want to ask me?"

Then, half in shame, he gave a deprecatory little laugh and bent over his ice cream.

"I just thought I'd ask you," said Basil.

Turning quickly away, he went to the counter and in a hollow and unfamiliar voice ordered a strawberry sundae. He ate it mechanically, hearing occasional whispers and snickers from the table behind. Still in a daze, he started to walk out without paying his check, but the clerk called him back and he was conscious of more derisive laughter.

For a moment he hesitated whether to go back to the table and hit one of those boys in the face, but he saw nothing to be gained. They would say the truth—that he had done it because he couldn't get anybody to go to New York. Clenching his fists with impotent rage, he walked from the store.

He came immediately upon his third prospect, Treadway. Treadway had entered St. Regis late in the year and had been put in to room with Basil the week before. The fact that Treadway hadn't witnessed his humiliations of the autumn encouraged Basil to behave naturally toward him, and their relations had been, if not intimate, at least tranquil.

"Hey, Treadway," he cried, still excited from the affair in the Bostonian, "can you come up to New York to a show Saturday afternoon?"

He stopped, realizing that Treadway was in the company of Brick Wales, a boy he had had a fight with and one of his bitterest enemies. Looking from one to the other, Basil saw a look of impatience in Treadway's face and a far-away expression in Brick Wales', and he realized what must have been happening. Treadway, making his way into the life of the school, had just been enlightened as to the status of his roommate. Like Fat Gaspar, rather than acknowledge himself eligible to such an intimate request, he preferred to cut their friendly relations short.

"Not on your life," he said briefly. "So long." The two walked past him into the candy kitchen.

Had these slights, so much the bitterer for their lack of passion, been visited upon Basil in September, they would have been unbearable. But since then he had developed a shell of hardness which, while it did not add to his attractiveness, spared him certain delicacies of torture. In misery enough, and despair and self-pity, he went the other way along the street for a little distance until he could control the violent contortions of his face. Then, taking a roundabout route, he started back to school.

He reached the adjoining estate, intending to go back the way he had come. Halfway through a hedge, he heard footsteps approaching along the sidewalk and stood motionless, fearing the proximity of masters. Their voices grew nearer and louder; before he knew it he was listening with horrified fascination:

"—— so, after he tried Bugs Brown, the crazy fresh nut asked Fat Gaspar to go with him and Fat said, 'What do you ask me for?' It serves him right if he couldn't get anybody at all."

It was the dismal but triumphant voice of Lewis Crum.

III

UP IN his room, Basil found a package lying on his bed. He knew its contents and for a long time he had been eagerly expecting it, but such was his depression that he opened it listlessly. It was a series of eight color reproductions of Harrison Fisher girls "on glossy paper, without printing or advertising matter and suitable for framing."

The pictures were named Dora, Marguerite, Babette, Lucille, Gretchen, Rose, Katherine and Mina. Two of them—Marguerite and Rose—Basil looked at, slowly tore up and dropped in the wastebasket, as one who disposes of the inferior pups from a litter. The other six he pinned at intervals around the room. Then he lay down on his bed and regarded them.

Dora, Lucille and Katherine were blond; Gretchen was medium; Babette and Mina were dark. After a few minutes, he found that he was looking oftenest at Dora and Babette and, to a lesser extent, at Gretchen, though the latter's Dutch cap seemed unromantic and precluded the element of mystery. Babette, a dark little violet-eyed beauty in a tight-fitting hat, attracted him most; his eyes came to rest on her at last.

"Babette" he whispered to himself—"beautiful Babette."

The sound of the word, so melancholy and suggestive, like "Velia" or I'm going to Maxime's on the phonograph, softened him and, turning over on his face, he sobbed into the pillow. He took hold of the bed rails over his head and, sobbing and straining, began to talk to himself brokenly—how he hated them and whom he hated—he listed a dozen—and what he would do to them when he was great and powerful. In previous moments like these he had always rewarded Fat Gaspar for his kindness, but now he was like the rest. Basil set upon him, pummeling him unmercifully, or laughed sneeringly when he passed him blind and begging on the street.

He controlled himself as he heard Treadway come in, but did not move or speak. He listened as the other moved about the room, and after a while became conscious that there was an unusual opening of closets and bureau drawers. Basil turned over, his arm concealing his tear-stained face. Treadway had an armful of shirts in his hand.

"What are you doing?" Basil demanded.

His roommate looked at him stonily. "I'm moving in with Wales," he said.

"Oh!"

Treadway went on with his packing. He carried out a suitcase full, then another, took down some pennants and dragged his trunk into the hall. Basil watched him bundle his toilet things into a towel and take one last survey about the room's new barrenness to see if there was anything forgotten.

"Good-by," he said to Basil, without a ripple of expression on his face.

"Good-by."

Treadway went out. Basil turned over once more and choked into the pillow.

"Oh, poor Babette!" he cried huskily. "Poor little Babette! Poor little Babette!"

(Continued on Page 70)

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(Continued from Page 68)

Babette, svelte and piquant, looked down at him coquettishly from the wall.

IV

DOCTOR BACON, perhaps because he sensed Basil's predicament, arranged it that he should go into New York, after all. He went in the company of Mr. Rooney, the football coach and history teacher. Mr. Rooney had hesitated for some time at twenty between joining the police force and having his way paid through a small New England college; in fact he was a hard specimen and Doctor Bacon was planning to get rid of him at Christmas. Mr. Rooney's contempt for Basil was founded on the latter's ambiguous and unreliable conduct on the football field during the past season—he had consented to take him to New York for reasons of his own.

Basil sat meekly beside him on the train, glancing past Mr. Rooney's bulky body at the Sound and the fallow fields of Westchester County. Mr. Rooney finishing his newspaper, folded it up and sank into a moody silence. He had eaten a large breakfast and the exigencies of time had not allowed him to work it off with his usual exercise. He remembered that Basil was a fresh boy, and it was time he did something fresh and could be called to account. This reproachless silence annoyed him.

"Lee," he said suddenly, with a thinly assumed air of friendly interest, "why don't you get wise to yourself?"

"What, sir?" Basil was startled from his excited trance of this morning.

"I said why don't you get wise to yourself?" said Mr. Rooney in a somewhat violent tone. "Do you want to be the butt of the school all your time here?"

"No, I don't," said Basil, chilled. Couldn't all this be left behind for just one day?

"You oughtn't to get so fresh all the time. A couple of times in history class I could just about have broken your neck." Basil could think of no appropriate answer. "Then out playing football," continued Mr. Rooney—"you didn't have any nerve. You could play better than a lot of 'em when you wanted, like that day against the Pawling seconds, but you lost your nerve."

"I shouldn't have tried for the second team," said Basil. "I was too light. I should have stayed on the third."

"You were yellow, that was all the trouble. You ought to get wise to yourself. In class, you're always thinking of something else. If you don't study, you'll never get to college."

"I'm the youngest boy in the fifth form," Basil said rashly.

"You think you're a pretty bright boy, don't you?" He eyed Basil ferociously. Then something seemed to occur to him that changed his attitude and they rode for a while in silence. When the train began to run through the thickly clustered communities near New York, he spoke again in a milder voice.

"Lee, I'm going to trust you," he said with an air of having considered the matter for a long time.

"Yes, sir."

"You go and get some lunch and then go on to your show. I've got some business of my own I got to attend to, and when I've finished I'll try to get to the show. If I can't, I'll anyhow meet you outside."

Basil's heart leaped up. "Yes, sir."

"I don't want you to open your mouth about this at school—I mean, about me doing some business of my own."

"No, sir."

"We'll see if you can keep your mouth shut for once," he said, making it fun. Then he added, on a note of moral sternness, "And no drinks, you understand that?"

"Oh, no, sir!" The idea shocked Basil. He had never tasted a drink, nor even contemplated the possibility, save the intangible and nonalcoholic champagne of his café dreams.

On the advice of Mr. Rooney he went for luncheon to the Manhattan Hotel, near the station, where he ordered a club sandwich, French fried potatoes and a chocolate parfait. Out of the corner of his eye he watched the nonchalant, debonair and blasé New Yorkers at neighboring tables, investing them with a romance by which these possible fellow citizens of his from the Middle West lost nothing. School had fallen from him like a burden; it was no more than an unheeded clamor, faint and far away. He even delayed opening the letter from the morning's mail which he found in his pocket because it was addressed to him there.

He wanted another chocolate parfait, but being reluctant to bother the busy waiter any more, he opened the letter and spread it before him instead. It was from his mother:

Dear Basil: This is written in great haste, as I didn't want to frighten you by telegraphing. Grandfather is going abroad to take the waters and he wants you and me to come too. The idea is that you'll go to school at Grenoble or Montreux for the rest of the year and learn the languages and we'll be close by—that is, if you want to. I know how you like St. Regis and playing football and baseball, and of course there would be none of that; but on the other hand, it would be a nice change, even if it postponed your entering Yale by an extra year. So, as usual, I want you to do just as you like. We will be leaving home almost as soon as you get this and will come to the Waldorf in New York, where you can come in and see us for a few days, even if you decide to stay. Think it over, dear.

With love to my dearest boy,
MOTHER.

Basil got up from his chair with a dim idea of walking over to the Waldorf and having himself locked up safely until his mother came. Then, impelled to some gesture, he raised his voice and in one of his first basso notes called boomingly and without reticence for the waiter. No more school! No more school! He was almost strangling with happiness.

"Oh, gosh!" he cried to himself. "Oh, golly! Oh, gosh! Oh, gosh!" No more Doctor Bacon and Mr. Rooney and Brick Wales and Fat Gaspar. No more Bugs Brown and on bounds and being called Bossy. He need no longer hate them, for they were impotent shadows in the stationary world that he was sliding away from, that he was sliding past, waving his hand. "Good-by!" He almost pitied them. "Good-by!"

It required the din of Forty-second Street to sober his maudlin joy. With his hand on his purse to guard against the omnipresent pickpocket, he moved cautiously toward Broadway. What a day! He would tell Mr. Rooney —— Why, he needn't ever go back! Or perhaps it would be better to go back and let them know what he was going to do, while they went on and on in the dismal, dreary round of school.

He found the theater and entered the lobby with its familiar powdery and feminine atmosphere of a matinée. As he took out his ticket, his gaze was caught and held by a sculptured profile a few feet away. It was that of a well-built blond young man of about twenty, with a strong chin and clear direct gray eyes. Basil's brain spun wildly for a moment and then came to rest upon a name—more than a name—upon a legend, a sign in the sky. What a day! He had never seen the young man before, but from a thousand pictures he knew beyond the possibility of a doubt that it was Ted Fay, the Yale football captain, who had almost single-handed beaten Harvard and Princeton last fall. Basil felt a sort of exquisite pain. The profile turned away; the crowd revolved; the hero disappeared. But Basil would know all through the next hours that Ted Fay was here too.

In the rustling, whispering, sweet-smelling darkness of the theater he read the program. It was the show of all shows that he wanted to see, and until the curtain actually rose the program itself had a curious sacredness—a prototype of the thing itself. But when the curtain rose it became waste paper and dropped carelessly to the floor.

ACT I. *The Village Green of a Small Town near New York.*

(Continued on Page 73)

HARBORS AND PHANTOM PORTS

WHILE Chambers of Commerce labor earnestly for deeper river channels to bring them closer to the seaboard, and political wars are waged bitterly over preferential railroad rates that may jeopardize the markets of inland and isolated towns, *a thousand dry-land ports have suddenly appeared with wharves open to business from all the world!*

A thousand communities have at least sensed the opportunity for a place of importance upon the new map being drawn of channels and harbors that open to the sky. It is significant that upon these charts many great coastal harbors are conspicuously absent. For the ships of the air, following laws that have always governed the development of permanent transportation systems, *are being drawn only to the most efficient terminals.*

At whatever hour of the day or night this message reaches your eyes, somewhere above the United States planes are carrying commercial cargo at a hundred miles an hour to scheduled destinations. *These planes must have suitable landing fields.*

In the early days of automobiles, the stigma "bad roads" stuck to communities that failed to grasp the need for better roads to smooth the way for the new machine. "Bad harbor facilities" have ruined many a promising seaport town. "Inefficient railway service" has hampered the development of cities that might have become important commercial centers. And now that a new and revolutionary leap forward is being taken in transportation, the towns and cities of today are going to be powerfully influenced by the degree of attention they pay to air-ports.

There are still less than 250 municipal air-ports worthy of the name. There are almost as many commercial and private ports. There are somewhat less than a hundred maintained by the Army and Navy. *More than* 3000 "*phantom ports*," *improperly equipped, are of use only as emergency landing fields.*

Few American air-ports can yet compare to the European "world-ports" of Croydon, LeBourget, Tempelhof. Great cities like New York are awakening to the full significance of this; though it still takes as long to get from a New York flying-field to the heart of the city as it does to fly from New York to Philadelphia. The really notable American air-ports are being built in inland cities such as Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, Wichita and Cheyenne.

What does all this mean to you? If you are a man of broad industrial and commercial interests, your traffic managers, forwarding departments and general sales managers can answer you best. *It is of vital importance in American business to promote and maintain efficient municipal air-ports!*

When the New York-Atlanta Air Mail was inaugurated in May, instead of one, two ships were required to take 32,000 pieces of mail from New York and Philadelphia. Business men had realized at once the value of a night mail service that would insure delivery in Atlanta at the same time as in New York.

Those who hesitate to employ the airplane will do well to recall that there are still many old-timers who refuse to ride in automobiles!

The great Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes, carrying millions of pounds of freight, transporting scores of thousands of passengers, flying on extended missions from the tropics to Arctic seas, *have known no accidents to passengers!*

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Mile-high pastures . . . glacier fed streams give Switzerland Cheese the flavor that can't be copied

The cheese connoisseur will tell you this—in the making of the true Swiss Cheese there can be no substitute for the pastures and forage of Switzerland. The juicy grasses and scented hay, the spicy herbs, the pure water give Switzerland Cheese a flavor all its own. It is a mystery of nature. It cannot be duplicated in the "Swiss Cheese" of other countries.

You must taste Switzerland Cheese to realize its superiority. Break off a portion and bite into it. The flavor is as rich and full-bodied as a nut. There is a subtle zest that stimulates the desire for more. Try Switzerland Cheese in a sandwich and you get a new phase of this flavor. With fruit or vegetables in a salad you sense still another. It is marvelous how much better this *genuine* cheese from Switzerland blends or creates contrasts with the foods you like.

It is decidedly appropriate to serve Switzerland Cheese at any occasion when the zestful, savory note is needed in the food. The buffet supper, the luncheon, the soup or salad course of the formal dinner offer unusual opportunities to introduce Switzerland Cheese. It is served in hotels and restaurants everywhere.

In the center is a triumphant red tomato stuffed with chicken salad. Then on tender leaves of lettuce, surrounding it, are circles and triangles of Switzerland Cheese. A masterpiece that is easy to make and a joy to eat!

You will find that Switzerland Cheese is more enjoyable—brings more of its exquisite flavor to your taste if you eat portions cut from pound or half-pound pieces instead of wafer-thin slices. This method of serving is recommended by the Swiss cheese-makers and endorsed by epicures.

Ask for Switzerland Cheese by name and look for the many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. This exclusive identification mark protects you from getting so-called "Swiss Cheese" or that which is "Imported" from countries other than Switzerland. The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from cream to butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the rare, true flavor of Switzerland Cheese never varies. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York Office, 105 Hudson Street.

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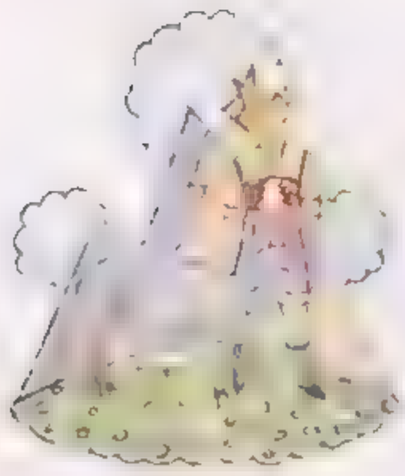

She lives up so high her head is "in the clouds"

Here comes a Swiss milk wagon drawn by a dog

(Continued from Page 70)

It was too bright and blinding to comprehend all at once, and it went so fast that from the very first he felt he had missed things; he would make his mother take him again when she came—next week tomorrow.

An hour passed. It was very sad at this point a sort of gay sadness, but sad. The girl—the man. What kept them apart even now? Oh, those tragic errors and misconceptions. So sad. Couldn't they look into each other's eyes and see?

In a blaze of light and sound, of resolution, anticipation and imminent trouble, the act was over.

He went out. He looked for Ted Fay and thought he saw him leaning rather moodily on the plush wall at the rear of the theater, but he could not be sure. He bought cigarettes and lit one, but fancying at the first puff that he heard a blare of music he rushed back inside.

Act II. *The Foyer of the Hotel Astor.*

Yes, she was, indeed, like that song—a Beautiful Rose of the Night. The waltz buoyed her up, brought her with it to a point of aching beauty and then let her slide back to life across its last bars as a leaf slants to earth across the air. The high life of New York! Who could blame her if she was carried away by the glitter of it all, vanishing into the bright morning of the amber window borders, or into distant and entrancing music as the door opened and closed that led to the ballroom? The toast of the shining town.

Half an hour passed. Her true love brought her roses like herself and she threw them scornfully at his feet. She laughed and turned to the other, and danced—danced madly, wildly. Wait! That delicate treble among the thin horns, the low curving note from the great strings. There it was again, poignant and aching, sweeping like a great gust of emotion across the stage, catching her again like a leaf helpless in the wind:

Rose—Rose—Rose of the night,
When the spring moon is bright you'll be fair ——

A few minutes later, feeling oddly shaken and exalted, Basil drifted outside with the crowd. The first thing upon which his eyes fell was the almost forgotten and now curiously metamorphosed specter of Mr. Rooney.

Mr. Rooney had, in fact, gone a little to pieces. He was, to begin with, wearing a different and much smaller hat than when he left Basil at noon. Secondly, his face had lost its somewhat gross aspect and turned a pure and even delicate white, and he was wearing his necktie and portions of his shirt on the outside of his unaccountably wringing-wet overcoat. How, in the short space of four hours, Mr. Rooney had got himself in such shape is explicable only by the pressure of confinement in a boys' school upon a fiery outdoor spirit. Mr. Rooney was born to toil under the clear light of heaven and, perhaps half consciously, he was headed toward his inevitable destiny.

"Lee," he said dimly, "you ought get wise to y'self. I'm going to put you wise y'self."

To avoid the ominous possibility of being put wise to himself in the lobby, Basil uneasily changed the subject.

"Aren't you coming to the show?" he asked, flattering Mr. Rooney by implying that he was in any condition to come to the show. "It's a wonderful show."

Mr. Rooney took off his hat, displaying wringing-wet matted hair. A picture of reality momentarily struggled for development in the back of his brain.

"We got to get back to school," he said in a somber and unconvinced voice.

"But there's another act," protested Basil in horror. "I've got to stay for the last act."

Swaying, Mr. Rooney looked at Basil, dimly realizing that he had put himself in the hollow of this boy's hand.

"All righ'," he admitted. "I'm going to get somethin' to eat. I'll wait for you next door."

He turned abruptly, reeled a dozen steps and curved dizzily into a bar adjoining the theater. Considerably shaken, Basil went back inside.

Act III. *The Roof Garden of Mr. Van Astor's House. Night.*

Half an hour passed. Everything was going to be all right, after all. The comedian was at his best now, with the glad appropriateness of laughter after tears, and there was a promise of felicity in the bright tropical sky. One lovely plaintive duet, and then abruptly the long moment of incomparable beauty was over.

Basil went into the lobby and stood in thought while the crowd passed out. His mother's letter and the show had cleared his mind of bitterness and vindictiveness he was his old self and he wanted to do the right thing. He wondered if it was the right thing to get Mr. Rooney back to school. He walked toward the saloon, slowed up as he came to it and, gingerly opening the swinging door, took a quick peer inside. He saw only that Mr. Rooney was not one of those drinking at the bar. He walked down the street a little way, came back and tried again. It was as if he thought the doors were teeth to bite him, for he had the old-fashioned Middle-Western boy's horror of the saloon. The third time he was successful. Mr. Rooney was sound asleep at a table in the back of the room.

Basil walked up and down, considering. He would give Mr. Rooney half an hour. If, at the end of that time, he had not come out, he would go back to school. After all, Mr. Rooney had laid for him ever since football season—Basil was simply washing his hands of the whole affair, as in a day or so he would wash his hands of school.

He had made several turns up and down, when, glancing up an alley that ran beside the theater, his eye was caught by the sign Stage Entrance. He could watch the actors come forth.

He waited. Women streamed by him, but those were the days before glorification and he took these drab people for wardrobe women or something. Then suddenly a girl came out and with her a man, and Basil turned and ran a few steps up the street as if afraid they would recognize him—and ran back, breathing as if with a heart attack—for the girl, a radiant little beauty of nineteen, was Her and the young man by her side was Ted Fay.

Arm in arm, they walked past him, and irresistibly Basil followed. As they walked, she leaned toward Ted Fay in a way that gave them a fascinating air of intimacy. They crossed Broadway and turned into the Knickerbocker Hotel, and twenty feet behind them Basil followed, in time to see them go into a long room set for afternoon tea. They sat at a table for two, spoke vaguely to a waiter, and then, alone at last, bent eagerly toward each other. Basil saw that Ted Fay was holding her gloved hand.

The tea room was separated only by a hedge of potted firs from the main corridor. Basil went along this to a lounge which was almost up against their table and sat down.

Her voice was low and faltering, less certain than it had been in the play, and very sad: "Of course I do, Ted." For a long time, as their conversation continued, she repeated "Of course I do" or "But I do, Ted." Ted Fay's remarks were too low for Basil to hear.

"Beltzman says next month, and he won't be put off any more. . . . I do in a way, Ted. It's hard to explain, but he's done everything for mother and me. . . . There's no use kidding myself. . . . It was a fool-proof part and any girl he gave it to was made right then and there. . . . He's been awful thoughtful. He's done everything for me."

Basil's ears were sharpened by the intensity of his emotion; now he could hear Ted Fay's voice too:

"And you say you love me."

"But don't you see I belong to him? I promised to marry him more than a year ago"

"Go to him and tell him the truth—that you love me. Ask him to give you up. Can't he see?"

"This isn't musical comedy, Ted."

"That was a mean one," he said bitterly.

"I'm sorry, dear. I'm so sorry, Ted darling, but you're driving me crazy going on this way. You're making it so hard for me."

"I'm going to leave New Haven, anyhow."

"No, you're not. You're going to stay and finish out and play your baseball this spring. Why, you're an ideal to all those boys! Why, if you ——"

He laughed shortly. "You're a fine one to talk about ideals."

"Why not? I'm living up to my responsibility to Beltzman; and Teddy, darling, you've got responsibilities too. You've got to make up your mind just like I have—that we can't have each other, after all."

"Jerry!" There was a break in his voice. "Think what you're doing! All my life, whenever I hear that waltz ——"

Basil got to his feet and hurried down the corridor, through the lobby and out of the hotel. He was in a state of wild emotional confusion. He did not understand all he had heard, but from his clandestine glimpse into the privacy of these two, with all the world his short experience could conceive of at their feet, he had gathered the implication that life for everybody was a struggle, sometimes magnificent from a distance, but always difficult and surprisingly simple and a little sad. They would go on. Ted Fay would go back to Yale, put her picture in his bureau drawer and knock out home runs with three men on bases this spring—at 8:30 the curtain would go up and she would miss something warm and young out of her life that she had had this afternoon.

It was dark outside and Broadway was a blazing forest fire as Basil walked slowly along toward the point of brightest light. He looked up at the great intersecting planes of radiance with a vague sense of approval and possession. He would see it a lot now, lay his restless heart upon this greater restlessness of a nation—he would come whenever he could get off from school.

But that was all changed—he was going to Europe. Suddenly Basil realized that he wasn't going to Europe. He could not forgo the molding of his own destiny just to alleviate a few months of pain. The conquest of the successive worlds of school, college and New York—why, that was his true dream that he had carried from boyhood into adolescence, and because of the jeers of a few boys he had been about to abandon it and run ignominiously up a back alley! He shivered violently, as a dog shakes himself coming out of the water, and simultaneously he was reminded of Mr. Rooney.

A few minutes later he walked boldly into the bar, past the quizzical eyes of the bartender and up to the table where Mr. Rooney still sat asleep. Basil shook him gently, then more firmly. Mr. Rooney stirred and perceived Basil.

"G'wise to yourself," he muttered drowsily. "G'wise to yourself an' let me alone."

"I am wise to myself," said Basil. "Honest, I am wise to myself, Mr. Rooney. You got to come with me into the washroom and get cleaned up, and then you can sleep on the train again, Mr. Rooney. Come on, Mr. Rooney, please. We got to get back to school"

IT WAS a long hard time. Basil got on bounds again in December and wasn't free again until March. An indulgent mother had given him no habits of work and this was almost beyond the power of anything but life itself to remedy, but he made numberless new starts and failed and tried again.

He made friends with a new boy named Maplewood after Christmas, but they had a silly quarrel; and through the winter term, when a boys' school is shut in with itself and only partly assuaged from its natural savagery by indoor sports, Basil was snubbed and slighted a good deal for his real and imaginary sins, and he was much alone. But on the other hand, there was Ted Fay and Rose of the Night on the phonograph—"All my life whenever I hear that waltz"—and the remembered lights of New York, and the thought of what he was going to do in football next autumn and the glamorous mirage of Yale and the hope of spring in the air.

Fat Gaspar and a few others were nice to him now. Once when he and Fat walked home together by accident from downtown they had a long talk about actresses—a talk that Basil was wise enough not to presume upon afterward. The smaller boys suddenly decided that they approved of him, and a master who had hitherto disliked him put his hand on his shoulder walking to a class one day. They would all forget eventually—maybe during the summer. There would be new fresh boys in September; he would have a clean start next year.

One afternoon in February, playing basketball, a great thing happened. He and Brick Wales were at forward on the second team and in the fury of the scrimmage the gymnasium echoed with sharp slapping contacts and shrill cries.

"Here y'are!"

"Here!"

"Bill! Bill!"

Basil had dribbled the ball down the court and Brick Wales, free, was crying for it.

"Here you are! Lee! Hey! Lee-y!"

Lee-y!

Basil flushed and made a poor pass. He had been called by a nickname. It was a poor makeshift, but it was something more than the stark bareness of his surname or a term of derision. Brick Wales went on playing, unconscious that he had done anything in particular or that he had contributed to the events by which another boy was saved from the army of the bitter, the selfish, the neurasthenic and the unhappy. It isn't given to us to know those rare moments when people are wide open and the lightest touch can wither or heal. A moment too late and we can never reach them any more in this world. They will not be cured by our most efficacious drugs or slain with our sharpest swords.

Lee-y! It could scarcely be pronounced. But Basil took it to bed with him that night as a child takes a toy, and thinking of it, holding it to him happily to the last, fell easily to sleep.

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① *Reduces beard resistance at least one-half!*

② *Doubles the life of your razor blades!*

③ *Brings new shaving comfort—even with cold water!*

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If this sounds like magic to you, take our word that it isn't. It's plain FACT! You can check every statement by buying Shavolene from your druggist today. Big 60 shave tube costs only 50c. If he can't supply you, accept our sporting proposition below. Either way, you're guaranteed new shaving satisfaction—or you get your money back! The International Chemical Co., Chicago, Ill.

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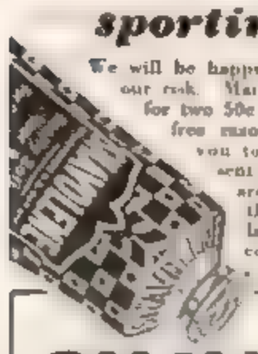

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Name.

Address

CONFESSION OF A CARTOONIST

(Continued from Page 11)

the nose, which made him mad, and he crossed his right over to my chin. The next thing I remember somebody threw a bucket of water over me, and practically the first thing I decided when I regained consciousness was to stick to art.

I put in about a year as a general artist on the staff before I drew the first Mutt strip, as I have described. After this had appeared in the Chronicle for about a month, Douglas Erskine, who was in the sporting department of the Examiner, told me the editor wanted to see me.

"How much are you getting on the Chronicle?" he asked me.

"Thirty-five dollars a week," I told him. I was really getting twenty-eight.

He offered me forty-five dollars to go to the Examiner and I signed my first contract, and then took the precaution to copyright the strip as already related.

The comic gained in popularity, and it wasn't long before I was raised to sixty a week, in spite of the fact the contract at forty-five had some time to run, and then seventy-five, which I thought was about as much money as anyone could ever expect to earn.

It was shortly after I joined the Examiner that the graft investigation began in San Francisco. Old-timers will recall that Rudolph Spreckels financed this, using William J. Burns as his detective, while Francis J. Heaney, a famous probe lawyer of the day, was the special prosecutor. Schmidt was the mayor and Abe Ruef the boss. I found this a subject of a good deal of local interest and began to kid the investigation in a good-natured way, when Mr. Hearst came to San Francisco to speak for a candidate who was, I believe, running for the presidency on the Independence League ticket.

After Mr. Hearst had made his speech some of the audience began to heckle him, shooting questions which they thought might be embarrassing. Finally some local celebrity aimed this one at him: "Why are the Mutt cartoons?"

For some reason this made my big boss very mad. I was in the Café Haig about twelve or one o'clock that night, when Erskine found me and told me to go back to the office right away to make another picture.

"Mr. Hearst says you can go as far as you like on this graft stuff now," reported Mr. Erskine.

As far as I wanted to go was plenty far enough, and I don't mean maybe. I named all the principal characters in the investigation after things to eat—Tobasco was Burns; the special prosecutor, Heaney, was Attorney Beaney; Spreckles was Pickles and Lawyer Shortridge was Short Ribs. Then I introduced Attorney Hash and the Claudianus Brothers, the latter also instigators of the investigation, and they were drawn as a couple of nuts.

Shakspere, Napoleon and Mutt

Now, in tracing the development of Mutt and Jeff, we come to the introduction of Jeff, who always seems to have been the favorite of the public, judging by the thousands of letters I have received. I suppose the sympathy is always with the little guy although I must admit—and possibly here for the first time—my favorite is Mutt. He is my oldest friend and certainly has been good to me, when everything is added up.

In one picture I had Mutt taking nickels out of a telephone box, and they sent him to the bug house. This suited him first rate, because he could write his own ticket there and make the odds as long as he wanted to, although daily he was bothered by nuts. It was here he met Jeff, who was one of the seventeen characters I introduced in the strip at that time.

One morning a man interrupted Mutt while he was studying the dope sheet and told him he was William Shakspere—the Shakspere of Stratford-on-Avon. This did not thrill Mutt.

"Go away, Shakes," remarked Mutt, "and don't bother me. I've the dope on a winner."

The following day I had Napoleon at the nut factory consult with Mutt. This guest at the asylum where Mr. Mutt was making all his imaginary money was interested in military affairs, and believed he was the great emperor in all his glory. He was, however, weak on geography.

He approached Mutt in the daily strip and said, "I have to report I have just taken Vicksburg."

"Well, put it back and don't bother me," promptly replied Mutt.

Little Jeff said he was James J. Jeffries, then the heavyweight champion of the world, and Jeff claimed he was the greatest little man alive. It is always a small nut who believes he can lick anyone in the world. The little filbert is constantly getting into messes and receiving the worst of it. To make him look more foolish, I put whiskers on him.

Going the Rounds

He wanted Mutt to don boxing gloves, but the tall fellow was too busy with his inevitable racing sheets, so the last picture of the strip showed the imaginary James J. Jeffries down on the floor with Mutt's foot on his face and the owner of the foot quietly studying the form card. It was the first time Jeff got his, but he was destined to receive it frequently in the years to come.

Of all the seventeen characters who had appeared in the comic at this time, I kept Jeff alone, because I heard so much from readers about him. This was in May, 1910, and the fight between Jeffries and Jack Johnson for the championship was held at Reno, Nevada, on the Fourth of July that year, when Johnson won. Because of little Jeff's intimacy with big Jeff, I did a lot of pictures on the fight and the usual preliminary ballyhoo, and naturally little Jeff got some good inside stuff, being the double of the then world's champion—or ex-champion. My view has always been a champion is a champion until he is flattened.

In May, 1909, Mr. Hearst ordered me to move to New York, and for the first time the Mutt and Jeff strip had begun to appear in papers outside of San Francisco. This was in the early days of the newspaper syndicate, the idea being that good features are distributed to newspapers all over the country for simultaneous publication, one paper in each territory having the exclusive rights. It has always been difficult for me to work ahead to get simultaneous publication, because I have always contended that it keeps up the standard of the comic to draw it as near the publication date as possible. If I could produce a strip every day for publication in one newspaper the next morning or evening, I believe I could make it much better than the present product, because I could base it on the day's news and make it apply to some local event.

As it is now, I have to consider readers all over the world, and a picture kidding some New Yorker or local situation might be very funny there, but would fall with a dull thud in El Paso, Texas, for example. For a long time I refused to work ahead, and the same strip spread out through the country for publication as the mails reached the destination for which it was intended. It appeared in New York one day when I moved there, Philadelphia and Boston the next, Chicago the next, in ever-widening circles such as are made by a stone thrown into a pond, instead of a strip thrown into the mail by the then infant syndicate of the Hearst papers. But this is bad for traveling salesmen, who, if they travel fast enough, see the same picture in a different paper every day.

Eventually I had to come to drawing ahead, as the business became standardized and competition keener; but even now I draw as close to publication date as I can, and the boss of the syndicate for which I work is always after me to get ahead. But I like to base pictures on the news as much as possible, so the syndicate has divided the country into zones.

A picture is released in the Eastern zone one day, the same picture in the Middle Western zone the next, and in the Pacific Coast zone the third. By the use of the air mail and other speed devices, this permits me to get publication in New York about four days after I make a picture, whereas some cartoonists work two or three weeks, or even further, ahead. That schedule is all right for some types of comics which do not depend at all on the news, such as the continuity strips, and it is my personal and perhaps somewhat conceited opinion that it wouldn't make much difference when some of the comics being produced nowadays are published, if at all. Anybody who can rule off a strip and draw a line across a sheet of paper thinks he's an artist and makes a so-called comic. I expect to see the number of strips now being published in newspapers greatly reduced in the next few years, but I will discuss that phase of the business later.

The sensations I had on the train on the way to New York were pleasing, for I felt I had my toes firmly dug in for the climb to success. When I was ordered to New York my contract was again revised to increase my salary. Before describing the dent I made on the metropolis when I arrived, I shall pick up some loose ends about San Francisco so as to keep some faint semblance of chronology in this confession.

By the time I bought my ticket for New York—and I had enough confidence in myself to purchase only one-way transportation—other comic strips had begun to appear, probably inspired by the success of Mutt and Jeff; although, of course, I make no claim that they were imitations any more than Ring Lardner can be accused of imitating Artemus Ward because he uses slang. George Herriman had begun to draw the Dingbats, which was his first, for some of the Hearst papers, and there were others coming along. I think George McManus had started the Newlyweds and Their Baby about this time.

The Man Who Turned Kipling Down

During the days of my development in San Francisco it was teeming with talent, and many artists and writers of that period have become famous since. Offhand I can think of George Herriman, Tad, Rube Goldberg, Harrison Fisher and Homer Davenport among the artists who started in San Francisco. Then there were a lot of writers—the Irwins, Will and Wallace, Jack London, Charley Dryden, later to become famous as a baseball writer, Harry Leon Wilson, I think; W. O. McGeehan, and so on. And, by the way, I think that Bill McGeehan is one of the best sport writers in the business.

There was a story about Rudyard Kipling being turned away from a newspaper years before I ever arrived in the town. I don't know whether it was true, nor do I recall any of the details; but the tale was that the great English author had stopped off on his way around the world and showed one of his stories and asked for a job. Of course he was not famous then. The editor turned down the story and refused the position, which Mr. Kipling desired to gain experience.

When this editor found out what he had done, he is said to have secluded himself in shame on an island, where he spent his declining days brooding over his mistake and

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76)

where he was pointed out to visitors by the natives as the man who had refused Kipling a job.

Those were sunny days in San Francisco, as any native son will tell you, and I think the old town had more color then than any city I have ever been in. Of course the good old days of our youth are always the brightest. But there was a spirit about the old town, and laughter and abandon, and most of all, color. It was a city of surprises.

I remember one morning Charley Dryden, the baseball writer, instead of describing the game, told the score and then wrote entertainingly about a Chinaman and an accident he had on the cable-car line in Market Street. For the benefit of youth let me explain that in those days many of the street-car lines were operated by cables, there being a slot through which a clutch worked, gripping the cable that furnished the power. It seems this Chinaman had dropped a nickel down the cable slot, and in trying to glue his eye to the crack to recover it his pigtail slipped into it and wound around the cable, and off went the Chink, forced to maintain the same rate of speed at which the cable pulled the cars, and that was plenty for a pedestrian. Dryden described his progress as he passed various corners frantically trying to loosen the pigtail from the cable. Finally he flashed by a barber shop the second time, and an expert there cut the pigtail off with a pair of shears and the Chink fell down exhausted. There you are—a baseball writer doing that. It couldn't be done in these stereotyped times.

Jim Coffroth, later a big boxing promoter in California and now the owner of the race track at Tia Juana, with Eddie Graney, the well-known referee, ran the Belvedere, which was a restaurant and cabaret. It was a lively place for those days, and I saw the grizzly bear danced there for the first time in my life.

This reminds me that sometime later, when I went to New York in 1909, one of the artists on the staff of the New York American, showing me the town, took me to a cabaret at Seventh Avenue and about Forty-second Street, located down in a basement, which was supposed to be one of the dives of New York in those days. It was assumed that there were no rules there except that the patrons, as Mr. Mizner once said, must carry out their own dead. Being fresh from San Francisco and wanting to show off a little, I started to dance the grizzly bear, which was about the most decent of all the modern dances in spite of its name.

The manager stepped up to me. "You can't dance like that here," he said, tapping me on the shoulder. He was a hard-looking egg.

Of course I stopped. But I wonder if this same manager ever peeks into fashionable places now at debutantes' dances and what he thinks as he glances back to 1909.

A Fighter—Maybe

But about Coffroth. In the Belvedere some entertainers worked in those days who later became famous and nationally known. Among them was Harry Fox, who later married Yanci Dolly of the well-known Dolly twins, although most of her friends call her Jennie. Also there was a big fine-looking Mexican who called himself a bullfighter and dressed the part better than Belasco could stage it. He used to wrestle with bulls in the ball park, because it was against the law to put on regular bullfights in San Francisco in those days, this being one of the few things which was against the law there then. Romulus used to work for Coffroth at night in the Belvedere, and always wore his costume, which looked as if he had been poured into it. It included fancy boots with very high heels.

The bullfighter was so proud of these clothes that I think he slept in them, although he always looked as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. Altogether he was one of the finest specimens of a man I have ever seen. He had the looks of Valentino, the build of Dempsey and the size of Jeffries, being six feet two inches tall and weighing about 220 pounds. In Coffroth's cabaret, he made his living showing his magnificent muscles under bright lights, and maybe he didn't love to show them.

Eddie Graney got an idea he could make a boxer out of Romulus and used to give him lessons. "Stick your left out," Graney would coach him. "That's all you have to do."

One night—or rather morning—after the cabaret in the Belvedere had closed, we were all sitting around downstairs, when the question of the prospects of Romulus as a fighter came up, and among the crowd was Willus Britt, better known as Willie. To digress a moment, Willus Britt was Jimmy Britt's brother and manager, Jimmy then being the lightweight champion of the world. Willie was a good fighter and a bantamweight.

Slipping One Over

I always thought Willie could lick Jimmy, judging from what I'd seen in some gymnasium bouts, so I asked him one day: "Why don't you fight Jimmy and lick him and be the champion?"

"I've got too much brains to be a fighter," he replied. "I'm the manager. Jimmy does the fighting and I get 50 per cent. You can't beat that."

"This Romulus is going to make a fighter," declared Graney optimistically.

"He couldn't lick Tom Thumb's grandfather," declared Willie.

Although Romulus was twice Willie's size, the argument—as such discussions frequently do at that hour in the morning—developed into an impromptu contest between Romulus and Willie Britt, and I bet ten dollars of my hard-earned money on the latter. There were several bets made, and I undertook to handle Willie Britt, while Graney took charge of Romulus. Harry Fox kept time.

Willie looked like a hut beside the Woolworth Building alongside Romulus.

I noticed that the big Mexican kept his high-heeled boots on, and I realized the floor was very slippery, being the cabaret dance floor and covered with powdered wax ground in.

"Take off your shoes," I advised Willie, "and fight in your stocking feet." He did.

Then I got hold of the can which had wax in it to make the floor slippery for dancing and sprinkled it thoroughly. In addition to the bets, there was a collection taken up to go to the winner, and the limit of the battle was to be five rounds.

"You won't live five rounds," I told my man.

"I know it," he answered. "But I'll get him quick."

The first round was all Romulus. Graney kept telling him to keep his left in Willie's face, and then he leaned on the smaller man and tired him out. By the third round Britt was panting badly and I was worried about my ten bucks, so I grabbed the can of wax and hung around behind Romulus, sprinkling it on the floor. At last Willie hit him a good smash and his feet went out from under him on a slippery spot, and his head hit the floor with such a bang that it took us fifteen minutes or so to bring him back. I don't know whether Willie or the floor should be credited with the knock-out. Romulus decided to stick to bullfighting thereafter.

Jim Coffroth was and is a great card. He still calls up Tad and me every once in a while just to tell us a funny story. He used to do unusual things. I recall spending the night with him before a day on which he was promoting an open-air fight between a couple of featherweights. We didn't wake up until noon, and the weather looked bad, so Coffroth called up Gregory Mitchell, his man of all trades. The main bout was to be held at half-past three in the afternoon, and there was a rival attraction somewhere else, so Coffroth did not expect much of a house.

(Continued on Page 81)

"WHY BOTHER?" says the know-it-all motorist. "Testing tires and worrying about the pressure is too much of a nuisance for me." When you hear a motorist talk like that, you can be sure he's paying a high price for his "wise guy" attitude.

Are you GUILTY of this *Serious Tire Neglect?*

It's a common mistake that cuts hundreds of miles from the life of your tires . . . costs motorists millions of dollars every year

THE real reason tires often wear out too soon has at last been discovered!

Tests recently completed by tire authorities have proved beyond question that premature tread wear . . . fabric ruptures . . . rim cuts . . . invariably result from one major neglect.

It has been definitely established that improper inflation alone causes 80 per cent of all tire failures.

Thus, through carelessness and neglect, motorists are literally throwing away millions of miles of tire service yearly.

And yet, never before have manufacturers built sturdier, more rugged tires. Never have they produced tires capable of such long mileage.

Now, a nation-wide campaign

Now, in a nation-wide campaign endorsed by tire companies, Schrader is bringing this appalling waste to public attention.

This advertisement is part of the campaign. It describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . and suggests three simple ways to avoid it.

So, read what follows carefully. It will take only a few minutes of your time . . . and it may very easily save you hundreds of dollars.

The menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated. Without question it reduces tire life tremendously.

When a balloon tire is run five pounds below its proper pressure, its life is reduced by hundreds of miles.

According to actual tests conducted by experts, a balloon tire in this condition loses just as much mileage as a high-pressure pneumatic tire under-inflated by twelve or fifteen pounds.

JUST LOOK AT THIS! Both these tires have been run 4000 miles. One is ruined . . . the other is almost as good as new. This advertisement explains the reason in detail.

Premature tread wear is one of the most common and costly results of all. Broken-down side-walls . . . rim cuts . . . fabric ruptures . . . stone bruises, also.

How to avoid it

And yet improper inflation can be easily avoided if three precautions are taken.

It's simply a matter of establishing the correct habits of tire care . . . as easy as keeping water in your radiator or checking your oil supply.

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use. Most cars do their hardest work over the week end. So Friday has been widely selected as tire-testing day.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

This little mechanism is amazing in its efficiency, but naturally it will not last forever.

Follow these three rules of tire care

Thousands of motorists have adopted these scientific rules of tire care recommended by Schrader engineers.

Now we urge you earnestly and sincerely to follow their example . . . in fairness to yourself and to your tires.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

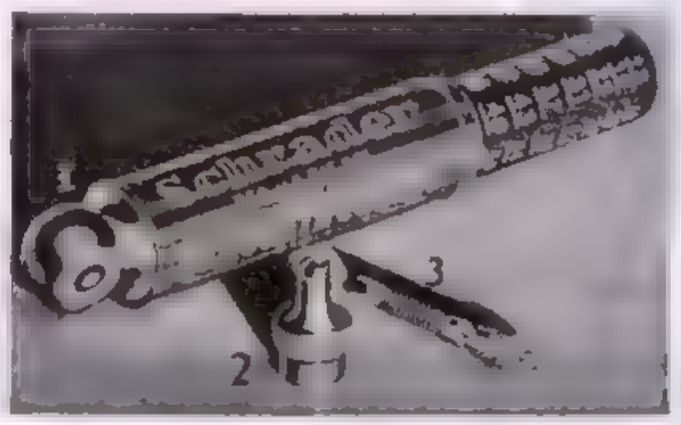
Let us send you our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves • Tire Gauges

1. The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Use motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure tires are correctly inflated. This, eminent authorities agree, is the one sure way to get full mileage from your tires.



2. This Schrader 880 Valve Cap is air tight up to 250 pounds. Be sure you have one on every valve stem. Box of five, 25c.

3. Change your valve insides once a year. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader Valve Inside. Box of five costs 25c

FROM THE BEGINNING *to* THE END

From the beginning, a Willard Battery does a more satisfactory job in the owner's car. Top-notch quality gives the Willard *a better start in life . . .* Top-notch quality gives Willard *a better hold on life.*

Willard Service gives the owner even further protection. From the beginning to the end, this "plus battery service" is at hand to relieve him from battery care—to guard him against battery repair.

Willard Batteries plus

The Willard Battery Men

(Continued from Page 78)

"How is the advance sale?" Coffroth asked Mitchell over the telephone.

"Rotten," replied his man Friday—"only $150."

"Call the fight off," answered Coffroth, "and send those two birds around here."

I will explain that the promoter had already paid them. When the fighters showed up we were both in bed.

"Now," said the fistic impresario, "I have paid you two birds to fight, and you're going to do it right here while we lie in bed and watch you."

And they did. It was the most comfortable fight I have ever witnessed from the spectators' standpoint, and a bitterly contested one, at that.

When Enrico Caruso first came to San Francisco, before I had begun to do the Mutt strip, I went to get an interview with him and draw a picture of him for the paper. He was great, and made a picture of me while I sketched him. This happened just before the "fire," and when I rushed out of my hotel that early morning as the city of San Francisco quivered to its roots and then collapsed, the first man I met as I ran to the street was Caruso. I can see the big tenor now, frightened as we all were, excited, clinging to a small tin box in which I suppose he kept his jewelry or valuables of some sort.

Trying to Get Fired

Not that I am a native son or boasting of the puissance of California, but there was a time when men from California held every championship in the ring. Jim Jeffries was the heavyweight champion, Stanley Ketchel the middleweight, Joe Thomas welterweight, Jimmy Britt lightweight, Abe Attell featherweight and Frank O'Neil bantamweight. In those virile days these were the only classes, and there were no light-heavyweight and junior-lightweight titles. The fights were scheduled for forty-five rounds, which really meant a go to a knock-out.

Of this group, Stanley Ketchel, known to his friends as Steve, had the most color. He was one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen, and kind and gentle in his manner. He never trained, but when preparing for a battle he would get a shave and a haircut and then would knock the other man dead.

Steve used to sit up as late as anybody and play as much as most, but once in the ring, he was the killer. It was almost impossible to provoke a fight with him outside the ropes, and I have seen him take insults and gibes from strangers I would never have accepted without a battle. If I could have hit like Ketchel, I would have paved Market Street with my victims.

I recall one night when a patron of some cabaret insisted on punching Ketchel, although the latter did his best to avoid it. Of course the bellicose gentleman did not know who Steve was, because it was the same as playing with TNT or worse. Finally, with all patience gone, Ketchel reached out his fist not more than two or three inches. It looked more like a stroke than a punch, but the erstwhile annoyer fell as if shot.

No brass band met me when I arrived in New York, and apparently my coming caused no excitement. By now the Mutt and Jeff comics were being pretty widely distributed to the newspapers throughout the country and their popularity appeared to be definitely established. All was smooth sailing for me except for occasional local rows; and realizing the strength of my product, when not satisfied I refused to draw any pictures until I had my way. It has always been my practice to stand up for my rights, and I don't believe I have ever intentionally dodged a fight.

It wasn't long before I began to get offers of more money from other newspapers. Mr. Florence White, then and still the general manager of the New York World, sent for me and tendered me a contract at a handsome increase over the salary I was getting, but there was no way I could get out of my contract with the Hearst papers, which still had several years to run.

About this time, S. S. Carvalho, who was then general manager of the Hearst newspapers and a fine gentleman, was away on an extended vacation, and a substitute executive who was connected with the Hearst estate had temporarily taken his place. He didn't know me nor did I know him, as I did much of my work at home. He was opposed to cigarette smoking and posted signs about the office prohibiting the use of cigarettes by employes. I walked into the office one day pulling on a pill, when, by accident, I ran into this temporary boss. He saw me smoking the cigarette and addressed me as follows:

"Young man, do you work here?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Don't you know there is a rule against our employes smoking cigarettes in the office?"

"I didn't," I answered; "but suppose I don't stop, what are you going to do about it?"

"We usually discharge our young men who don't obey the rules."

"My friend," I said, "I don't know who you are, but if you will guarantee to fire me and make it stick, I'll meet you at two o'clock this afternoon and give you ten thousand dollars."

I walked away puffing my cigarette and left a startled and dignified substitute general manager. Needless to say, he didn't fire me. I guess I was pretty fresh in those days.

It wasn't until 1915 that I finally left the employ of the Hearst papers to go with an independent syndicate which offered me a guaranty of $1000 a week for six strips weekly. There was no Mutt and Jeff Sunday page in those days. I insisted that the amount of the first year's guaranty should be deposited in a bank to my account before I signed the contract, because I always believed in being careful and a little hard-boiled. In addition to this I had a percentage arrangement in the contract which would run my weekly income up to about $1500 when the contract became effective.

It was while playing in vaudeville in Atlanta that I met the girl who became my wife, who was Miss Pauline Welch. She was in an act with George Moore, and when I first saw her I thought she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen in my life; and still remembering her as I first saw her when I stood in the wings that day, I am of the same opinion.

An Invitation Accepted

In spite of the opposition of her mother, we were married. The years of happiness we had together cannot be taken away from us, and the fact we are now divorced does not mean we are not still good friends. Probably it was my fault that we are not still married; but comic artists do not generally make good husbands, and it is comforting to know that in an emergency there is no one I could call upon and be surer of assistance from than my ex-wife.

I signed the contract with Wheeler in December, 1914, which meant I would leave the Hearst papers, although my contract did not expire until the following August. It was then I was to start with the syndicate. Expecting a bitter legal battle, I had taken the precaution to have the title and characters of Mutt and Jeff trade-marked at the Patent Office. It was probably in January, 1915, that the Hearst papers discovered I was going to leave them, so they started omitting my pictures; and as this would give them a reserve supply on hand, I quit drawing until they would publish. They stopped paying me when they discontinued publication. Then the Hearst papers, apparently assuming they would have the right to continue Mutt and Jeff after my contract expired, hired a man to imitate Mutt and Jeff. However, this was their mistake, as the imitations were never published.

In the meantime Mr. Wheeler had gone on a trip over the country to sell Mutt and Jeff to the newspapers, when I suddenly got a telegram from him from El Paso which read as follows: "General Villa has given me a private car to go any place in Mexico we want. No expenses south of Juarez. Can you come?"

To this I replied: "Arrive El Paso Wednesday at two o'clock."

Gullible's Travels

It seems that Mr. Wheeler had been spending an evening, as I heard later, along the border with several soldiers of fortune, a couple of officers in the American Army and a man who was then General Villa's attorney in El Paso, Mr. Lessing. Mr. Wheeler told me afterward that it was in the Keno Hall in Juarez that he had happened to say to Mr. Lessing he would like to go into Mexico and get General Villa's own story of his life. Villa was the boss of Mexico in those days.

"If you want to go to see General Villa," replied Mr. Lessing, "I will get you passports and transportation."

"I don't want to spend a couple of weeks, or ten days anyway, on one of those Mexican trains by myself, with no one to talk to," said Mr. Wheeler.

It was not until the party had reached the Texas Cabins on the American side in El Paso that Mr. Lessing replied, "If you will get up a party, I will get you a private car to go anywhere into the part of Mexico controlled by Villa that you want to go."

"Certainly I will get up a party!" said Mr. Wheeler, with all the enthusiasm of three o'clock in the morning.

Naturally he did not think of the expedition again, as he told me later, until Mr. Lessing came around to the hotel the following afternoon with orders from the Villista government to furnish a private car to go anywhere in that large region which the redoubtable Pancho Villa controlled—then all the territory north of Mexico City.

I discovered afterward that Mr. Wheeler had sent invitations to Irvin Cobb, Charles E. Van Loan, who then lived in Los Angeles, and several baseball writers parked with the Big League teams training in Texas. From most of the others he received somewhat insulting replies, such as, "Lay off that Mexican hop," "Change your drink." But being always gullible, I accepted, and I am here to say I never regretted it. This was in February, 1915, when Villa was fighting Carranza.

It seems there was the annual convention of cattlemen in El Paso at the time this expedition was organized, and a cattlemen's convention in El Paso in its quietest moments would bring a riot call for the reserves in any city east of the Mississippi. The first thing they do is to hire enough durable-bands to play different tunes continuously night and day. It seems that Mr. Wheeler, as my manager, engaged one of the bands to greet me at the station, and I may add that tune is not important to these musicians. It is the volume and the noise. The town was all decorated with bunting and cowboys and soldiers of fortune and Mexicans, and it looked like a Belasco show.

The racing was going on at the Juarez track and somebody was starting a new revolution every day, so no one spoke above a whisper. If some citizen desired to tell you it was a nice day, he did not say it out loud, but would back you into a corner of a saloon or hotel lobby and whisper it to you.

To supplement the efforts of the band, Mr. Wheeler engaged the amateur services of Mr. Sam Dreben—now dead—one of the greatest soldiers of fortune and machine-gun men of the border and winner of the Distinguished Service Cross and the Médaille Militaire in the Big War, to act as the Mexican consul, since he spoke Spanish fluently, and Mr. Tex O'Reilley, of meandering-foot fame, another soldier of fortune, tall and lean and hiding under a hat as big as a tent, to pose as the mayor of El Paso. With this equipment, supplemented by a little local talent, he paraded to the station to await the arrival of my train.

As I stepped off the Sunset Limited the band was playing full blast and well off key, while the stylish passengers on the way to a fashionable winter in Southern California popped their heads out of the windows to see what all the commotion was.

I was introduced to Mr. Tex O'Reilley, impersonator of the mayor of El Paso, and with an appropriate speech he presented me with the keys to the city; while Sam Dreben, as the Mexican consul, jabbered Spanish in my ear.

To say I was impressed would be silly. I was dumfounded. We moved on into the first of several automobiles, with Tex O'Reilley doing the honors on one side and Sam Dreben driveling Spanish on the other.

Finally I said to my guide, mentor and manager, "Who is this pest?"

"Don't pay any attention to him," he replied. "He is the Villista consul and doesn't understand any English."

A Potato With a Mission

So I proceeded to make some insulting remarks about Mr. Dreben, who was dark in complexion. Because of his years of exposure to the suns of Central America and Mexico, he looked like what he pretended to be.

After I had insulted him fluently he said in good English, "How do you like El Paso, Mr. Fisher?"

The band paraded in front of us to the Sheldon Hotel, then the center of all activities in this picturesque town.

"How do you like the reception I fixed up for you?" asked Mr. Wheeler.

"It's nothing short of wonderful," I replied.

Arriving at the Sheldon, the band, mayor, Mexican consul and several fresh starters adjourned to the bar, where the drinks were on me. A dinner had been arranged for me that night in a long dining room, and I sat at one end of the table and Sam Dreben at the other. I was called upon for a speech, and stood up to make a few remarks, when Mr. Dreben picked up one of those Texas baked potatoes of which the state is so justly proud—enormous in size and well filled with butter and paprika—and aimed it at me. He was almost as good a marksman with a potato as with a machine gun, so I just ducked in time to have it brush my hair and squash on the wall behind me. After that I sat down.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four articles by Mr. Fisher. The next will appear in an early issue.

GENERAL

FRIGIDAIRE *and* THE OPEN MIND

TWELVE years ago General Motors asked: "Is there any service which can be rendered *inside* the home comparable to the service which the automobile renders *outside?*"

Already the Delco-Light division was carrying the comforts of electric light and power to farm homes. Electric refrigeration was in its infancy, and General Motors, acquiring Frigidaire, set its research organizations to work to improve it.

Having accomplished this, the next step was to increase production and reduce costs so that the price could be brought within the reach of every home.

To the solution of this second problem many departments of General Motors contributed. The research laboratories in Detroit worked with the laboratories in Dayton, the home of Frigidaire. The Fisher Body Corporation was consulted in the design of the cabinets. The same engineering principles which have made automobile construction so economical were applied, for the first time, to the production of refrigerators.

Today Frigidaire is the world's largest selling automatic refrigerator. General Motors' resources and experience have made it possible to produce a low-priced model which is $570 cheaper than the lowest priced model of five years ago. All over the nation —and indeed all over the world—food is better preserved and health is safer because this big problem was met with adequate resources and an open mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC

All with Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

• • •

FRIGIDAIRE
The Automatic Refrigerator

• • •

DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants

• • •

Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

• • •

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost G.M.A.C. Time Payment Plan

TUNE IN — General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 8 30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

Spur Tie

All tied for you

50¢ - 75¢ - $1.00

Eleanor Boardman
and
Lawrence Gray
In a scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film production, "Diamond Handcuffs"

for lovers of bow-tie smartness

Spur Tie is all tied for you. That is why it is the *only* bow tie correctly tied, *all the time.* Slip it on—give the wings a little fluff-up—and there you are! Easy smartness for *every* man.

Exclusive silk patterns tuned to summertime gayety. All fashioned cleverly into this leading all-tied bow that keeps men cool and good-looking. Plain blacks or whites, too, for the formal dinner or dance.

All on display at haberdashery counters everywhere. Styles for men. Styles for boys. Each with adjustable neckband to fit any size shirt.

HEWES & POTTER, Inc., 65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Stock: 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Made in Canada by TOOKE BROS., Ltd. Montreal

The Spur Tie worn above is the Gray pattern. The Spur Tie shown actual size is the Boardman pattern.

FREE BOOK!

Everybody wants a copy

Richly printed 48-page rotogravure book, "Off the Lot," filled with photographs and stories of your favorite film stars. Mail post card to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

Insist on seeing this red label. It is tucked in the knot in the back. Patented invisible feature in the real Spur Tie keeps it from rolling, curling or wrinkling.

SPUR GARTERS, SPUR SUSPENDERS, SPUR BELTS—QUALITY HIGH AND SMART AS SPUR TIE

A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 13)

the other Portuguese ship was now abeam of them. The order on both vessels must have been simultaneous. From both leaped another all-obliterating cloud of flame-torn smoke in a thunder-split of noise. . . .

For more than an hour that fierce conflict had continued. The Weltevreden's main and mizzen masts were splintered stumps about which men still hacked furiously at the tangled wreckage; only the foremast and the bowsprit still stood, their sails pierced and shot-torn. The decks were shambles, in which the men still worked furiously at the guns. The first and second *Stuurman* were killed. An experienced old boatswain now attended to Captain Adriaanszoon's orders for the navigation of the ship, and Cornelis Marreveld, smoke-blackened and tattered, grotesquely transformed from his former elegance, carried his commands to the lower gun deck. Desperately had those seminative Portuguese fought their ships in that battle which would be to the death, as was every battle in these seas.

Those ships were now both completely dismasted. The one on the starboard hand was in the worse case, was listing heavily, was down at the bows. Captain Adriaanszoon contemplated her grimly. Behind him the sun was setting in a glory of crimson and gold, its reflection warm on that ship still replying from a few of her ports as the splinters flew where the Weltevreden's shot struck her, as she sagged lower and lower in the rolling blue waves. She was sinking. A fierce joy thrilled in him. Her crew sprang into the sea one after another, swam vainly, black dots upon the water.

He turned to look at the other ship. She had drifted a little ahead of him, was still firing in puffs of smoke from her wreckage-mantled side. The cannon balls screamed in their approach, some to throw up founts of water, some to shake the Weltevreden with the thud of their impact, some to screech overhead. She was plainly overmatched, was struck at every moment by the Weltevreden's well-aimed fire. But she was still seaworthy, would be a valuable prize. He yelled hoarsely to the boatswain at the fore braces, yelled to Cornelis Marreveld, just then appearing on the ladder to the poop:

"Boarders on deck!"

The Weltevreden, neatly handled, had come grinding and smashing alongside her enemy in a wild vociferation, a fierce burst of musketry, a deafening succession of discharges from deck guns crammed to the muzzle with scraps of old iron. Now on the encumbered decks of the Portuguese ship was a frenzy of hacking, stabbing men. Captain Adriaanszoon, his sword reeking, cheered on the swarm of boarders, who with pike and sword were pressing their foes along the waist toward the lofty stern.

Young Marreveld, pistol in one hand, sword in the other, fought by his side, laughed excitedly as he smote and thrust. Captain Adriaanszoon's heart went warm toward him. A gallant lad was this young novice, worthy of a man's friendship! He himself plunged his sword into the breast of a swarthy Portuguese who screamed as he sank bearing the weapon down with him. At the same instant, and before he could release his blade, he saw a man driving at him with a long halberd. Even as his flesh shrank in instinctive apprehension of the entrance of the steel, he saw Marreveld cut fiercely at the man's head, send him reeling backward to crash upon the deck, the halberd flying from him.

He cried out joyously in that relief: "Well done, *Jongeling!* I will not forget the debt!"

The lad flashed a white-teethed smile at him. Both dashed onward, following the Portuguese now retreating to the after-deck houses.

The ship was almost in the hands of the Dutch. Apart from a few desperate hand-to-hand fights still continuing in the waist, real resistance was now reduced to a group of musketeers firing from the high poop. Captain Adriaanszoon smote down a man who barred his way to the ladder leading up to it, leaped up the steps. As he did so something smote him violently in the left shoulder, sent him crashing to the bottom. He lay for a moment half dazed, with a view between trampling, rapidly moving feet.

In that view he perceived something that gave him a shock at the heart—a thin film of smoke rising from one of the hatchways. His mind leaped to the danger. Fire—fire perhaps laid to the magazine! He forced himself half erect despite the numbed uselessness of his left arm, shouted with all his strength in that quick agony of apprehension. Someone near him on the deck took up the cry. Back—back to the Weltevreden!

There was a general wild clamor, a rush to the bulwarks, a scramble to get over to their own ship. He himself went with that panic-frenzied crowding rush, found himself somehow tumbled onto his own deck, vociferated orders men raced to obey. The grappling irons were cast off. The foresails, flapping loose and torn on the foremast, were braced to the wind. Slowly the Weltevreden fell away from her enemy, left a chasm between them, began to move ahead.

It was only just in time. There was a peculiar brief rumbling, and then in a devastating concussion, an all-swallowing roar, a vertical sheet of livid flame, the decks of the Portuguese ship shot upward. For a moment he had a glimpse of red fire through her bursting sides. The vision vanished amid a hiss of steam. Almost that appalling shock had destroyed them also. Not a man was left on his feet. They rolled so that it seemed they must capsize. Blazing fragments rained down on them.

He picked himself up from the deck, his clothes half blown from his body. A pain began in that numbed and useless shoulder. He ignored it in his anxiety to see what had happened to themselves. The foremast had been snapped off short in the blast, but the sprit still stood, its square sail still upon its yard. Already men were rousing themselves, were stamping out the firebrands that smoldered on the deck. Near him another man scrambled dazedly to his feet, blackened almost beyond recognition. But he recognized that smile. It was young Cornelis. He was glad to see him, had feared he might have been left on that Portuguese ship, as several Dutchmen had been left. It had been no time to concern oneself with individuals; the ship alone had mattered. The young man's smile changed to a look of concern, grotesque on his grimed face.

"You are wounded, Dirk!" he exclaimed. "Let me help you to the cabin."

"It is nothing! Go forward and get those men to cutting away the wreckage of the foremast."

The young man obeyed. Captain Adriaanszoon stood, fighting back that increasing pain which came over him in waves, giving yet other orders to the men about him. They must anchor as soon as possible.

Another powder-blackened man hurried up to him. It was the ship's carpenter.

"The ship is making water fast, *Heer Kapitein!*" he cried excitedly. "Already there is four feet above the bilge!"

For a moment he stood in silence. He had feared precisely that. He glanced around him. Barely a mile distant was the shore, where the first few lights of the native town already twinkled in the fast-gathering dusk. The breeze was still blowing from the sea. He had the spritsail, might rig jury sails upon the other stumps. There was yet a chance. He turned to the carpenter.

"Get every pump rigged at once! Bid the men work for their lives!"

He shouted other orders in quick succession—a man to the helm, men to the sail room to get fresh canvas, men forward to the spritsail to secure it, to brace it to the wind. If only he could keep her afloat long enough! He peered anxiously through the dusk, searching for the whitish glint of a safely shelving beach in that unknown harbor. Pray God the natives would be friendly!

Upon the bunk of his débris-littered stateroom opening off the great cabin, Captain Adriaanszoon slept fitfully in a dream of desperate happenings where he was agonizingly impotent to prevent catastrophe. Throughout the endless night he had thus alternated between such nightmares and a semiconsciousness tortured by the flamelike pain of the wound profound within his shoulder. In those intervals of fever-blurred lucidity he had been vaguely aware of Cornelis moving in the dim light of the lantern, bending anxiously over him, giving him water for that unslakable thirst which consumed him. . . . The surgeon was killed, then? . . . Then again he had slipped into those fantastically diverse horrors that were more real than reality.

He jerked out of a phantasmagoria of inhumanly ferocious conflict to find his cabin in bright daylight from the cannon-ball-splintered port. Thank God, he remembered they were safely beached! His eyes roved round to see young Cornelis standing in evident hesitation by the doorway. On the deck above him he could hear Dutch voices shouting pidgin-Malay phrases, could hear from somewhere else Malay voices in reply. What was happening? The young man spoke:

"It is a native canoe alongside. There is one in it who seems to be a chief. I do not well understand their language, but it seems that the rajah of this place sends salaams to the white chief who has slain the Portuguese and invites him to an audience of friendship in his kampong. I have not said that you are wounded. What shall I reply? Shall I go in your place? It would be well not to offend this rajah, methinks, for very few unwounded men have we and the ship is high aground."

All his faculties returned to him in a rush as he listened. This was a not-to-be-missed opportunity to oust the Portuguese from yet another of their markets. The Weltevreden could never sail away again. He must get her guns and stores ashore, build a stockade fort to protect themselves from Portuguese revenge when the news filtered through. It would necessitate convincing this rajah that such a fort would be for his protection also, in the already orthodox manner of extending Dutch influence. But young Cornelis, clever and brave as he was, was yet a newcomer too inexperienced for such a delicate negotiation. He must go himself! He clenched his jaw in the anticipative exercise of his will. He could and would, with perhaps a dram of schnappe to sustain him, get upon his feet again, perform that ceremonial visit.

"Bid the chief send two large praus here in an hour's time," he said. "I will go myself to make salaam to his rajah."

Cornelis began an expostulation: "But, Dirk, your wound ——"

He cut him short decisively: "Do as I bid. You will come with me, and twenty men with muskets as a guard. See that they are dressed in their best, and do you also don your best coat. You shall learn how to treat with these rajahs, *Jongeling.*"

Rather more than an hour later, Captain Adriaanszoon, resplendent in his most magnificent scarlet coat over a new pair of gold-braided baggy breeches, a plumed hat on his head and his left arm in a sling, landed from the prau and marched up the beach at the head of his twenty musketeers. Cornelis Marreveld marched by his side. They made a brave show, plainly much admired

(Continued on Page 87)

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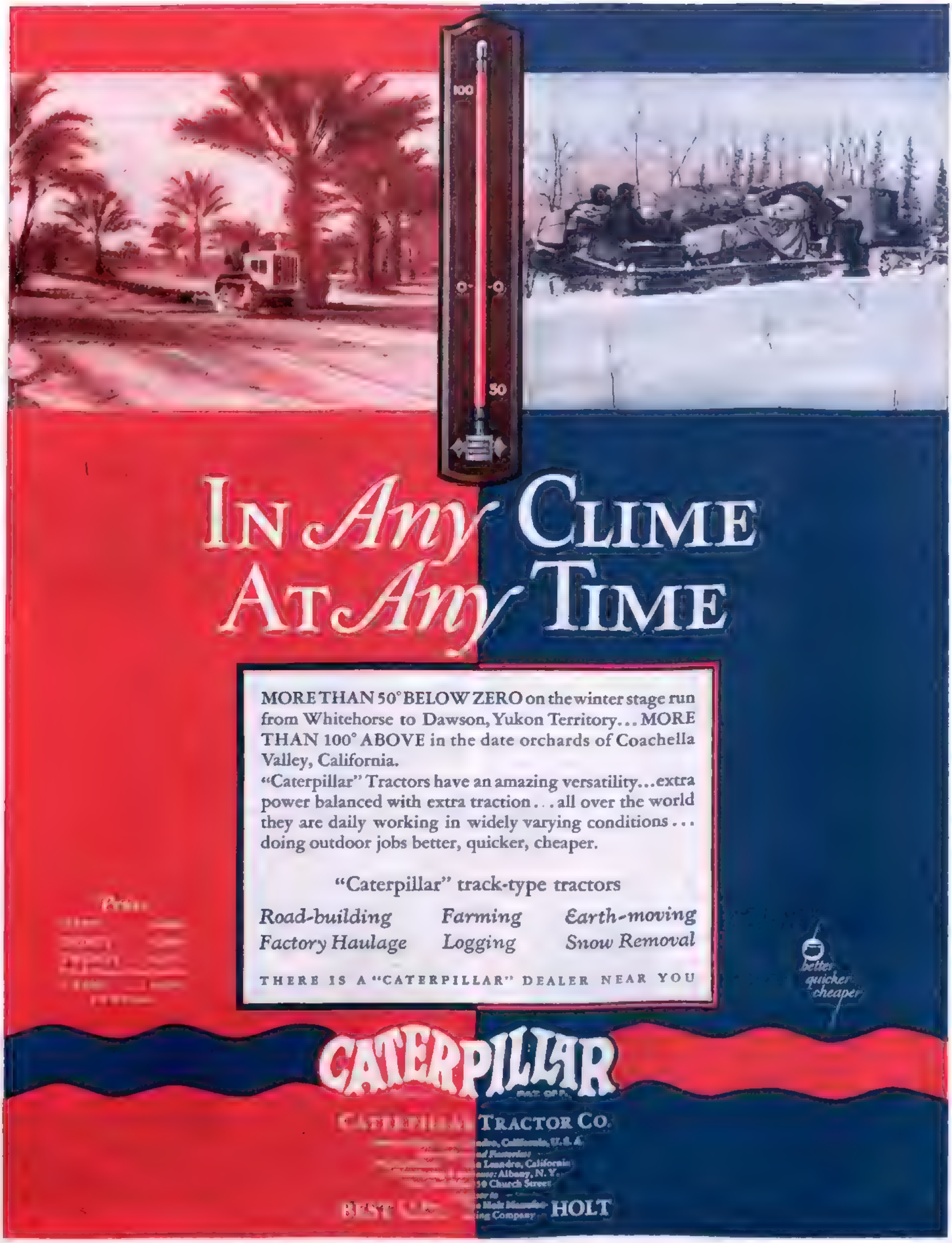

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HOLT

(Continued from Page 85)

by the quiet-voiced Malay chieftain, who respectfully called him tuan—lord. Behind them, as he had commanded, the stranded Weltevreden fired a salute of seven guns. It was just as well to show this rajah that they still had plenty of powder and shot.

Under an already fierce sun, which intensified the pain in his shoulder, they marched into the stockaded town of bamboo-built houses, where naked children stared at them thumb in mouth and dusky women peeped out of doorways for shy glances at these heroes. They came to the inner stockade of the rajah's kampong, entered it to a din of drums and horns, a collective shout from a mass of warriors who lifted their spears.

Across the court, under a huge red umbrella, sat a puffy-faced, middle-aged man, lavishly adorned with gold upon his silken garments. It was the rajah. His subordinate chieftains, in rich sarongs and splendidly embroidered little jackets, stood around him, their hands upon their weapons. At his feet reclined some of his favorite slave girls, and two others—their torsos nude above the batiked sarongs wrapped petticoatlike about their waists—fanned him slowly with long-handled palm-leaf fans.

"*Zeer aardig, de meisjes!*" whispered young Cornelis appreciatively. His tone changed suddenly to an intense sincerity of admiration. "*Kijk!* The one there at the rajah's feet! Is she not beautiful? *Wonderschoon!*"

Captain Adriaanszoon glanced at the girl he indicated. She was, indeed, an incarnation of flower-crowned dusky young loveliness, with lustrous large eyes that sought his own and then were shyly dropped. Not a time was this to concern himself with women. He turned away his gaze, cried a halt to his troop, performed a dignified salaam before the rajah. The rajah acknowledged it with equal dignity.

The murmur of the crowd was hushed. The audience began. A wizened crafty-looking old counselor stood up, invited the strangers to inform this mighty rajah—whose shadow may Allah ever maintain in its awesome plenitude over subject lands—who they were and whence they came.

Standing in the glare, enforcing himself to endurance of the agony which seemed to burn from his shoulder into his vitals, enforcing himself to ignore the apparent instability of an earth which seemed to rise and fall under his feet, enforcing himself to perceive clearly those dark faces which sometimes seemed to go small and far away from him and sometimes seemed to float close, Captain Adriaanszoon replied in the pidgin Malay which was the lingua franca of all those seas.

He spoke with a quietly haughty dignity that made an obvious good impression, stated—mendaciously but effectively—that he came from a nation whose prince ruled over all other peoples in their distant north; that this glorious Prince Maurits had formed a great company of his wisest counselors, his bravest soldiers and his boldest navigators to send ships to the ends of the earth that everywhere they might exterminate the Portuguese, who were the enemies of mankind.

He paused, amid a murmur of approbation, while the wizen-faced counselor exchanged a whispered word or two with the impassive rajah, who had nevertheless perfectly understood. It was true, said the old man as he turned again to them, that this great company existed—they had heard talk of it; also was it true that the Portuguese—may Shaitan take them back to himself!—were the enemies of mankind. Even here, in the shadow of this omnipotent rajah, they had committed many iniquities, had slain men with the fireworks from their praus and had insisted on buying all the pepper at a price that made honest men weep; the white tuan had performed a meritorious action in exterminating them, and his master, the rajah, would show him favor for it; let the white tuan speak again.

All through this circumlocutory harangue, Captain Adriaanszoon had involuntarily found himself aware of the fixedly looking eyes of that beautiful slave girl recumbent at the rajah's feet. He must not concern himself with her—must listen! If only that pain were not suddenly so maddening, if only the earth would not rise and fall in this shimmering heat that was furnacelike!

He answered, and despite the effort of his will for full command of himself—he must not faint in the spasms of that agony it seemed like another man speaking. Certain was it, he said, that the Portuguese would soon return again, as always they did, to wreak vengeance upon this city for the destruction of their praus. Therefore the great company had commissioned him to come to the aid of important rajahs in such danger. He besought the permission of this wise and most powerful ruler to consider himself his ally, to build on the shore a stockade armed with the great guns from his ship that when the Portuguese came again they might again be destroyed. For sole reward, the company asked merely that they might be allowed to purchase pepper and spices at rates to be agreed upon by all as fair. . . . Beautiful indeed was that face with the great dark eyes—he must not look at it.

The monkeylike old counselor conferred with his master, spoke the royal will. Not necessary was it, he said negligently, for infidel strangers to protect this most powerful of all rajahs, yet since the favored of Allah had conceived a personal liking for this brave white tuan whose prau could no longer float, he would permit him to build a temporary stockade for his own protection. As to trade in pepper and spices, that was another matter. Now that the Portuguese were gone, the Arabs would come again, as they had done in old times and yet did by stealth. High prices would they pay, being just men of the only true religion, and moreover rich presents would they make to this beneficent lord of many warriors for the right to purchase these especially fine spices that all men coveted.

How those lustrous eyes held his—held them in a world where they and his physical agony were the only realities—held them, fixed and steady, in a swimming blur of featureless faces against a background of palm trees that seemed in circular movement about him!

His will succeeded in finding a plausible answer, in summoning a voice to utter it. The rajah was misinformed in believing that their prau could no longer float. If he did not desire their presence they would sail away—the strange expression in that slave girl's eyes!—and leave him to destroy the Portuguese by his own strength. As for rich presents, they asked no privileges other than that of doing a trade which would make this island the envy of all others for its wealth. . . . He could not endure much longer! It seemed that his last strength was being burned out of him in that fierce glare of the sun, tortured out of him by his agony. If only everything would not whirl so swiftly around him!

The old counselor spoke again; he hardly knew what he was saying, save that it was some flowery circumlocution about the bribes without which no trade was ever possible in these barbarous kingdoms ruled by greedy tyrants. He could hear an odd voice—it came from himself—remarking indifferently that, though the great company recognized no such obligations, it was nevertheless generous —— That voice caught in his throat. The glare of the sunshine became almost a darkness. He vaguely saw the earth rushing up to him in a dizzy revolution of the world; he half saw that slave girl spring to her feet amid a loud cry in many voices. . . .

He opened his eyes. A bright sunshine came in luminous bars through the apertures of a bamboo wall. There was a palm-thatch roof over his head, various objects suspended from it. A movement of warm air came against his face. Someone was fanning him. He half turned, at the cost of a surprisingly difficult muscular effort, saw close to him a girl's face, elusively familiar and yet not to be identified. Who was she? Very beautiful she was, with features of fine regularity under her sleek black hair, with long-lashed eyes, large and lustrously dark. She smiled at him—a smile of eyes and lips that was singularly fascinating—murmured something in a Malayan dialect that his weak wits could not comprehend. He caught only that she called him tuan, that her voice was caressingly fond, pleasantly toned. What was she doing here? Where was he? What had happened? It all came back to him in a rush—the sea fight, the beaching of the Weltevreden, the agony of his wound during the audience with the rajah. When was that? Yesterday? How long had he been lying here? It could not be more than a day and a night. He passed his hand feebly over his face. To his astonishment he felt a beard upon his cheeks!

He must get up at once! What had happened to the ship's company—to Cornelis? He made the movement brusquely—fell back, in an unexpected, never-experienced impotence, to the couch. The girl's bare perfumed arms were about him, helped him to resume that position on his back which was alone comfortable. A sense of overwhelming disaster swept over him. He could have wept in that abject feebleness. The girl caressed him, murmured words evidently intended to be of comfort. They left his misery untouched in their alien remoteness from all that mattered to him. He was suddenly faint with thirst. The girl seemed instinctively to divine his need. She rose, revealing her lithe young body nude to the sarong about her waist, fetched a bowl she held to his lips. The drink was strangely refreshing. He felt a little stir of gratitude toward her. Good and kind was she. There was an extraordinary charm in the smile she gave him.

He summoned up strength to begin a conversation with her. What was her name, he asked, in pidgin Malay he had to make an effort to remember. Her eyes lit up. She understood, touched herself, spoke what was evidently a long name he could not catch, spoke rapidly much that was all incomprehensible to him. He could not bother himself now with that native appellation, would call her by something easy and familiar—Kaatje, for example. The incongruity was whimsically attractive to his robust contempt for any native usage. He pointed to her, said distinctly, "You—Kaatje!"

She stared at him, puzzled, for a moment. Then again her face lit up. She understood, smiled, touched herself once more, spoke in slow Malay he could comprehend.

"I, Kaatje"—piquant was her pronunciation of that homely Dutch name—"Kaatje thy slave girl, tuan."

It was he who stared now, in astonishment. His slave girl? Why? How? He had never bought her. He wanted no slave girl. That puzzle was still unresolved in him when he heard a footstep in the room. He looked toward the sound. It was Cornelis Marreveld. The lad smiled at him.

"*Hoe vaart gij*, Dirk?" he asked, with brisk cheerfulness. "Old Abu Hassan said you would be better today." Who the devil was Abu Hassan? "Glad I am to find you out of your fever. Soon now will you be yourself again."

The sight of his comrade was itself a restorative. He began to speak eagerly, to ask a hundred questions. How long had he been sick? What had happened? Cornelis answered him soothingly, told him all there was to tell. Three weeks had he been lying there, at first very near to death. Old Abu Hassan, the rajah's Arab physician, had ministered to him, had saved an arm it had at first seemed must be amputated. As for the ship's company, they were now within the stockade they had built. It was armed with the Weltevreden's guns, and all the cargo had been salved and brought within its protection. They had done good trade as well. Now the carpenter was repairing the longboat that some might sail to Amboyna with news of their plight. Everything was satisfactory. All Dirk had to do was to get well. There was genuine affection in the young fellow's tone.

"And this girl—who is she?" asked the sick man. "Has she been here all the time?" He glanced round to her from his couch. She had withdrawn herself a little way. There was an odd expression in her face. The beauty had gone out of it. She fingered something in a fold of her sarong.

The young man seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then spoke glibly enough.

"Yes. Do you not recognize her? She was one of the rajah's slave girls sitting at his feet during your audience. When you fell, she sprang up and rushed to lift you. The rajah ordered her to be decapitated then and there, for no other man may his women touch. I interceded for her. So the rajah scornfully bade her be given to you, since she was henceforth spoiled for him. You were carried into this hut—old Abu Hassan, whom the rajah charged to cure his ally, the brave white tuan, forbade your being taken back to the ship—and she has tended you ever since." He forbore to look in her direction. "You are a lucky man, Dirk."

Captain Adriaanszoon ignored the compliment. The girl had not the slightest importance to him. He wanted to know many other things of real consequence. Cornelis satisfied him, in the details that he demanded, and then at last said that he must take his leave, for many pressing affairs awaited him. Dirk might be assured—old Abu Hassan was confident of it—that in a few days' time he would be well enough to be brought to the stockade. He smiled, in a flash of the teeth in his good-looking young face, gripped his friend's hand, departed.

The slave girl stood looking after him, that peculiar expression still on her face. Then she ran across to the sick man's couch, threw herself down by it, stretched out her arms to him.

"Tuan," she cried, with a passionate eagerness that seemed to choke in her throat, "promise me that never wilt thou part with me, thy slave! Promise me that thou wilt not sell me to another man! Promise that ever thou wilt take me whither thou goest, though it be to the lands beyond the sea!"

He caught the drift of her words, could not exert his mind to develop the little puzzle they vaguely awoke in him. It was immaterial what she meant—if, indeed, she meant anything. With a feeble hand he stroked her sleek black hair.

"Kaatje! Good little Kaatje!" he said tolerantly, kindly.

She was transformed, her face suddenly radiant.

"Tuan!" she said. "Tuan! Ever am I thine. Thine was I from that first moment my eyes rested on thee, and when thou didst fall as one dead my life went with thee!" Again her expression changed. She drew out something from the fold of her sarong—it was a long thin kris with a bright wavy blade. "This have I stolen, tuan—it is for the heart of man or woman who would part me from thee!"

It was more than a month since he had been moved into the stockade. He could now walk about again, superintend the strengthening of the earthen ramparts lest the Portuguese suddenly appear, enforce order in that camp where the Dutch sailors swilled overcheap palm wine and reveled overmuch with native girls. Confined to one spot under a fiercely blazing sun, men were dying all too freely. Reduced yet further by those gone with the boatswain in the longboat to Amboyna, there remained barely enough to serve all the cannon looking out through their embrasures, the most pointing seaward, but a prudent sufficiency threatening the native town, golden yellow in its setting of luxuriant green jungle. They had done good trade meanwhile; immense was the pile of pepper bags waiting for the opportunity of removal. But every

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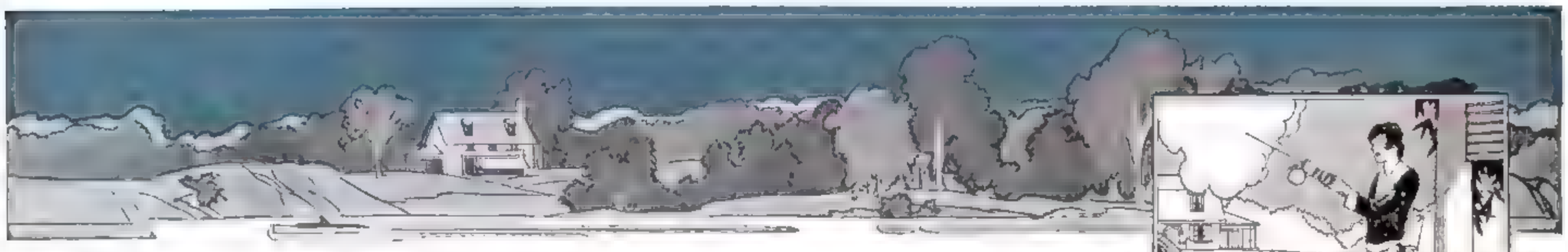

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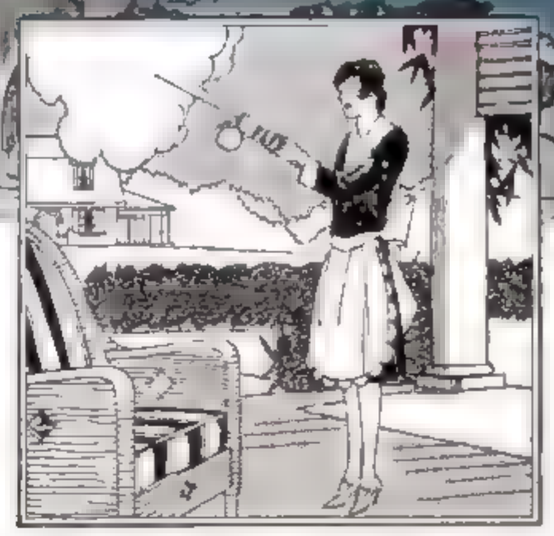

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(Continued from Page 87)

day that diminishing remnant gazed yet more anxiously over the ramparts for sight of the Dutch ship that should be coming to their relief. Every night the punctually abrupt equatorial sunset brought swift darkness upon a renewed and cumulative disappointment.

Serious with another anxiety also were both Captain Adriaanszoon and Cornelis Marreveld, as they stood in curt talk by the gateway where normally the natives came in swarms to trade their pepper and spices. This morning the place was ominously empty. Already they had had disturbing hints of trouble brewing in the native city. In the continued nonappearance of the dreaded Portuguese the rajah had forgotten his first scare. Arab traders, they had heard, were whispering in his ear that these infidels were few and daily fewer and it would be a deed pleasant to Allah to make a clean sweep of them as the prophet at all times commanded to the faithful. Much loot would there be, and for much money could be sold the store of spices thus easily to be reacquired. So it had been reported to them. Moreover, there had been a rumor they could not verify that a Portuguese half-caste had secretly arrived, was concealed in the kampong of the rajah's old counselor. That was even more disturbing.

The two men spoke in brief words that had no cordiality. There was a hardness in their eyes when their glances met. It was perhaps the wearing strain of their precarious position, perhaps this pitiless heat that melted a man's strength out of him, leaving him limp in a perpetual exasperation of his nerves; but for weeks past their former affectionate comradeship had been replaced by this brusque aloofness that was almost open hostility.

Captain Adriaanszoon could hardly have identified its origin. Certainly it was Cornelis who had first provoked it. The young man had been strange toward him ever since he himself had been brought into the stockade. He had sat moodily taciturn, had spoken with a harsh brevity that was insulting. Captain Adriaanszoon—his own temper was not too good in the weakness of his convalescence—had resented it, had answered in a similar tone. After the first week they had lived apart. Now the young man looked gaunt and haggard, his eyes piteously wretched. Too many native girls, thought Captain Adriaanszoon as he glanced at him in that curt conversation. Cornelis had become a jest among the men for the number of dusky flower-decked beauties he had successively distinguished with his notice, had then brutally driven from him.

They had said all there was to say. Captain Adriaanszoon summed it up, in coldly terse finality:

"We can but keep good guard. Let no man stray from the stockade. If the natives attack, it will be in a sudden rush from the jungle. Thank God, we have powder and shot more than enough."

Cornelis looked at him with strange eyes. "I would that they attacked quickly and finished the business," he exclaimed, with a bitter vehemence, "before we all go mad in this oven!"

Captain Adriaanszoon refrained from answer. The young man was overwrought, fevered with this heat that was indeed ovenlike. It might provoke yet worse if he took notice of that morbid petulance. He turned abruptly on his heel, made his way to his palm-thatched hut in the center of the stockade.

He passed from that blinding glare into the comparative gloom and coolness of the bamboo-walled interior. Kaatje crouched, playing with a baby monkey, on a heap of cushions. Barbarically beautiful she was, as she leaped up to greet him with that instant fascinating happy smile of hers, a red hibiscus flower in her sleek black hair, a little silk jacket loose over her sarong. He had become almost genuinely fond of her in these past weeks. In all his rough seafaring life he had known no equivalent experience. Hers was an unashamedly demonstrative love that interwove a primitive ardency of passion with a thousand pretty subtleties, a thousand delicate attentions which divined his every want. No common slave girl was she. In the pidgin Malay now easy between them, she had told him that she was the daughter of a great chief, seized when a child at the time her father had been defeated and slain amid a blazing village. One day, she had said, she would herself slay his slayer; she had vowed it by some heathen goddess he had never heard of, a primitive divinity far older than this Islam, which was but a veneer upon these island peoples. She came eagerly toward him now, slipped her arms caressingly about his neck. He disengaged them from him.

"No, no, Kaatje!" He smiled at her tolerantly. "I have writings to do."

He went to a chest in the corner, took therefrom his great parchment-bound log book, his quill pen and inkhorn, carried them to the table salved from the cabin of the Weltevreden. He drew up a chair similarly brought from the ship—the hut contained another one on which Cornelis Marreveld had been wont to sit before this rift between them—commenced to write the occurrences of the morning precisely as if at sea.

Kaatje slid down to the floor so that she rested her head against his knee.

"I will be quiet, tuan!" she whispered. "Quiet as the midday stillness of the forest, so that I be near thee!"

He looked up in a sudden darkening of the doorway. It was Cornelis.

"May I come in?" The voice was oddly forced. "I want to speak to you."

What was the matter? Curtly he bade him enter, seat himself. The young man did so, hesitated for a moment before he spoke. Then his words came in a jerky little rush, as though caught intermittently in his throat:

"Dirk"—it was weeks since he had used that familiar name—"I cannot go on any longer. I must speak with you—tell you—ask you ——" He checked awkwardly.

"Ask me what?" Dirk puzzled at him, at the evident distress racking this gaunt, haggard-eyed young man.

"This! Ever since—when we had audience with the rajah—I first saw Kaatje I have wanted her. I wanted her then. It was—I know not what to call it—a sudden madness—more than that—something which seized me—which seized my very life. When you fell and the rajah ordered her to be slain because she threw herself upon your body, I pleaded for her—stood over her with drawn sword and defied them to slay me first. I offered to buy her. It was the old vizier who whispered the rajah to give her to you—the cunning old villain. He thought it might make division between us, weaken our power in this land where we had come with guns they could not resist. So, craftily, he intended. I have thought it out night after night, when I could not sleep. Almost has he been right. There have been times when I have all but slain you, when I have been mad with the thought of you possessing her, careless whether she loved you or not, blind to her loveliness. Dirk, the desire for her is like a fire in me—a fire I cannot quench! I have tried—all ways. I have tried to forget her with the other native girls, and I could not! I must have her or I shall die! Dirk, she means nothing to you. I have watched you with her—sell her to me! Whatever price you name, I will pay."

He ceased that impetuous rush of words. His breath came in gasps. His hands twisted themselves tightly together. Captain Adriaanszoon contemplated him pityingly. Was it possible a white man, a sober Hollander, could be so bewitched by a mere native girl? This infernal climate played strange tricks. He glanced round for a look at her. At the mention of her name she had quietly risen from his side, stood now at a little distance, watching them with puzzled anxious eyes.

Cornelis was right. She meant nothing to him, was a mere plaything. Often, indeed, she had wearied him with the persistence of her caresses. Yet for a moment he hesitated, an involuntary compunction stirring in him. He knew she loved him with all her primitive little soul. Bah! A native girl—one white man or another—all would be alike to her. In a day or two she would love Cornelis every whit as much. He looked again at the young man, sitting in desperate shamefaced misery for his answer. Their old happy comradeship came up vividly before him. It was unthinkable to break it for so trivial a cause. Glad he was that he could set things right again. He stood up, turned toward the girl.

"Kaatje," he said distinctly, in his best Malay, "the tuan Cornelis asks me for thee. I do not sell thee—I give thee freely to him."

The beauty went out of her face. She gasped, smitten speechless in an incredulous horror, stared at him with wild eyes.

Cornelis had leaped to his feet in astonishment.

"Dirk!" he cried. "Dirk! You cannot mean it!"

He nodded over a little twinge of regret at his own generosity.

"I do mean it. Take her. She is yours."

She seemed to divine the sense of those Dutch words. With a piercing cry she ran at him, fell on the ground before him, clasping his knees.

"No, no, no, tuan!" She was sobbing hysterically. "No! Drive me not from thee, tuan! I shall die! I love thee, tuan! Have I not shown I love thee? And the tuan Cornelis I hate—always have I hated him, even when I tended thee when thou wert sick and he came and would speak loving words to me. Tuan, tuan"—her cry was poignant—"send me not from thee! What may I do that thou wilt not send me from thee? Tuan! Tuan!"

He forced her clinging hands from his knees. "Kaatje," he said sternly, "it is an order! Go with the tuan Cornelis, to whom I have given thee!"

She sprang up with a wild inarticulate cry, her face that of a fury. She fingered in the girdle of her sarong. Then, a flash of steel in her hand, she leaped at Cornelis.

Adriaanszoon was too quick for her. His hand shot out, gripped her wrist, twisted it so that she sank to the floor, the kris falling from her nerveless grasp.

"Tiger cat!" he said angrily. "The tuan Cornelis should have you well whipped for this!" He stooped to pick up the weapon, turned to Marreveld. "Do you still want her?" he asked, a touch of scorn in his voice.

The young man stood quivering and very white. "Yes. God help me, I cannot but want her!"

There was a violent detonation, an outburst of weird multitudinous yells, of alarmed shouts. Several other detonations followed in quick succession. The attack!

They rushed out into the camp drifted over with cannon smoke, filled suddenly with Dutchmen snatching up their arms and racing to the defense of the stockade. A pandemonium of savage cries came from the side nearest the jungle. A flight of arrows whirred over to them. The cannon fired again and again, more and more rapidly as gun crew after gun crew arrived at their pieces. There was a popping of musketry that became a vehement fusillade. Captain Adriaanszoon roared stentorian orders, sent Cornelis to watch the other front, to fire in retaliation upon the town. These treacherous natives—he hated them all. That girl was typical.

As he himself reached the threatened point he heard a dull report from seaward, followed a moment later by a howling in the air. He jerked round from the firing platform of the rampart, saw a hut spring into flying fragments. Rounding the nearer point of the bay from the eastward came three Portuguese ships, their colors flying above their sails. Their forward-slanting hulls were wrapped suddenly in white smoke. There was a heavy rolling detonation as of thunder, a howling and screaming of cannon balls approaching through the air. They thudded into soft earth, smashed

(Continued on Page 93

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(Continued from Page 90)

into the wood of the palisades, here and there hurled men to the ground. Above the suddenly intensified din as a rush of spearmen broke from the jungle, he made his voice heard, sent gunners racing to the seaward pieces. Cornelis came hurrying toward him. He left him to command against the Malays, ran himself to direct the fire of the guns replying to the ships.

With still a fearful noise of conflict behind him, he went from embrasure to embrasure, himself pointed the pieces, saw to it that they were quoined to the correct elevation for the range he estimated. One after another, with a leap of their wooden carriages, they fired in a tongue of dull flame, a spout of thick white smoke. Again came that rolling thunder from the sea, that howl as of furies in the air. . . .

The sun was nearly down to the horizon. Within the stockade, still hung over with a mist of lingering smoke, was a peculiar quiet after that fierce noise which had been incessant hour after hour. From the jungle came moans and piteous cries. Far out at sea resounded a series of dull detonations. Diminutive upon the blue water, their sails orange in the sunset, could be seen the four Dutch ships chasing the one Portuguese which had managed to escape. Very opportunely had they arrived, when only a few guns in the shot-plowed stockade still remained in action. The end to the menace from the sea had enabled them to beat off that great desperate attack from the jungle which had been the last.

Captain Adriaanszoon formed up the men who were left that he might number his casualties. Few there were who stood in that rank of tattered, smoke-blackened, variously bandaged ruffians, still being joined by others who limped painfully and slowly in answer to the trumpet call. He surveyed them grimly, had a shock of alarm. Where was Cornelis?

At that moment he saw him approaching from the farther side of the inclosure. To his astonishment, Kaatje was with him, walking, it seemed, amicably, smiling as she came. Cornelis smiled also, grotesquely, with his grimed face.

"A tiger cat, indeed, is she!" he called out appreciatively, indicating Kaatje. "I found her fighting at my side, and well she sped the arrows from a bow she snatched. Moreover, she saved my life from a Malay who was nigh to stabbing me while I fought with another. Now are we delayed since she must needs climb over the stockade to finish off a Malay chief lying wounded outside." He laughed, still in the excitement of battle.

It was the old Cornelis again. Captain Adriaanszoon felt his heart go warm toward him. Glad was he that he had made that small sacrifice to their friendship. He turned to Kaatje, her sarong torn and stained with blood, somewhat disheveled in her young loveliness that was no longer his.

"So thou didst save the life of the tuan Cornelis, Kaatje?" he said in Malay. "Thou hast done well—very well." He smiled at her. "A whipping is spared thee."

She smiled back at him. "I saved the life of the tuan Cornelis for thee, tuan," she said quietly; "lest losing him who commanded there, thou hadst been overwhelmed in thy battle with the praus. Another thing also have I done: I have slain, as my vow was, the chief who slew my father. Now hast thou the victory and all is accomplished save that I have yet a vow." She turned to Cornelis. The next moment he reeled backward with her kris in his breast, crashed to the ground while he clutched at the weapon with both hands. She swung round again, her face triumphant. "Thus did I swear, tuan! Thus did I swear to do to man or woman who would part us! And now, tuan"—she sank to her knees, with her arms flung wide apart before him—"now, tuan, slay me with thine own hands, as thou didst slay our love!"

He stared at her in horror.

It was a year later. Rolling and pitching before a cold gray southwest gale, reefed to a minimum of canvas, the East Indiaman Prinz Maurits had all but completed her homeward voyage. Captain Adriaanszoon stood on the wet half deck with his oilskins flapping about him, peered through the mist to pick up the first sea marks of the channel between Texel and the Helder into the Zuyder Zee. A bluff-bowed pilot boat thrashed out under showers of spray to meet him, would soon relieve him of that responsibility. Delightfully familiar was it to him, was all that drear stormy scene after his long exile in the sun-drenched tropics. Now would he soon be home, among comfortable folk who were all of his own race. He hungered for that normality.

Fortunate had he been in getting command of this ship whose captain had died at Amboyna, fortunate in every way. Much money had he made, particularly on the cargo salved from the Weltevreden, on the immense lading accumulated in the stockade; there were pickings and percentages and an elastic allowance for private trade. Now perhaps would he find some nice fresh-cheeked fair-haired *vrouw* with gulden to add to his own. Somewhere just outside a seaport he would take one of those fine poplar-surrounded country houses he had envied when he was a boy; a haven for a placid domestic felicity. It was the only life for a man—at least for a man who was weary of world wandering. Never would he get tired of it.

He pitied the Dutchmen who settled down in the Indies in uneasy union with some native girl, in eternal fear of her drugs and witchcraft. There was Cornelis, for example, whose parents he must visit—was that a spell that had been laid on him? His mind slipped to the thought of Kaatje. She had loved him—in her native way. It seemed a long time since he had seen her lying dead at his feet in that smoke-hung powder-smelling stockade—slain by her own hand when he had refused to slay her, had called to a musketeer to take her under arrest. A long time ago—a long time even since he had thought of her—as in a last gasping voice she had begged him to think ——

He was snatched from that irrelevant memory by the suddenly perceived proximity of the pilot boat. He roared an order to the two helmsmen at the kicking whipstaff, to the sail trimmers at the braces. The ponderous yards came round as the ship wallowed, was temporarily submerged by a raging white sea upon her deck, rose again with streaming scuppers. The pilot boat was vertiginously lifting and falling almost alongside. A man in her caught a rope flung from the ship. Sideways on a wave, a bell buoy tolled dolorously. To the devil with that thought of Kaatje! To the devil with the tropic East! He was home!

PEACE-BUILDING

(Continued from Page 5)

controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

The world shall choose.

Now the public colloquy begins. It refers entirely to the American formula—necessarily, since there is nothing new in the French formula. That is one any government might sign without taking thought, merely as a weary gesture to the sentiment for peace.

Editors, publicists, international jurists, peace-builders, members of parliament and ministers of government—all begin to talk at once, and the press of the world is full of their sayings. It is evident that Europe is divided by a fundamental line—reason on one side, feeling on the other. There is a high emotional impulse toward the American proposal; yet to the reason an unqualified renunciation of war presents enormous difficulties.

France is the Old World's tooth of logic. Now she leads the case of reason, stating publicly and with force all the misgivings hitherto set out in the Kellogg-Briand correspondence.

How will an unconditional renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy affect that system of alliances and guaranties represented in the famous Locarno Treaties, which are, in effect, undertakings to make war in certain circumstances?

How will it affect a nation's obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations, which stipulates for sanctions of force?

How will it affect certain guaranties of neutrality? Will such a treaty be subject to the League of Nations Covenant or supersede it?

How can a member of the League of Nations take measures of war against a violator of the Covenant, under sanction of the League of Nations, without by that act breaking this new treaty, which renounces war unconditionally? And so on and on.

Everyone wishes to be rid of war; everyone wishes it could be got rid of by an act of renunciation in these simple, absolute terms. But reason stands barring the way. Reason says you cannot abolish the aggressor with a beautiful text. More and more, it appears to be France that cannot overcome the obstacle of reason.

Prof. S. de Madariaga, formerly director of the Disarmament Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, now of Oxford University, contributes a penetrating analysis.

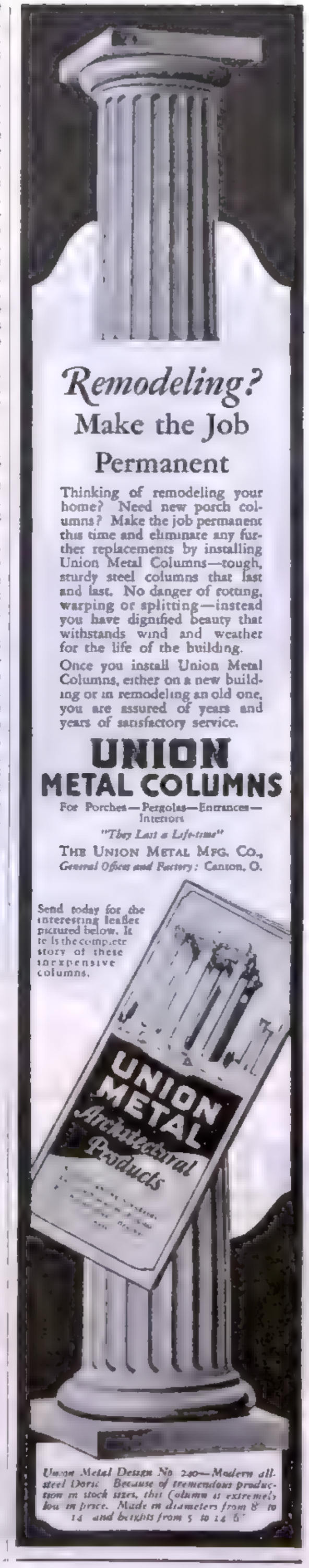
"Europe," he says, "is complex and complicated. America is simple—even *simpliste*. Europe looks before and after, and wants to take in all space in every one of its steps and all time in every one of its minutes. America believes in one idea at a time—and a simple idea, at that. France is, even for Europe, a specialist in foresight. Foresight is perhaps her main quality and therefore often acts as her main defect."

He suggests that the American formula be accepted without reservations, and that afterward there shall be an investigation of its meaning and implications.

At this point Americans begin to say it is not in Europe there is any will for peace. Europe is the laboratory of war. What she calls peace is a truce, resting upon alliances and sanctions—a dangerous equilibrium of force. Such comment not only is unhelpful; it leads to recriminations. For then a European critic says the Nicaraguan affair has not brought on a general American war, as a similar affair in the Balkans might have brought on a general European war, simply because in the American scheme there is no nation tall enough to stand up to the United States.

Recriminations will be fatal; they are discouraged both here and abroad. The fair truth is that not only the peace-builders of Europe but the statesmen of Europe, for many reasons of their own, are tremendously interested in the American proposal—none more so than the English. The House of Lords unanimously adopts a resolution calling on the British Government to give it prompt and favorable consideration. The American challenge is one no great civilized power can afford to let lie; nevertheless, the conflict between emotion and reason runs very deep, and it is likely that reason will win, for a government, after all, must deal with realities.

That was the way it seemed to be going when Mr. Kellogg joined the international colloquy and conceded the necessity for mental reservations and things to be understood outside the simple writing. In a speech before the American Society of International Law he took up one by one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all the objections that had been raised by the French in the name of Old World realities.

First, as to the right of self-defense—that is to say, the right to make defensive war—this, he said, was inherent in the sovereignty of every state, implicit in every treaty; the reason for not making it explicit, or writing it in, was that in the interest of peace a treaty should not stipulate a juristic conception of self-defense, "since it is far too easy for the unscrupulous to mold events to accord with an agreed definition." The objection, simply, that defense cannot be defined, any more than aggression can be defined. One is the obverse of the other.

Mr. Kellogg may have had in mind the fact that a committee of the League of Nations, having searched all criteria for determining what aggression was, reported as follows: "Certain acts would in many cases constitute acts of aggression—for instance: (1) The invasion of the territory of one state by the troops of another state; (2) an attack on a considerable scale launched by one state on the frontiers of another state; and (3) a surprise attack by aircraft carried out by one state over the territory of another state with the aid of poisonous gases."

The Responses From Europe

Such acts, not always but in many cases, would be deemed aggressive! Obviously, as Mr. Kellogg thinks, if that is the best the League of Nations can do with a definition of "aggression," it would be hopeless to try a definition of "defense."

Secondly, he went on to say, he could see no conflict between the Covenant of the League of Nations and an unqualified renunciation of war, because, although the Covenant, it was true, could be construed as authorizing war in certain circumstances, the obligation was not absolute; as to whether it should actually take part in war under the Covenant, each nation was left free to decide for itself. There he stopped, just short of the logical deduction—namely, that a nation could decide for itself whether to keep the treaty of renunciation or take war measures under sanction of the League of Nations.

Thirdly, as to the Locarno Treaties, even though the parties thereto were positively committed to make war in certain circumstances, still, this obligation could not possibly arise until someone else had started war, in which case, of course, the treaty of renunciation was broken, along with the peace.

Lastly, there was a thing that happened automatically. In the event that one party to the multilateral treaty of unqualified renunciation should break it by resorting to war, then immediately all the other parties thereto regained full liberty of action under the sanctions of the League of Nations or under the Locarno alliances or any other treaties. Wherefore all the discussion as to whether the American treaty was inferior to the Covenant or superseded it was academic only.

With all these matters permitted to be understood outside the simple writing, the European view of Mr. Kellogg's multilateral treaty unqualifiedly renouncing war immediately cleared. The governments began to respond in a formal manner.

Germany was first. The German Government sent a note to the State Department to say it was prepared to sign at once. Then the American ambassador to Berlin, Doctor Schurman, made a speech at Heidelberg in which he warmly felicitated Germany upon putting herself so promptly at the head of a great and noble venture in behalf of civilization.

At this, French sensibilities were scandalized. Germany showing France—showing the world—the way to peace! It threatened to become an incident. However, sour as it was, France could see she had only herself to blame. Her passion for logic had defeated her political wisdom. And now the news was that the British were likely to come second.

But Mr. Mussolini was second and very terse about it. The Italian Government answered in four short paragraphs. The first was to acknowledge the document received. The second was to assure the world that Italy loved peace. The third was to remind the American Government that the legal experts of the European powers at their next meeting were going to examine this multilateral treaty. The fourth was to say that "in accordance with this order of ideas" it was the desire of the Royal Italian Government that "participation of the United States in the preliminary meeting mentioned above be not lacking."

The British Government was third. In a long, clear note to the State Department, it accepted the whole principle of the American formula; it agreed with Mr. Kellogg that an unqualified renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy was inconsistent with neither the ideas of the League of Nations nor the obligations assumed under the Locarno Treaties; it quite agreed with him that the right of self-defense might be understood outside the writing, and perhaps was better so. But there was one reservation as to which the British Government felt obliged to be very specific. There were certain regions in the world of vital importance to the peace and safety of the British Empire, and as to these it must be understood that nothing whatever, written or unwritten, should prejudice Great Britain's freedom of action. Those regions were not mentioned by name. Everybody knows what some of them are—Egypt, for example, and the ways of approaching India.

The British Government then said: "The Government of the United States has comparable interests, any disregard of which by a foreign power they"—the Government of the United States, that is—"have declared that they would regard as an unfriendly act."

Why Bring That Up?

This from Great Britain was the first reference to the American Monroe Doctrine. The State Department had not forgotten it. It had only been hoping anxiously that no one would mention it, and this for two reasons. If, in proposing to the world an unqualified renunciation of war, the State Department had said that full freedom of action nevertheless was reserved under the Monroe Doctrine, that would have ruined the purity of the text on the phrase stone, besides suggesting endless reservations to be made by others. If, on the other hand, it had said, not in the text but in talking about it, that for the sake of this triumph in peace-building the Americans were willing to limit themselves to measures of arbitration in all matters touching the Monroe Doctrine, there would have come up a great wind at home.

It must be said that the State Department's ideas about the Monroe Doctrine were somewhat ambiguous. There was the standing idea that the less said about it the better. There was some toying with the idea: "Well, suppose we abandon the right to defend the Monroe Doctrine by force. What is it, after all, but a fetish? Who can define what it is really?" The authoritative idea was that the right of self-defense, implicit though undefined in the treaty, would include the right to defend the Monroe Doctrine by force if necessary. But the English were forthright enough to raise the whole question, for themselves and for us, with no ambiguity whatever. Who will say that was not better for being quite frank?

Once Great Britain, subject to this one specific reservation of her own and to what Mr. Kellogg himself had said might be understood beyond the text, had accepted the American formula in principle, followed of course by Canada and Australia, it could be predicted with certainty that France would see her way too. And with the United States, the British Empire, France and Germany all prepared to sign a treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, no civilized power could afford to hold out.

Time to Cool Off

Take it, therefore, that this great phrase stone is about to be set and the question returns.

When the principal nations of the world, commanding the powers of war, shall have signed with one another a treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, in a text unqualified but with reservations pinned to it—such as (a) the right to make war in self-defense though defense cannot be defined, (b) freedom of action for Great Britain in certain unnamed regions of the world and for the United States in respect of the two American continents, (c) the obligation to make war in certain circumstances under the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Locarno alliances, and, (d) the duty to put down the aggressor by force though aggression cannot be defined—into what new condition is mankind born?

No new condition, but possibly a deeper realization of what the condition is. To exaggerate what has been gained will be the fault of one mentality, to belittle it will be the fault of another.

Call it experience in peace-building. Merely that we speak of peace-building marks an advance in understanding. Peace must be built. It is not only much more difficult to build peace than to make war; it requires a much higher exercise of the civilizing intelligence.

Because the naïve idea of peace as the state of not being at war is very old, it is easy to suppose that all the effort is repetitive. Yet there is progress. Only fifteen years ago the world could not have imagined a universal treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. Almost as well one might have suggested a renunciation of sovereignty.

One remembers that the Bryan treaties were thought romantic. They provided only that when the uses of diplomacy had failed, a dispute between nations should be submitted to a commission for study, and the only purpose of this was to give the disputants a year in which to cool off. It was merely an undertaking, when very angry and about to fight, to stop and count one hundred—that is, they agreed not to fight until the commission had made its report; they reserved the right to reject the report and then fight.

Continued on Page 96

On This
Old Balcony
Washington Was Made President
Looking up to this balcony as one of the sacred shrines of America's history, visitors to Congress Hall, Philadelphia, often comment on its perfect condition. Apparently 150 years is but a brief interval in the life of wrought iron. Certainly, this is an admirable example of the way it defies the elements and resists rust.
The Breakers
Long Beach Cal.
READING '28
Reading's Identification
Residence of Albert C. Bacon

THERE is one question which every pipe purchaser might just as well settle for himself or else time may settle it to his dismay. Do you wish the pipe to serve you without trouble as long as the building lasts or are you willing to put up with the expense of repairs, replacements and damage?

Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is not the cheapest nor is it the most expensive. But it has been proved time and time again to be the most economical on a cost-per-year basis.

Send for a copy of our instructive booklet "Pipe Pointers".

READING IRON COMPANY
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World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

READING PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

—and he wonders why they laughed—AND HOW

They laughed—*and how!* Their ridicule hurt. It bit like acid. He prided himself on dressing well. His taste was faultless *as far as it went.* But—it didn't include his socks. Although colorful and classy, they were ungartered. And yet he can't figure out why they laughed.

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Makers

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

P 2

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(Continued from Page 94)

But even this was farther than the world at that time was willing to go toward peace-building. If Europe had been then willing or able to go so far, the World War probably could not have happened. The reason Europe could not go so far was that its dial was set for war.

The record at this point is horrible. It will be found in Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, a State Department document published this year at the Government Printing Office.

Seventeen of the Bryan treaties had already been signed, mostly with minor states. But both Great Britain and France had agreed to sign, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, was very anxious for Germany to sign. On July 15, 1914, only a few weeks before the outbreak of the war, he cabled to the American ambassador in Berlin, saying:

The German ambassador is now visiting in Germany. Please see him when he reaches Berlin and go with him to the Foreign Office and suggest the propriety of considering at once the details of the treaty, so that Germany can sign on the same day with Great Britain and France. The British and French treaties are substantially like the Netherlands treaty, of which you have a copy. We are willing, however, to make any desired changes in the details. It will be very gratifying, indeed, if the German treaty can be signed simultaneously with the British and French treaty. Use your best endeavors to this end. BRYAN.

Three days later the American ambassador replied to the State Department as follows:

BERLIN, July 18, 1914—Asked Count Bernstorff, who is at country place, to accompany me Foreign Office about the treaty. Received reply: "Sorry, will not be in Berlin for some time. Am afraid no use taking steps about peace treaty." I again took the matter up with Von Jagow, Minister of Foreign Affairs, but regret to report absolutely no chance Germany signing, for reasons stated in my previous dispatch. GERARD.

The previous dispatch to which the American ambassador referred was this:

BERLIN, February 19, 1914—Wish I could report that there was some chance of peace treaty. But there is no probability whatever of Germany signing. Have not only tried regular authorities but have made other repeated efforts and talked with professors, members of parliament, and so on. Find public opinion here against treaty, not on the ground that they are unfriendly to the United States but because if they signed with us they might be asked to sign by some European nation, and if they refused that nation, refusal would seem hostile; and to sign would be to throw away the advantage Germany has—as result of great sacrifices—in being European nation readiest for immediate and decisive blow in war. GERARD.

A No-Decision War

The blow was struck. Four years the earth was convulsed in war. Ten years have been devoted to reconstruction. What stands thereby to have been decided?

No problem has been solved. No question has been answered. No cause of human conflict has been removed. Probably no fate has been altered. What would be incredible if it were not a fact is that the relative positions of the great nations are unchanged. Germany, though beaten, is the second most powerful nation in the world, just as she was before. She lost only what she meant to gain by being the readiest to strike an immediate and decisive blow in war—namely, first place.

You have here no simple historical accident in equilibrium. It was not that the power of defense turned out just to equal the power of aggression. When the Allied nations appeared to be at the end of their defense, an Associate suddenly crossed the sea to aid them; and then, when the Allied and Associate nations together had the strength and the temptation utterly to crush Germany, they did not crush her.

What does it mean?

It means that in modern circumstances there is probably no such thing as decisive war among the great powers. The sense of civilization is against it. Thus, for the first time, war as an instrument of policy fails to achieve its ancient purpose. Nobody wins. Nothing is decided. A nation so bold as to venture war for dominion in the earth or for any magnificence to which it cannot bring itself by works alone it will not be destroyed for this barbarity. That is not what it needs to fear. But it will be defeated. With no League of Nations to raise a coalition against it, still it would be defeated, as it was in the World War, by an inevitable gathering of forces contrary.

Thus the whole theory of war as the ultimate instrument of national policy tends to go bankrupt. Not that war has become so terribly mechanized, not that in the modern case it ceases to be a professional occupation and becomes a lethal struggle in which the whole people must be engaged, but because at last it decides nothing.

This is the thought the world is trying to master. It is the thought, still very vague, that deeply underlies the American formula unqualifiedly renouncing war "as an instrument of national policy." The specific reservations do not matter much. Never before has war been challenged in this way on the material ground of policy—realistically. And the phrase itself—which is very important—is probably an instance of how an idea will get itself stated in language before it is clarified to the mind. If the thought be true, then the sound of it in words reverberating through the mentality of the world must lead at length to rationalizations so profound as to recast the scheme of international relationships.

Solutions of Reason

You see at last how important a phrase may be. The weakness of the peace-builders hitherto has been not that they were seeking a phrase on which to rest their structure; it has been that they were seeking an emotional phrase, whereas it must be one that strikes the reason. To say "We, the civilized people of the world, renounce war forever" is a voluptuous futility, representing merely an emotionalized wish for peace. But to say "We renounce war as an instrument of national policy" is to suggest a truth already struggling to reveal itself to reason.

That part of the American formula—the phrase "as an instrument of national policy"—has not possessed the imagination, and this is because people believe war can be abolished by an antagonistic emotion. That not only cannot be done; thinking it can be is a serious obstacle to peace-building. The true refuge from war is not an adverse emotion; it is an antagonistic intelligence. To build upon that is peace-building.

There is the gain, furthermore, that we begin to see all the difficulties more clearly from having pushed them farther. For example, the difficulty of definitions. The necessity to define "offense" and "defense" is relative and temporary, not absolute. There was long ago the same necessity to define "justice." But when a sense of justice had been so deeply implanted as to become almost an instinct, there was no longer any necessity to define it. Even now "justice" cannot be strictly defined. Yet everybody knows what it is.

And finally it is gained that we begin to perceive how extremely complex the idea of peace really is, since it involves living by solutions of reason, which are much harder to find than the solutions of force. We perceive also that when we deny with reason the validity of the politics of force, we are obliged to find the true working principles of a new politics. To this task the world is still but groping its way.

What has happened to war as an instrument of national policy—hitherto from the beginning of the world the ultimate, sovereign and unquestioned instrument—has happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that we stand gazing at the sword in wonder. It is not broken. Mechanized by science and invention, it is enormously more powerful than ever before in all respects but one. The power of decision is departing from it. And why that is so is now the great matter to be examined.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Garrett. The second will appear in an early issue.

"One Man's Meat is *Another Man's Poison*"

LIZARD steaks may be esteemed rare delicacies in the jungles. But it is questionable whether such food would agree with even the hardiest civilized digestion. The reason, of course, is that men are constituted differently;—so, too, are automobile engines. Just as one man's meat is another man's poison, one engine's motor oil is another engine's ruination. Do you know how to choose the oil that is correct for *yours?*

Sinclair has reduced it all to a simple Law* which you yourself apply by a simple method:—*Oil according to the mileage of your car, as shown by your speedometer.*

Why? Because the factor which makes your car different from others is *WEAR!* And wear comes with mileage. As that space in your cylinders between each piston and cylinder wall increases with mileage, your motor oil must be heavier, to keep that space sealed—to keep your power from blowing by! Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil, properly applied, does this *extra service!* It not only is a good motor oil made to meet the demands of the present-day engine, but it is produced in different grades, one of which is the correct grade to seal the power in your engine at its present mileage.

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When comparisons are made

What do they say about *Your* store?

GRAND RAPIDS STORE PLANNING AND EQUIPMENT INCREASES PROFITS

CUSTOMERS are becoming more critical—they demand more of stores every day.

—And merchants could well profit by the comment of the family circle, the conversation at the Club, on street cars and corners, where the virtues or faults of business establishments are discussed.

What is there that some stores have and others lack which makes the difference between compliments and criticisms?

It is largely a matter of "atmosphere" which invites or repels sales—*and which depends primarily upon store planning and equipment.*

For, while people weigh values—they constantly compare stores. Thousands there are, who would go out of their way to make a purchase at a favored shop when they could buy the identical article at the same or lower price, close by.

Merchandise alone isn't enough—*modern merchandising is the demand of the day*—an array of articles within easy reach of the eye. Surroundings that suggest, remind, tempt each sense and silently yet surely *sell*, day in and day out, year after year.

There *is* a difference which distinguishes a successful store from others—a difference which lies in store planning and fixtures and has a direct bearing on *profits*. That this is true is witnessed by the fact that after being Grand Rapids planned and equipped, thousands of stores have shown remarkable increases in sales. This places Grand Rapids Store Planning and Equipment at the head of the list of store investments that promise immediate and lasting benefits

How are merchants to know whether their stores measure up to present day demands? We maintain a staff of over 60 store planners to advise them. These experts are skilled in both store arrangement and merchandising methods. Their knowledge is based upon the composite experience of over a quarter of a century.

These men, located in every territory, are always available for stores, large or small.

The experience of over 25 years in building store fixtures, plus unequaled manufacturing facilities and our store planning service, offers to every merchant a combination of value and knowledge unexcelled.

Tell us your store problems; none is too large for our capacity, none too small to have our entire interest. Send for literature on "New Way Methods in Merchandising."

Find out what people are likely to say about your store in comparison with others—and profit thereby.

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Value—Quantity production brings about tremendous purchasing and manufacturing economies which make possible the greatest values in store equipment.

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HOW'S YOUR FORM?

(Continued from Page 17)

aged eyes on this." He snatches his driver from the caddie and drops a ball.

"Wait a minute," says I. "Don't you want to tee it up?"

"What for?" demands Gilpin. "Do you have to put a cripple in a high chair before bowling him over? Where do you ——"

In the midst of the gassing and with barely a glance at the pill, he wallops away. Again the cuckoo clicks. At the two-hundred-yard marker the gutta's still going.

"That's all there is to it," remarks Gilpin to the colonel. "The whole secret in getting distance is in being far away from the ball after you hit it. The further you're away, the greater the distance. Am I right, teacher?"

Tevis says nothing and I takes my shot. Gilpin's got me going so with his uncanny sharpshooting and his line of chatter that I'm quite pleased with myself when the drive betters his a few yards. Imagine a golf pro of twenty years' standing getting thrilled over beating a sap on his first out!

The colonel departs for the deep tangled wildwood to prospect for his ball. I drifts down the fairway with Gilpin.

"Has Father William," he inquires, "been taking lessons from you or is he just naturally rotten?"

"He has," I comes back sharp, "and he isn't. He'll make you look sick before the hole's over."

"How sick?" snaps Gilpin. "And for how much? Look at the spav now. What's he doing—killing snakes?"

Tevis is having it tough in the rough. His second shot's a complete muff, the next gives him about ten feet, and the fourth leaves him still short of the fairway.

"A recital, I presume," murmurs Gilpin, "by one of your star pupils. I really should send him flowers—or would you recommend a relief expedition?"

The colonel lies five when he eventually wins through the jungle and joins us in the clearing. On the sixth poke, however, he makes up for lots of lost ground. The first hole at Parawana is four hundred and sixty yards. A braw brassie takes Tevis to the edge of the green.

"What club," inquires Gilpin of me, "would you suggest I use at this point?"

"A spoon," I returns, rather surprised that he should ask for my advice, and even a bit flattered. "The caddie there's got it for you."

"I suppose," goes on the nut, walking over to his bag and extracting a mashie iron, "this would never do."

"Ridiculous," snorts the colonel. "It's more than two hundred yards."

"We club members in good standing know that," says Gilpin, "but does the ball?"

"Would you like to have the boy run ahead," I asks, sarcastic, "and take the pin out?"

"I don't think so," he returns, with a serious pan. "I doubt whether I'll get it in the hole from here. I'd want at least two to one on it. The sun's in my eyes."

I have a feeling the sap's going to deliver and he does. How he even hits the ball with the stance he takes and the cockeyed swing he uncorks is beyond me, but he hits it, and how! When they make better mashie shots, I want to be the guy that makes 'em. One moment I'm looking in the air; the next at a speck of white on the green, not six feet from the pin.

"Fool's luck," grunts Tevis. "I never saw so many things done wrong before in my life. Did you, Aleck?"

I'm too intent on my own shot to get into the controversy. Gilpin's on in two, with a cinch four in sight even if he putts with his watch and chain. Accident or breaks or whatever my alibi, I'm going to look plump and pretty letting myself get trimmed just on one hole by a raucous rookie with his first set of clubs. I plays carefully and lays the ball within ten feet of the pay-off station.

"I thought you'd do it," shrugs Gilpin. "You and I have the same advantages."

"Same what?" I asks.

"Advantages," he repeats. "You never took any lessons from the golf pro here either."

Violating every known principle of proper putting and some others, Gilpin rims the cup on his first try. I'm down in four. The colonel's lucky to corral a nine. The new member adds to the old gent's gayety by offering a bit of advice.

"Watch your form more closely," he suggests, "and in a couple of weeks you ought to make this hole in an even dozen. Ever think any of walking up and taking a poke at the ball without posing for a magazine cover beforehand?"

"Your manners, sir," snaps Tevis, "are as crude as your golf."

"That's all right," grins Gilpin. "I've never had any lessons in either. You've taken 'em in golf, haven't you?"

"Am I being made the victim of a joke?" demands the colonel of me as we're walking toward the second tee. "Is this person a professional friend of yours making merry at my expense? If so ——"

I assures him that Gilpin's a member of the club who's doing the course—any course—for the first time. "Just beginner's luck," I adds, to salve Tevis. "He'll probably go to pieces on the next hole."

But Gilpin doesn't. With a Number 2 iron which he picks out of the bag at random he slaps one against the wind and up a hill for a good two hundred yards. I do better and the colonel much worse. On the five-hundred-and-thirty-yard second Gilpin takes a six and Tevis a seven. I miss an eight-yard putt for a birdie four by a mere suspicion.

And that's the way it goes. The cuckoo continues deadly off the tees and with his iron shots, combining tremendous walloping power with great judgment of distance. His putting's not so forte, but even so he runs along under average fives, using the wrong club most of the time. He takes the first that comes to hand.

"Why play favorites?" says Gilpin. "Let's give 'em all a chance. As Napoleon put it:

"Wood or iron,
Iron or wood,
Hit the ball and
Anything's good."

"Don't overlook the bag," I growls. "You might use it getting out of the next trap."

"Perhaps I shall," he comes back. "Maybe I'll even putt with the caddie before I get through."

Despite the rook's constant riding, I'm on my usual game, but the colonel's way off. A cool citizen, as a rule playing steadily to his twelve handicap, he slices, hooks and tops all over the pasture. I'm expecting him to blow up any minute and walk off the course in high, low and middle dudgeon, and eventually he does that thing.

On the ninth tee, with the wind at his back and a downslope on the fairway, Gilpin turns loose a vicious swing with his Number 1 iron. Everything he has in his back and in his shoulders goes into the drive and the connection is perfect. When the ball finally stops and takes a look at its speedometer it finds that it's traveled some three hundred yards from the home base.

"Am I God's gift to golf?" asks Gilpin, turning to the twitching Tevis.

"That, sir," snaps the colonel, "is not golf. It's sheer brutality. Golf, sir, is a gentleman's game, calling for skill and grace and decent behavior. You display none of ——"

"As you say," cuts in Gilpin—"but I thought the only idea of the game was to get the ball from here to there."

"The only idea of eating," comes back Tevis, "is to satisfy one's hunger. Savages eat with their hands and stuff raw meat in their mouths with their fingers. Gentlemen dine with dignity—and with the proper implements."

"Gosh," exclaims Gilpin, "but you've been around! Not to change the subject, how long have you been playing golf?"

"Many years," returns the colonel, "but the game having fallen into the hands of such as you, I shall consider giving it up." With which he stalks off toward the clubhouse.

"One!" cries Gilpin, and hoists a finger heavenward.

III

IN THE next few weeks the new member makes the locker room a kind of a hell for the devotees of form and something short of heaven for me. Following his out-and-out defeat of Dave Talbot, a ten handicap man, the day after the trial heat with the colonel, Gilpin goes on a wild rampage of words and deeds.

One by one he cleans up the lads who had annoyed him with their golf autopsies. His average game is between eighty-five and ninety, but that's plenty good enough to make tramps out of three-quarters of the Parawana addicts. Following each win, Gilp regales the boys with sneery, sarcastic orations on form, the proper use of the proper club, the value of professionals as instructors and similar subjects that must go big with twenty-handicap men whose idea of paradise is a place where you break a hundred two times in succession. One Sunday afternoon I catches an earful of his palaver.

"I went out today," says he, "with nothing but a midiron and a putter and made an eighty-six under wraps. Why? Is it because I'm a skillful Obediah or a clever gosh-darn-it? Pish and a couple of milk-fed tushes! It's because I recognize that golf is a simple, childish matter of pushing a ball around with a stick while you divot diggers try to read something difficult and intricate into it. You're not satisfied to add up two and two and call it four. You've got to go to a pro and pay him pretty to show you how to reach the same result the hard way, and then you never get the correct answer. There is no hard way in this goofy game that isn't a wrong way."

"If such is the case," remarks Talbot, "why is it that every beginner doesn't step right out and burn up the course without a lesson?"

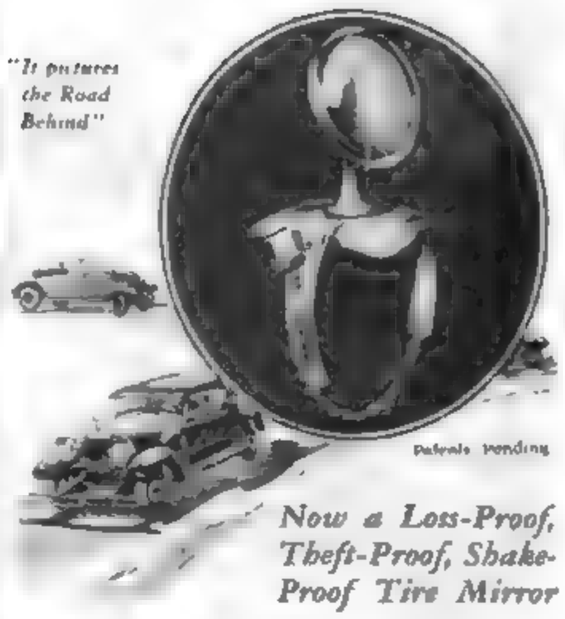
"Outside of me," comes back Gilpin, "who do you know that hasn't had lessons of some kind? Who do you know that hasn't been loaded down by his friends on his first out with a lot of aloosh about the position of the hands and feet, about keeping his eye on the ball and coming through, and the rest of the cheese and crackers? In five minutes the poor fish has been given so much to do he really hasn't time to hit the ball. Nobody," he goes on, "will ever show me anything that doesn't come to me naturally, and I don't know any more natural action than swinging a stick."

"Well," horns in another lad, "I've learned a lot from Aleck no matter ——"

"In your brown derby!" scoffs Gilpin. "Nobody can teach a natural action. Aleck can show you how he does it—that's all. Are the muscular movements that are normal and instinctive with him normal and instinctive with you? A stance that would be perfect for one player would be poison to another. Ever see a couple of golf champs drive alike? Ever see a couple of baseball sluggers hit alike? Anyway," continues the calliope, "when you consider the kind of morons that become pros ——"

That's all I want to hear. I don't mind saying I'm not so happy over the palaver Gilpin spills. Though it's just so much sliced liverwurst, the fathead's got scores to back up his cracks and I can see my revenues from lessons being cut down considerably. In fact, I've already noted a slackening in interest.

(Continued on Page 101)



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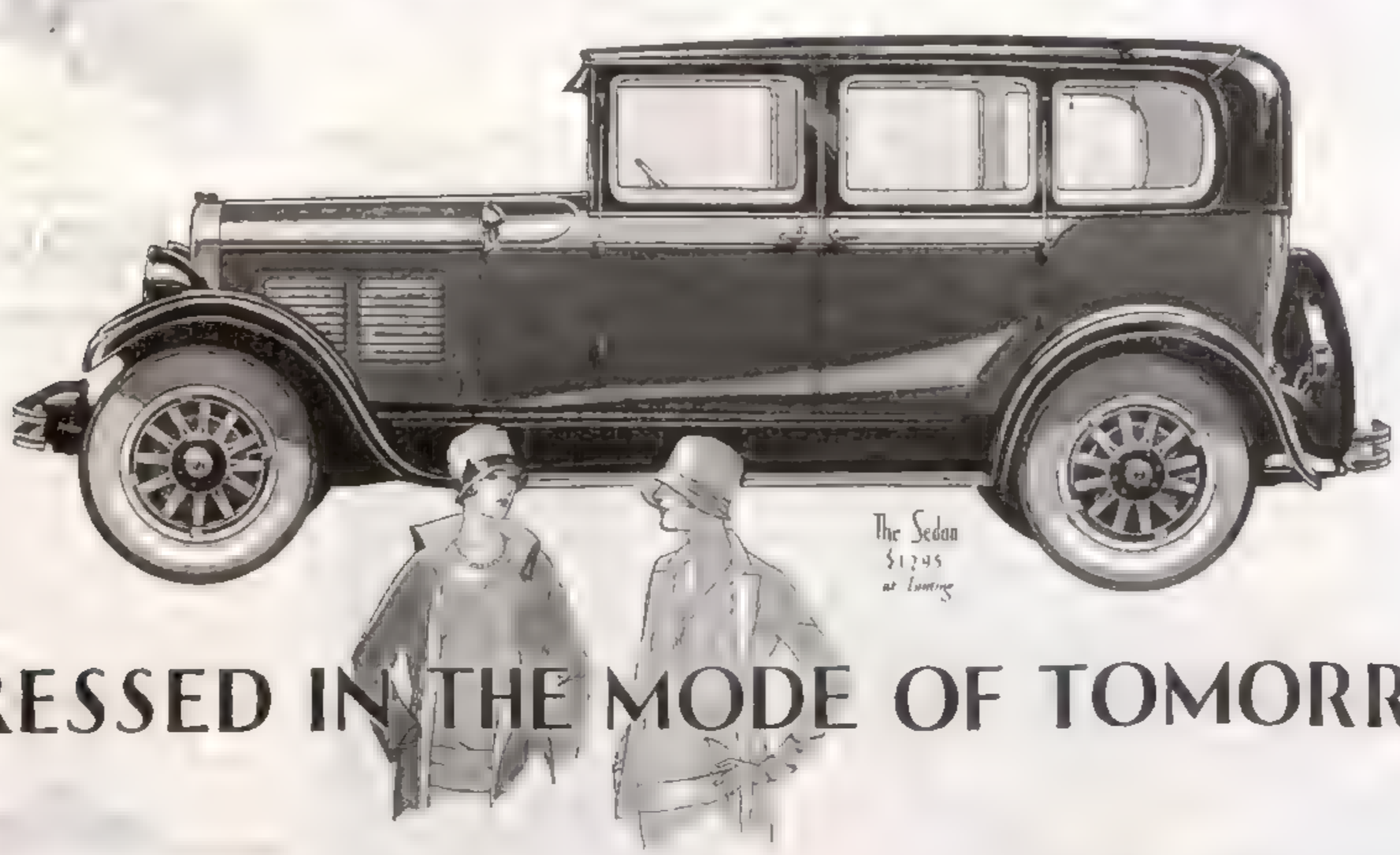
Announcing A New Reo Wolverine



DRESSED IN THE MODE OF TOMORROW

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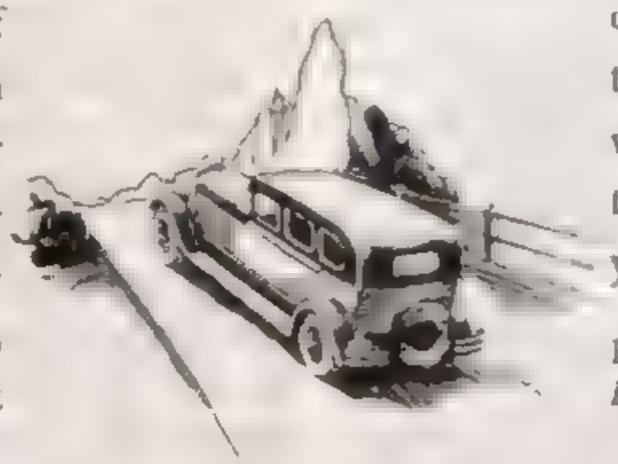
You'll find new grace in this latest Wolverine Sedan . . . a new feeling of length, of roominess without bulk . . . and, of course, many of the refinements which characterize fine larger cars: all-metal rear contours, bullet-type headlamps, deeper radiator, special belt treatment blending into a new paneling on the sides.



And beneath this up-to-the-minute style, these new Wolverines carry a hard-working, punishment-taking power plant that assures delightful mastery over traffic . . . that says "I'm a car that means business" every time you touch the accelerator.

You'll enjoy looking over the new Reo Wolverine . . . and if you haven't driven one already, just take a turn behind the wheel . . . you may find that it's just the car you've been waiting for.

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Sedan. *Illustrated above*	$1295	Cabriolet	$1195
(Wire wheels, $35 extra)		Brougham	$1195
F. O. B. Lansing			

(Continued from Page 99)

Later in the day, Talbot walks into the shop. "What," he asks, "is the answer to this bird Gilpin?"

"He's just a freak," says I, "like six-year-old piano pounders and three-year-old chess sharps. Guess he was born with his eye on the ball and coming through."

"H'm," grunts Dave. "You don't imagine, do you, there's anything to his stuff ——"

"You mean," I cuts in, "about not being able to teach anybody something that comes natural? The bunk! Walking's natural, isn't it? Don't mothers teach children how to walk? . . . Tell me, any of the bunch in the locker room falling for Gilpin's bilge?"

"Well," comes back Talbot, "there is a kind of back-to-Nature movement among the boys. What would you expect? Here's a bird who never had a club in his hand a month ago going out with one club and beating babies who've been on the turf for five years. Of course," he adds, "it's only the newer members who are following Gilpin's lead. It's too late for the oldsters to unlearn."

Shortly after Dave leaves I have another visitor—Clara Tevis, the colonel's daughter. She's not only the best woman player at Parawana but she's ten strokes ahead of any of the rest of 'em when it comes to looks.

"How's the game?" I asks.

"Perfectly poisonous," she returns. "I haven't been playing golf today. I've been trap-shooting. . . . Tell me, what do you know about this man Gilpin?"

"Gilpin?" I exclaims. "You didn't go around with him, did you?"

"No," says Miss Tevis, "but I've drawn him for the Decoration Day doings tomorrow."

The annual Decoration Day stunt at Parawana is a mixed Scotch foursome—men and women shooting at the same ball alternately. Instead of players picking their own partners, as is customary at most clubs, we choose pairs by lot, giving each three-quarters of their combined handicap.

Briefly and guardedly, I tells her what I know about Gilpin, but not what I think of him. After all, he's a member of the club and I'm only a hired hand.

"Just a free, untrammeled spirit, eh?" remarks the colonel's daughter. "Should be interesting, I imagine. What's this laddie's handicap?"

"Fourteen," I returns, "but he could play 'way under that if he took a little time with his shots and used the proper clubs. Your father," I adds, "has played with him."

"Yes, I know," says she, "and he hasn't been the same man since. According to dad, Mr. Gilpin's a kind of cross between a bull in a china shop and a violent outbreak of hog cholera. He's not likely to brain me with a mashie if I dub a putt, is he?"

"Hardly," I assures her. "There's nothing he enjoys more than the miscues of others."

"In that case," comes back Miss Tevis, "I hope he has a perfectly rotten time tomorrow."

I'm on the tee the next morning when her foursome, including Gilpin, Talbot and a woman named Buxton, starts off. Dave slams one down the alley for around two hundred yards. The new member picks out an iron and steps up to shoot.

"Don't you think," suggests Miss Tevis sweetly, "it would be better to use a driver?"

"What's the difference?" grunts Gilpin. "The ball's not particular what ——"

"Perhaps not," she cuts in, "but I am. Please remember that I have an interest in the length of your drive. I'm quite sure you can get greater distance with the wood."

"Oh, very well," he shrugs, and tosses his midiron over to the caddie.

"Also," says Miss Tevis, "I'd tee the ball up if I were you." Without a word Gilpin does so.

I'm hoping the conversation'd upset the pest and make him foozle the shot, but I'm unpleasantly disappointed. His woozy swing connects solidly for a good bit over two hundred yards, bole high.

"Fine, partner!" smiles the colonel's daughter, and walks down the fairway with him, chatting amiably.

Toward noon I wanders over to the score board to get a slant on the results of the match. In the middle of the list I finds what I'm looking for:

Talbot-Buxton	102–21–81
Gilpin-Tevis	107–17–90

While I'm reading and wondering, Dave comes along. He's wearing a broad grin.

"What happened?" I asks. "Miss Tevis off her game?"

"Never played better in her life," returns Talbot. "It's your favorite boy friend that blew up all over the premises. Weren't any of the windows in the clubhouse broken?"

"Well," says I, holding back my tears with no difficulty whatever, "he was overdue. These naturals last just so long. What was his chief trouble—the short work?"

"Miss Tevis," comes back Dave. "She picked his clubs for him, slipped him some feed-box info on how to hold his hands and his feet ——"

"And he listened?" I cuts in.

"With all the ears he had with him," replies Talbot. "At first Gilp did pretty well, but just as soon as he started correcting his form according to the lady's prescription, out went the lights. On the tenth hole Miss Tevis managed to get on in eight, close to the pin, and what do you think that sap did?"

"No!" I gasps.

"Yep," says Dave. "Putted the ball off the green into a sand pit thirty feet away. However, I don't see where there's anything for you to be happy about."

"Why not?" I asks.

"Hasn't Gilpin proved his point? Hasn't he shown that a guy's golf goes blooey when he drops his natural style and takes up with somebody else's?"

"Rot!" I growls. "But I'll bet your friend's in the locker room now spilling that line of shoosh."

"No, he's not," says Dave. "He's out on the porch having lunch with Miss Tevis."

IV

THE following Saturday morning I'm on the practice tee when up strolls Gilpin. He's laid out in a snappy new set of knickers, flash stockings and dog blankets with tassels on 'em. I never saw the game of golf dressed better.

"Got time," he blurts out, "to give me a lesson?"

"You?" I exclaims. "A lesson?"

"That's what I said," snaps Gilpin. "Anything strange about a member of this club approaching the pro for a ——"

"No," I assures him hastily. "What do you want a lesson in?"

"Form," he comes back.

"You've broken into the wrong henhouse," says I. "I can't teach you that any more than I can teach you experience. You've got to acquire it. All this moron can do is show you how he plays."

"Show me," orders Gilpin curtly.

There's no question about his being in earnest, so I takes him through the regular course in elementary sprouts—the proper club grip, the pivot, the follow and the rest of what he'd called the cheese and crackers. After fifteen minutes of pantomime practice, I tees up a ball.

"Now shoot," says I, "and be sure you relax, turn on the toe of your right foot, come through without dropping your shoulders—and keep your eye on the ball."

He takes a painfully correct stance, stares the pill out of countenance and swings. A guy with neuritis in a strait-jacket could have done it less awkwardly, less jerkily. The ball barely dribbles off the tee.

"You didn't pivot correctly," I explains, "and you raised your head. Of course," I goes on, "you understand that you can't drop one style and pick up another in five minutes. Try it again."

The hour ends without any great progress, but I'll say for Gilpin that he tries—and expects to keep trying. Before he

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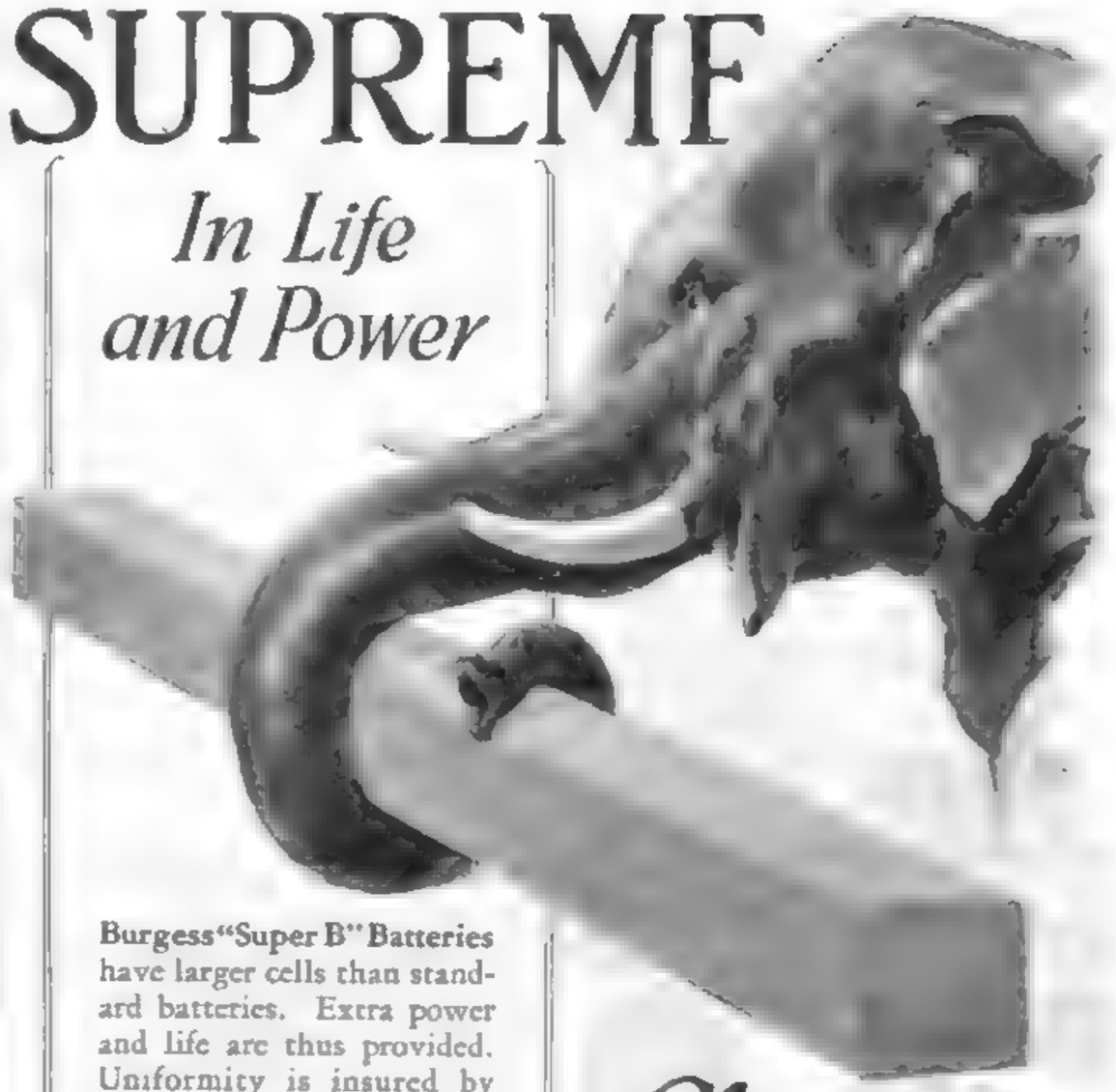

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leaves he tells me he's taken a couple of weeks off and wants a lesson every morning during that time.

"Much obliged," says I to Miss Tevis when I meets up with her later.

"What for?" she wants to know.

"For the cash customer," I grins. "You sent Mr. Gilpin to me, didn't you?"

"I did," admits the colonel's daughter. "I think he'll be a great golfer once he has form. He's wonderful raw material—wonderful." From the lights in her lamps I gathers that she finds him wonderful raw material for something besides golf.

I never had a pupil who went ahead so slowly as Gilpin. Though he does everything I tells him correctly, there's nothing to show for it in distance or accuracy. But results of that nature don't seem to worry him much. Only one thing does.

"How was my form then?" he asks after practically every shot.

I finally loses patience. "Your form's all right," I snaps, "but forget it and hit the ball. Suppose," I suggests, getting back to the business in hand, "you lay aside the wood and drive with the iron for a while. You don't seem ——"

"An iron shot from the tee!" he gasps.

"Why not?" I comes back. "Lots of good players use driving irons and get great distance."

"They may get great distance," says he, kind of stiffish, "but is it golf?"

I know what the trouble is. The Tevis gal, with whom he plays almost every day, has filled the sap's dome with so much hooey about form and what's what in the pastime that he's lost all his naturalness—the thing he had nothing else but before the Scotch foursome.

Just imagine how much pleasure I get out of the situation. Here's a guy the whole club knew was good when he was playing on his own. A course of lessons with me and he's twenty-five or thirty strokes worse. I can't very well go around blaming the cuckoo's collapse on Miss Tevis.

The two weeks' siege is about to end when I'm suddenly called South to substitute for a bird in a match. When I returns the first person I runs into is Gilpin. There's a lad named Chambers with him, a bucko who'd joined the club just before my departure.

"How's the game?" I asks.

"Great," says Gilpin. "I got that pivot down fine now. Almost broke a hundred yesterday. Oh, by the way," he goes on, "I wish you'd settle an argument I've been having with Chambers. On the third hole he's in the rough about fifty yards from the green. He uses a niblick. I tells him he should have taken a mashie niblick ——"

"But I got on, didn't I?" cuts in the newest member. "What's the difference? The only idea in golf is to get from here to there, isn't it?"

"The only idea of eating," shoots back Gilpin, "is to satisfy one's hunger. Savages eat with their hands and stuff raw meat into their mouths with their fingers. Gentlemen always dine with the proper implements."

"It seems to me," says I, "I've heard that somewhere before."

"You probably have," comes back Gilpin—"from my father-in-law."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

that I wanted to stay home, and you'd think you were awfully clever and want me to go and have a good time.

HE: Then why are you pretending that you aren't pretending not to pretend?

SHE: I'm not pretending that I'm not pretending not to pretend.

HE: Would you like a glass of milk, darling?

SHE: No.

HE: I'll go and get it. *(He gets two glasses of milk. A pause.)*

HE: Well, now, look here, honey; really, would you really like to go to Chicago?

—*Morris Bishop.*

A Little Bleaching for Blue Sunday

"NOW, ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman of the board of deacons, "we will proceed to the election of officers for the coming year.

"Before asking you for your nominations I will make a few remarks on the business in hand. For superintendent of basket ball we naturally will want a young man who has some reputation as an authority on the game. The same applies to the positions of director of baseball, the tennis head, and chief football coach. The coming season promises to be a big one and we must make special efforts to be well represented.

"The committee on movies is to consist of three members, preferably from those of our congregation who are, or have been, identified with the industry. I hardly need to remind you that we are enlarging our movie department this year and expect great results from it.

"Dancing as usual is to remain in charge of our younger folks. A group of five is to be named, at least one of whom must be an authority on banjo music.

"At the special request of our married women's class, the work in afternoon teas and bridges will be consolidated in one big department. We will elect an advisory board of seven which will have authority to name all the subcommittees and attend to other details.

"The various dramatic and theatrical activities in the past have been considered a decided feature of our institution, as you know, and have resulted in some very favorable comment. However, we feel that we have not made the most of our opportunity, and, consequently, your board of deacons is asking you to empower it to put the work in the hands of a paid official—one, of course, who has made an outstanding success in that line.

"In conclusion I wish to propose something of an innovation. I realize that it will strike many of you as strange and somewhat out of place—perhaps a little radical. At the same time I wish to remind you that your board of deacons is constantly on the alert for improvements and expansions along whatever line seems worth while.

"To put the matter briefly, we are considering a plan to have what is known as a sermon, perhaps every month, or as often as seems desirable. All will depend, of course, on whether we can find someone with the necessary qualifications."

—*David B. Park.*

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SWAG

(Continued from Page 32)

"Did you do any unloadin'?" the cop shot at me.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Where?"

"Near the piers. I don't know just where."

"What did you load?"

"Junk—old iron an' stuff."

"Went around pickin' it up, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you take any with a name on it? Don't lie to me now!" He barked that last line at me like I was a dog or a horse or a sure liar.

"Name?" I asked. "I don't quite ——"

"Some of it was marked by the telephone company and some by the railroad—you know it was," he snarled. "An' that was the stuff you unloaded at the different places. Now speak up, that's the truth, ain't it?"

"No, sir," I said. I did not know what he was getting at, but he was wrong and I told him so. "I never saw any names on the stuff we handled."

He swore and bit into a cigar that he snatched from his pocket, and remarked that he thought I was a liar. Of course that made me a little mad, but I was polite about it.

That was all until about 6:30. Then George came back. He grinned at me in a way that lifted the right side of his upper lip into a sneer. "Your buddy's outside," he said. "Go on out."

I went into the main room of the station house, and there was Crab. He certainly looked good to me. He twisted his ear and spit into a big porcelain cuspidor that was chipped all around the edge. The sergeant at the desk grinned.

"You can beat it, Johnny," he said to me. "We don't want you." I knew Crab had been questioned and proved up my story. I started for the door.

"Wait a minute, you," the cop who had brought Crab in said to me. "Is there anybody in the back room, Jake?" he asked the sergeant.

"Naw. . . . What ——"

"Come back here. We'll have this kid do his stuff. It's a laugh."

So Crab put on his show in the reserve room and everybody got a real good grin out of it. One of the detectives slipped Crab a few cigarettes and he did tricks of all kinds. When he was finished we started out again, and Crab said they were a bunch of cheap skates not to kick in with supper money.

Everybody laughed out loud at that and they started reaching for nickels and dimes, but Bill Nigel had come in and he was standing there laughing at Crab. Right away he spoke up and said that nobody who worked for him had to nickel-and-dime it.

"Put away the change, boys," he ordered the cops. "Here, Johnny. Take this against next week's salary. I didn't know you were clean. . . . You, Crab, here's a bit for the show you staged."

He handed us each ten dollars and we like to fell in a faint. He laughed all the more and Crab pretended the shock had knocked him woozy and did a lot more stuff. He reeled around, out of the back room and finally right out the main door of the station house. Me and Bill Nigel followed him.

On the steps, I thanked Bill and told him that Crab and me were going out and pack in a meal that would stagger a young horse.

"Let Crab go," Bill agreed, "but I got to use you for an hour. I want to talk to you. Come on, you can eat with me and meet Crab a little later on."

So I tipped off Crab and told him to meet me outside the pawnbroker's shop in two hours. He said he would and I went along with Bill.

IV

MAYBE if I had not been so dumb I would have known then what you already have guessed: This Bill Nigel was one of the biggest crooks that ever lived. He owned half the crooked rackets in town and he had a lot of political influence that he knew exactly how to use.

But he certainly was a nice fellow to meet, and he used me so fine at first that I figured him the best friend a man ever had. How was I to know that he used the little pawnbroker's shop just as a blind to traffic in stolen jewelry? How was I to know that a lot of junk dealers are fences, and that the police are always watching them just as close as they can? How was I to know that Bill Nigel used young fellows in that kind of business?

When we were alone in a restaurant he laughed at me for the way things had broken so fast and dragged me into trouble.

"You must have got pretty well scared, kid," he said.

"I did," I admitted. "Honest, Mr. Nigel ——"

"Bill is good enough for me, kid," he interrupted. "Everybody calls me Bill."

"All right, Bill," I thanked him. "You certainly did save my life this afternoon. An' this job you gave me is just the start I need."

Bill had a habit of drumming the ends of his fingers against his thumb. When his little finger snapped off the thumb, it would thump against the third finger of his hand. He had done that so much that he could almost play a tune that way. Sometimes he would whistle very soft while he was doing it, and the beating of his fingers would keep time with the tune he whistled. He did that a lot while I talked. I guess he was nervous.

"The job part is all right, Johnny," he told me. "The fact of the matter is, I have quite a lot of young fellows working for me, and there will be a chance for you to make a better and better job for yourself. I might even find a place for that funny little pal of yours—that Crab Daniels."

I thanked him a whole lot, but told him that there was no chance to get Crab.

"He won't work," I said. "He wants to be an actor, Bill."

"I guess he could be, with a little training," Bill answered. "He is as funny as a crutch. It is a laugh just to look at him."

So we talked for about an hour while we were eating. Then Bill called for the check and paid it all. He would not let me pay my share. He even asked me if I wanted a cigar. I laughed.

"I smoked a cigarette the other night," I told him, "an' passed right out of the picture."

He laughed, but when he got his cigar going he leaned across the table and a change came over him. He grew very serious. He had kept the match stub between his fingers, and while he fished around for the exact words he wanted, he broke the wood into many little pieces and carefully piled them on the tablecloth between his hands.

"Just what did they ask you over there at the cop house?" he asked at last.

"All about who I was and how I happened to be workin' for Uncle Isaac," I answered.

"What'd you tell 'em?"

"Just what you told me—I mean, that was just the truth."

"Sure. Did they ask you where you and Red went for the junk?"

I told him all about that, and when I mentioned what George had said about me loading and unloading stuff marked with the name of the railroads or the telephone company, Bill swore under his breath and said that some of these smart cops would find themselves in a jam if they kept up their worrying around him. I did not answer, because I could see that he was mad.

"What did you answer to that?" he asked after a minute.

"I said I never saw anything marked, but the cop showed pretty plain that he thought I was lyin'."

"Wise guys!" Bill sneered. "They'll find out how wise they are." He seemed to think things over for a few minutes, and because he seemed mad, I sat quiet. Two or three times he gathered up the pile of broken match, spilled it around flat, then piled it up again. It was as though he took the little bits of wood for facts and was trying to arrange them so they fitted together the way he wanted them to.

"Just by chance," he said finally, "you got into a thing that goes deeper than you know, Johnny. I am your friend, and as long as you stick to me you will make yourself some money. But these cops are after collars for the killing of that old devil in the pawnshop. They will be following you and me and everybody else around the place with a fine-tooth comb. Even if we don't know anything, they will figure that we do and will try hard to get something on us. You don't know anything about that killing that you haven't told, do you?"

"Lord, no!" I gasped. "Cripes, Bill, I should say not!"

He nodded. Then, as if to make me see things just as he did, he said:

"You see, Johnny, I am a business man and I have to think a lot of my investments. I am still young and I must keep stepping right along to keep from losing a lot of money. When you realize that I have more than a hundred thousand dollars tied up in real estate, and a big investment in turnover merchandise as well, you can see how careful I have to be. Just a bad break like this old pup being killed in one of my buildings might mean a lot of trouble and expense to me.

"I started out in the junk business. I've got a license to operate and I never have been found with any stolen stuff in my possession. But that don't mean a thing to a cop anxious to hang onto a three-thousand-dollar job. All junk dealers are apt to buy something that has been stolen and never know it themselves. On that account, junk dealers make good picking for cops.

"The reason I am so anxious not to have this killing make too much of a disturbance is that I don't want the cops hanging around my business all the time. They could ruin it. They are always suspicious. That is why they asked you about marked stuff. Under the law, Johnny, if I buy anything marked by a corporation that has not sold it to the public, that constitutes a crime. Just the name on there is evidence of what they call a guilty knowledge, and I would be sentenced on that alone as a receiver of stolen goods."

I certainly felt sorry for Bill. It seemed a cinch to me that he never would steal anything or buy anything that anybody else had stolen. I told him so. He smiled and started piling the match bits again.

"That is why we will have to be very careful," he said. "An' the way to be careful is for you and me to stick together. For a long time I have been thinking about handling rags and papers as well as junk. I think I will fix up the old pawnshop for that purpose and put you in there to kind of run that end of the business for me. That will show these wise cops that we are on the level."

I certainly got a thrill out of the idea. It seemed to me that my dreams about making a fortune for myself were coming true. Just the diamond ring Bill wore was enough to show how successful he was. How was I to know that crooked junk dealers almost always run a legitimate rag-and-paper business to cover their bigger tricks?

Bill certainly was a fast thinker. Before I went to meet Crab that night he had laid out a plan for us both. The first thing he said was that I must go to a store in the morning and get myself a decent suit of clothes, which he would pay for. Then, he said, I must take a train and go home on a visit to my people and tell them just where I was and what I was going to do.

(Continued on Page 106)

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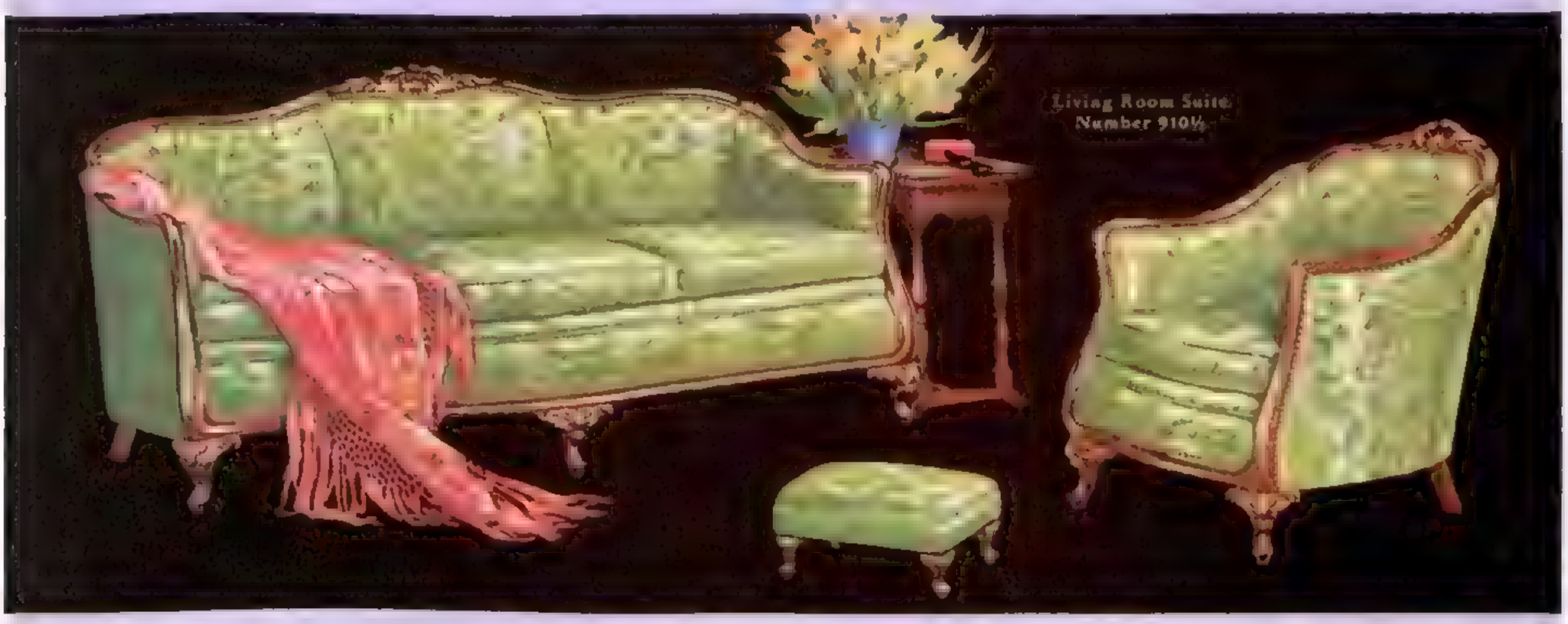
See this "modern" furniture and compare it critically. If you do not know your most convenient Kroehler dealer, write us. We will send his name and a copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.
STRATFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA

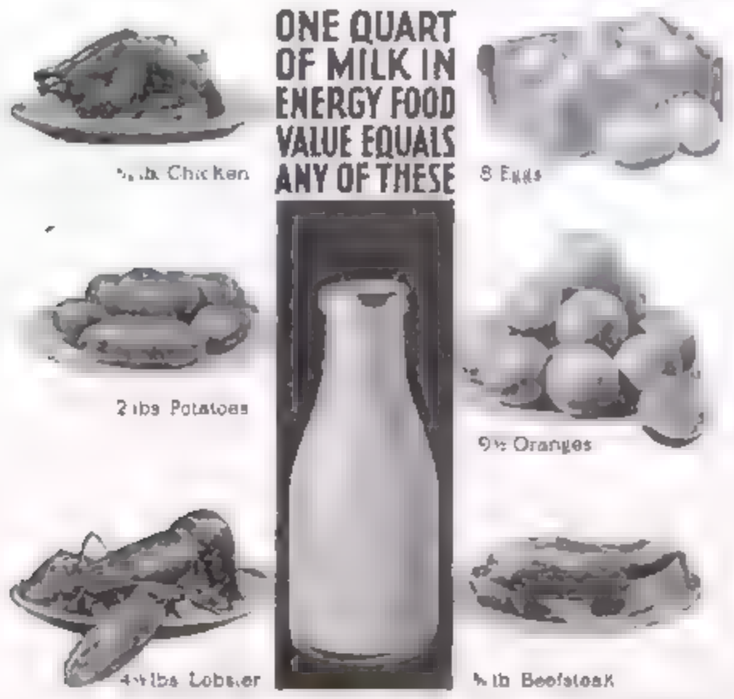
Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill., Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y., Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, O.; Stratford, Ont., Canada



KROEHLER

This "Kroehler" label *identifies the genuine*

Milk - the Builder


ONE QUART OF MILK IN ENERGY FOOD VALUE EQUALS ANY OF THESE
½ lb Chicken
8 Eggs
2 lbs Potatoes
9½ Oranges
4½ lbs Lobster
½ lb Beefsteak
© 1928 M. L. I. Co.

Each of these foods has its own value. The comparison is only for "energy value" —the property which gives the body strength and power to carry on its activities.

FROM the moment baby's eyes open upon a strange world his demand is for food—food that will build a sturdy body. Nature provides milk for his needs. In milk are found in right proportion all the many kinds of food required in the business of body-building. Throughout babyhood and youth the elements contained in milk are essential to sound growth.

As a general rule, milk should not be regarded as a beverage to be taken when thirsty, like water. It is a food and should be sipped (eaten) slowly. In milk are found a greater number of the materials required by the body than in any other one food.

Milk contains minerals from which the bones and teeth are made, elements which produce strong muscles—as well as vitamins to assist growth and to ward off disease. There is no part of the body which it does not nourish.

The boys and girls who have milk regularly all through childhood have a better foundation of health—more rugged bodies to carry them through life—than those who have little or no milk.

A quart of milk a day, in some form, should be the rule for every child all through the growing period. A few children have a real or imagined aversion to milk. But the doctor may find that they can take it and enjoy it if served as cocoa or in soups, sauces, custards, puddings, or frozen desserts.

Encourage your boys and girls to appreciate milk. Make them understand that for most people it is the finest all-around food in the world. Tell them what it will do for their bodies. Children love games. Teach them the game of body-building. Protein "bricks" for strong muscles; lime "bricks" for bones and teeth; milk sugar "bricks" and fat "bricks" for energy and warmth.

Not only is milk a builder—it is a repairer, as well. That is why it is important that adults also should have a regular supply—not so much as children—but a glass or two a day or the equivalent amount served with other foods. Milk is a great help to men and women who want to keep strong, vigorous and youthful. But remember that milk has so much food value that when added to the diet a smaller quantity of other foods may be sufficient.

To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

Give milk to the children and—take it yourself.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wishes to emphasize the importance of getting clean milk and keeping it clean after it reaches the home. Much of the difficulty in bringing babies safely through their second summer comes from the dangers which lie in impure milk or milk improperly cared for milk left uncovered or without sufficient ice-protection.

Find out whether or not the milk you buy comes from a dairy where every scientific precaution has been used to keep the milk free from contamination—from the time of milking to its delivery.

Many of the great dairies, realizing the difficulties of safe-guarding every bottle of milk during the hours in transit, take no chances and pasteurize it. Many cities and towns demand that practically all milk must be pasteurized. In some cities special certificates of quality are issued upon convincing evidence of clean and safe handling and the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. Dairies which have such recognition are glad to show copies of dairy reports upon which their special certificates are issued.

If your milk supply is not pasteurized or certified, it is advisable that you pasteurize your milk at home. Complete and simple directions together with other valuable information will be found in our booklet, 88-E, "All About Milk". It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 104)

He said that I could promise to send them ten dollars a week and he would pay me that much more for running the rag-and-paper business. He made it clear that I would not really run the business. I would just take care of the store he would make out of the old pawnshop. I agreed to all that, and when we left the restaurant he walked back with me to the pawnshop and we talked with the police officers still on duty there.

"I wish I could get my little ring back before I go home," I told Bill. "I have the seventy-five cents now to pay off the loan."

He laughed and started behind the counter to get the ring for me. My mother would miss that if I ever went home without it. But one of the cops stopped him and said that nothing could be touched without authority from the heirs of Uncle Isaac. Bill laughed at him and went upstairs, and after a few minutes he came down with a paper that was a bill of sale showing that he owned the shop and everything in it. It was signed in the shaky hand of the old pawnbroker himself. Bill certainly knew how to talk to coppers.

"Read that," he said. "I own the joint and the business too. All I want to do is to permit a pledge to be redeemed. Under the law, this lad has a right to pay off his loan and get his ring. The whole deal was reported to the police on the regular form. You can't stop that."

Bill went back to the counter and found my ring and gave it to me. I handed him the pawn ticket and a dollar bill. He took the ticket and stuck it on a spindle. Then he took the dollar, peeled a fifty-dollar bill off his own roll, wrapped my dollar inside it and handed them both back to me.

"Act your age, Johnny," he smiled. "Take that note and get yourself some happy rags in the morning. The rest will be your fare home and back. Make a good flash on the home folks and keep your mouth shut to these smart cops that think everybody outside the police department is a thief."

The cops kind of flushed when he said that. I went outside and Crab was there. We decided to go to a movie that night. Crab had bought a new pair of shoes and a cap out of his ten bucks and he strutted around like a one-man parade. The shoes kind of squeaked a bit.

While we were talking, Bill came to the door of the shop and called to me, "See me when you get fixed up in the morning, Johnny."

I promised to do that, and then me and Crab started out to make a night of it. Crab's teeth chattered when he saw that fifty-dollar bill of mine. When I told him all that had happened his eyes popped for fair.

"We'll go to a hotel tonight," I said. "That yellow one with the fire escape on the front looks good to me."

"All right," he agreed. "They call that place the Sailors' Rest, but we can get a room there for half a buck and know what it feels like to sleep in a bed."

At the theater, Crab changed. Of course, now that I know what a knock-out he is on the stage, I can understand that the show business was a part of him—just as much as his eyes or his ears—but it impressed me a lot right then.

He sat kind of hunched up in his seat there at the show. His eyes burned like lights and his hands twitched together on his lap or gripped his knees hard. Besides the picture, they had three acts of vaudeville, and when the actors started, Crab kept licking his lips and blinking his eyes and jerking on his seat. I guess he felt like he was out front doing every act himself. He was an artist, all right; it was in his blood.

After the show we went into a restaurant and had some supper. It was pretty swell to feel that we could eat that way, even if we were not awful hungry. I grew to think more and more of Bill. What he had already done for me was a lot. I told Crab that, but he kind of shook his head and did not say much. The theater spell was still on him.

As we ate I kept wondering whether I would get a blue suit or a gray one, and whether I should get one with a single or a double breasted coat. Half the fun of life is planning on doing things to make yourself happy. The other half is planning things that will make other people happier.

I thought about seeing my mother and my father. I could imagine them sitting in the dining room around the oak table with the red-and-white cover and listening to me tell them all about what I was going to do. I figured I would not say anything about the pawnbroker. That might scare them.

When we got to the room at the hotel Crab listened a little better to my plans. After we had figured it all out, we decided that a good suit would not cost more than fifteen or eighteen dollars. Crab said he would help me look around for a good one, and if we got it at that price, we could get one for him, too, because between us we had nearly seventy dollars.

But Crab was always suspicious of Bill. He would hint and wonder about things and ask me why a man should hire me to run a business that I knew nothing about. I could not answer except to say that Bill was using me to chase off nosey cops like that rotten George. It was a new business anyway, I told Crab, and I could grow up with it.

"He is sending you home, Johnny," Crab grumbled, "just to make a hit with the cops and your people too. That makes it look like everything is on the level and he is just trying to keep you from going wrong. Also, he don't want you around so cops can be talkin' to you."

"If actors have to be suspicious and jealous all the time," I said, "you'll be a knock-out."

"Everybody ought to be a little suspicious," Crab complained. "You have been brought up in a little town an' ain't seen all of life like I have."

All of a sudden I realized that I did not know a thing about Crab, so I asked him about his father and mother.

"Oh," said Crab, "they live over in the other end of town. The old man's a souse an' my mother has got seven kids younger'n me. If I live home they want me to work all the time an' give my dough to them. I can't work. I'm goin' to be an actor."

That was all he ever said about that.

The next morning we went out hunting clothes. That was a peach of a time for both of us. We looked at a lot of suits, and when the man tried to sell me one I did not like very well, Crab bawled him out plenty. In the end, I bought one for sixteen-fifty and Crab got the same kind, in a different color. After that I bought a hat and some shoes, and we went back and got the clothes, all pressed up for us.

When we blew into Bill's place he was not there, but we waited around for him. While we were waiting a police sergeant came around the pawnshop and took a million measurements and had a photographer take a lot of flash-light pictures of just how things were. George the detective was snooping around too.

Once I heard him say, "It looks like they're mighty anxious to git this place changed around quick."

Finally Bill came in, and he laughed at us both, all dolled up in the new fronts. He came over and felt of the cloth in the suits and lit a cigar while he thought it over. He grinned at us through a cloud of smoke and I saw his fingers drumming against his thumb again.

"What did you pay for them suits?" he asked.

"Sixteen an' a half apiece," Crab said, his voice kind of important.

"They held out a pair of shoes on you," Bill grunted. "I hope it don't rain while you're up home, Johnny."

Then he laughed and I thought he was kidding. I told him the store was going to send our old clothes to the pawnshop for us.

(Continued on Page 109)

It's Film on Teeth That Makes Them Dull—*Remove It*

This Way Modern Dental Authorities Prescribe

FILM is the cause of dull, "off-color" teeth—and many commoner tooth and gum disorders. A special film-removing dentifrice is used.

Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work

WHY dental science wants you to keep teeth dazzling white is a new and interesting chapter in modern health and beauty.

Teeth, we are told, cannot be white or sparkling unless they are kept free from dingy film that forms each day. And film, it's proved by exhaustive scientific study, fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Thus teeth and gums to be healthy must be kept beautiful. Today, in accordance with leading dental practice, film is removed by a *special film-removing dentifrice*, called Pepsodent. Made solely for this purpose because ordinary brushing fails to combat film successfully.

FILM—What it leads to

Film is that slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. You can feel it with the tongue.

It gets into crevices and clings so stubbornly that ordinary brushing fails to remove it successfully. Food discolors film and smoking stains it, thus teeth look dull and tarnished.

Film is the basis of tartar. It invites the acids of decay. Germs by the million breed in it. And germs, with tartar, are an accepted cause of pyorrhea.

Many old ways having failed, dental science evolved this new practice in tooth care—*a special film-removing method* known as Pepsodent.

How new way removes film

Embodying, as it does, the most recent approved dental findings. Pepsodent acts to curdle and loosen film and then in gentle safety to the delicate enamel to remove it. This is the outstanding forward step in years of dental history and oral hygiene.

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Embodies other properties

Pepsodent acts to intensify the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize the acids of decay caused by fermenting starch in food.

Pepsodent also aids to firm and harden gums to a healthy pink condition—and to keep gums from bleeding.

Thus, in all protective measures, Pepsodent marks the utmost science knows in a modern dentifrice.

Ten days will show you

Get a large tube for a few cents at your druggist's. Or write to nearest address for several days' supply. See how much whiter teeth will be ten days from now. Gums will be firmer—decay combated. This is the way most dentists urge.

Your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, offer you the best the world knows in modern tooth and gum care. Here health is synonymous with beauty.

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Pepsodent

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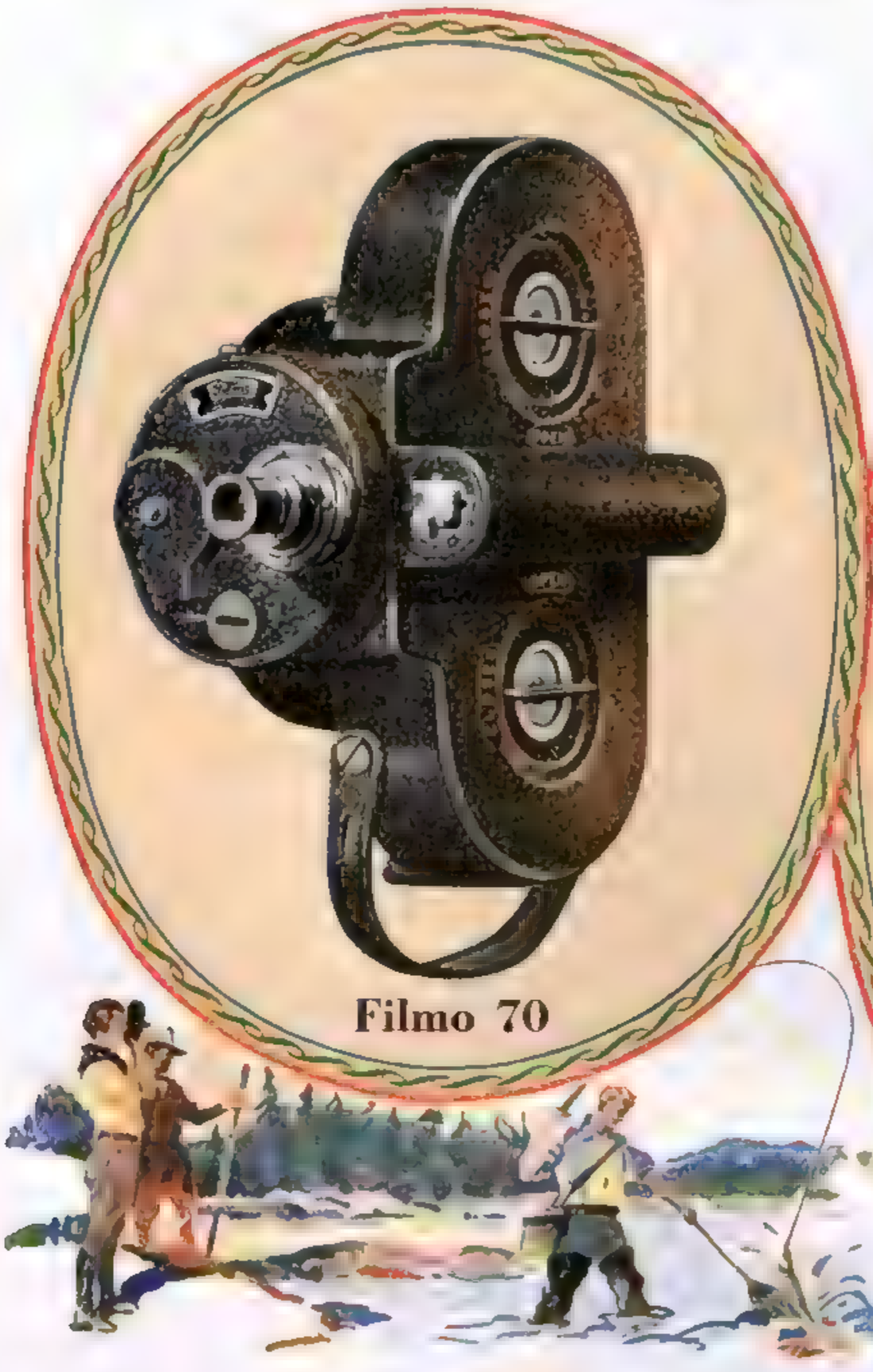
REG. U. S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Now... Two *exquisite* Bell & Howell *cameras* for every amateur movie need!



Filmo 70

Filmo 75

WITH either of the two beautiful Bell & Howell Filmo cameras shown here, anyone, even an eight-year-old child, can take sharp, brilliant motion pictures on the very first try. Simply look through the spy-glass viewfinder, press the button and "what you see you get"—in living *action*.

Filmo 70 is the *original* automatic camera for making personal motion pictures. Priced at $180, with case, it has practically every feature of precision and adaptability characterizing Bell & Howell $5,000 professional studio cameras, with which movies shown in the finest theatres are made. It is, beyond question, the finest amateur movie camera obtainable at *any* price. Standard among amateur movie makers the world over.

The new Filmo 75 is a pocket-sized, thin model offering in precision, adaptability and ease of operation the utmost obtainable at its lower price, $120 with carrying case. It is jewel-like in its beauty. "Watch-thin" compared with all others. Readily fits a coat pocket. Held and operated easily in one hand. Like Filmo 70 it allows easy interchange of many special lenses. Your choice of three beautiful colors, Walnut Brown, Ebony Black and Silver Birch. Ideal for field, travel, vacation and sports use. Both Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box, obtainable at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postpaid, ready to show in your Filmo Projector, at home or anywhere.

A dealer near you will gladly show you all Filmo items—cameras, projectors, extra lenses and other accessories; and the extensive Filmo Library of films which you may obtain at low rentals for home entertainment. Or this coupon, mailed to us now, will bring booklets telling everything you want to know about having your own home movies *of the better kind*, using Bell & Howell Filmo cameras and equipment.

BELL & HOWELL

There is also EYEMO, using standard (35 mm.) film for those desiring to commercialize their movies

Filmo

BELL & HOWELL CO., 1811 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill. • *New York* • *Hollywood* • *London (B. & H. Co., Ltd.)* • Established 1907

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Please mail free booklets telling me everything I want to know about Filmo cameras and equipment.
Name
Address
City State

(Continued from Page 106)

"You said I would have a room here," I explained.

"Sure," he agreed, his face lighting up as he remembered. "Sure, Johnny, you can have a room. There's one upstairs that the old rat used himself. You better go up home this afternoon an' I'll have the room done over while you're away. I got a release now from the police, so I can fix up this joint for a storehouse and office. You go home for a couple of weeks and I'll let you know when to come back."

He took a little book out of his pocket and wrote my home address in it. Then he asked how much it cost to go there. I told him six-eighty each way.

"You bought this kid's clothes, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then you're about clean, I suppose?"

"I can make the trip, just about," I answered.

"Well, here's another twenty. Why not take this kid along with you? It won't do any harm, will it? He needs a bit of country life and fresh air. . . . I like the way you two stick together. The best thing either of you will ever own is a real pal."

I could see that the idea appealed to Crab, and it sure did to me. I felt like I had been away from home for about twenty years and wondered if everybody would recognise me when I got back. Kids are funny.

George stood around while we talked, and though he tried to hide it, I knew he was listening to everything. I guess Bill was wise, too, because he said:

"Never get away from your mother and father as long as you can stay by them, Johnny. When you come back here to work, let them know where you are and all about it."

George had a sneer on his face, but he did not say anything. A long time afterward I was told by one of the cops that the detective muttered something when Bill said that, and what he muttered was:

"Pretty cute. He's afraid if the kid don't go home his people will trace him here an' mebbe do a little investigatin' on their own hook. Sending that nutty kid with him ain't so bad, either. Neither of 'em 'll have a chance to do any talkin' around here."

Crab and me went down to the station and got our tickets. Honest, I got a real thrill out of that. Just the feel of that ticket in my pocket was something really different. It cost me only six-eighty, but I held it inside my pocket instead of the roll of money I had. Funny, eh?

Crab got so important he went over and bought a cigar and we walked around the streets while he smoked it and train time kept getting closer and closer. One or two people noticed us and looked after us as we passed. The cigar did look kind of big for Crab. After he had smoked half of it, he got hiccups and had to throw it away. It cost a dime.

We took with us some sandwiches and got on the train as soon as they opened the gate. We ate the sandwiches and looked out the window, and I kept telling Crab about my home town and the things there. He didn't know much about the country. I said we would have a whale of a time swimming in the creek and playing pool down in the back room of the barber shop.

"When you put on your act there, Crab," I told him, "the town is goin' to give it a real laugh."

"Mebbe we could git a hall and make some money," Crab said. He was always thinking along those lines.

We decided that the best thing to do when we got home was for Crab to go up to my house and ring the bell. My mother or father would come to the door, and then Crab would ask if I was home. Of course they would not know him and they would tell him no, I was not home. Then Crab would look important and say he was sorry, as he had done some business with me in the city and would like to see me.

Just about that time, when they were all asking questions about me, I would walk in with the new clothes on and give them a real surprise. After that ma would put out some pie for us and we would sit around telling them about what a success I had made with Bill. But we decided not to mention about Uncle Isaac, because pa and ma were country people and might be scared.

It would be eight o'clock in the evening when we got home, but we decided to stick to that plan instead of sending a wire ahead, although the idea of sending telegrams kind of sounded important and good to us.

"You can sleep with me, Crab," I told him, "an' when we get up mornings you'll hear birds singing and see the sun shining all over the country. Of course you'll have to laugh at the little town, but you'll like it for a while."

So that was what we did.

When we got off at the station I looked around pretty close. Sometimes my father went to the station for the evening train, and if he was there and saw me, that would spoil the whole works. But he was not there. Old Sam Rindel, the agent, was fussing around with papers in his hand and did not notice us.

I ducked around back of the station and dragged Crab with me. Finally we got to the street and walked fast toward our house. Nobody noticed us much, because the interest was in the train and the other passengers that got off there. Anyway, the elm trees on Elm Street made pretty deep shadows along the walk and hid us.

When we got home I was so excited I could hardly tell Crab which house it was. But Crab was all right. Nothing ever fazed him much. I waited outside the gate in the shadow of the trees and Crab walked up to the front door. Inside, I could see that the lights were still on in the kitchen. I knew ma was there washing up the supper dishes and pa was sitting beside the stove smoking his pipe and talking to her as he read things out of the paper. They always did that.

I heard the old pull bell ring when Crab found the handle and yanked it. Then I saw a shadow pass through the dining room and into the parlor. The lights in the front room snapped on and I saw my mother there. I was glad I had got the little ring back. I wished I had told Crab to be sure not to mention pawning it. A fellow can't remember everything, though.

She had a dress on that I remembered well enough, and the same old apron around her waist. It was a blue-and-white one and was damp in front from rubbing against the sink while she washed dishes. I saw her taking it off as she went toward the front door, and I knew she was wondering who was calling. Maybe she thought it was the minister, and if it was, she would talk loud so pa would hear and put his shoes on before the minister got into the room where he was.

Then the door opened. I knew she got a surprise when she saw Crab. The light shone out over the stoop and spread across the lawn in a wide V. Crab was in the middle of that and I saw him take off his cap and speak to my mother.

She answered him, and I hoped that Crab would not laugh and give away the joke. I saw my mother's hand run up the edge of the door just like it always did when she chatted with the mailman or the vegetable seller or one of the neighbors. Things do not change much.

Then her other hand jerked up to her breast, and I kind of figured that Crab was telling her about seeing me in the city. She began talking pretty fast to him, and I was afraid Crab might make a mess of things, so I walked up the path and she heard the gravel under my shoes and saw me coming.

A funny kind of a sound came from her and for a second she leaned against the door.

Crab stood aside and I laughed and walked up the porch and said, "Hello, ma. This is Crab Daniels. . . . Surprised, are you?"

That sound came again and she put her arms around me and I felt them shake on my shoulders, and what she said I could not quite understand. She never had hugged me so close before. When I tried to talk she smothered me so close against her that nobody could hear me. All of a sudden I knew she was crying very hard and could not talk through her tears. I guess the surprise was a shock to her.

"Pa!" she called after a minute. "Oh, pa! He's home—he's back—it's Johnny!"

I was sorry she was crying and I could tell by her voice that she was stirred up. Maybe it would have been better if we had sent a telegram. I heard my father's feet bump against the floor out in the kitchen and then heard him walking fast into the front room.

"This is Crab Daniels, my friend, ma," I said.

Ma slipped her arm around Crab and kissed him too.

"You brought my boy home," she said—"you brought him home."

Crab said, "Cripes, is there anythin' wonderful about that?"

Then my father was there and his cheeks were wet with tears. He looked at me, the newspaper still clutched in his right hand and the tears filling his eyes.

"Where, son—where you been?" he wanted to know. "What d'ye mean by runnin' off an' ——"

But ma settled that. She hugged me up and kissed me about a million times and left her tears all over my face. Then she led us out into the kitchen and we sat down at the table. I knew she would give us pie and milk, and she did. Crab ate about all that was left.

While I ate I told them about my new job and how good I was doing. Pa listened, with a question now and then, and pretty soon pride began to show in his face. Ma never said a thing: she just sat down there at the table and tears dripped from her cheeks onto the checkered tablecloth. Sometimes she was laughing and crying at the same time. She kept looking steadily at me.

That night she kissed us both good night. It was after eleven when we went to bed.

Crab was very quiet all evening, and when we were alone in bed he kept saying, "Cripes, what a home!" He liked my mother a lot.

We did not hear from Bill for nearly three weeks, and I began to get worried. But it was a good thing he did not write too soon. It was hard to make ma and pa see that I should go back to the city. They finally agreed, when I left my address with them and promised them I would write home twice a week.

There was a surprise for me and Crab when we got back to town. Bill Nigel never did anything by halves. The old pawnshop was gone. In its place was a nice new store just the same size as the old one, but all new-painted. The ceiling was nice and white. The walls were painted oak color and along one side of the room ran a big counter.

The partition still stood where it always had, but it was all fixed up nice and fresh painted. Back against it there was a little square fenced off with an oak-colored railing, and behind that were three nice desks. Bill was there to meet us. He shook hands and said everything was ready for us and I had better be all set to work fast, because the business was going to hum.

"I got a girl here already to keep records, Johnny," he told me. "The room upstairs is all set and you can have your little pal stay with you."

He had the girl all right. Her name was Byra Mirtan and she came from the South. She was only working for Bill part time, because she had come North to study music and had to be at school until two o'clock every day. She was a proud little thing and wanted to earn the money that her people were just as ready to give her.

I might as well tell you right now that when she came in that first afternoon after I got back and Bill told me who she was, I made up my mind that she was the most beautiful thing that ever lived. Her hands

(Continued on Page 111)

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Football Games
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—all amusement enterprises

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There's always a lot of satisfaction in working out a way to make something *better*.

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We patented the process, of course, and made it exclusive with Heinz . . . So now *all* the flavor remains in the butter. All the flavor that's in the fine, carefully selected Spanish and Virginia peanuts we use. The flavor that comes from careful roasting and blending in just the right proportions. And taking care to remove the bitter skins and hearts. And grinding into a smooth, rich, creamy butter . . .

With every one of the 57 Varieties, the name Heinz has come to mean Flavor, due to methods of selection, blending and cooking exclusive with Heinz. With an established reputation such as ours, can you wonder that we have come to regard it as our most precious possession?
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH.

Careful boy!—it's spread thick—that moist and creamy Heinz Peanut Butter. What a flavor! Little Spanish peanuts—big Virginia nuts—to give it that wonderful taste—rich and sweet and yummy for boys and girls and everyone else who likes Peanut Butter with a fresh roasted flavor.

flavor

HEINZ PEANUT BUTTER

NO OIL ON TOP

(Continued from Page 109)

made me feel dirty every time I looked at them. Her teeth were swell; they were bright and even, and they looked like tiny sea shells stuck into the side of a ripe peach. She made friends with me right away.

Byra is another one I want you to know, because it was on her account that I stayed with Bill after things began to get dangerous for me. I loved her from the minute she walked in that day and started keeping records of the stuff Bill bought and sold. She is my wife now.

But it was almost a year before I began to be as suspicious as Crab always had been. Then it all came about through a little bit of a thing that took me back to that questioning in the station house after Uncle Isaac had been killed. Bill Nigel never did one thing that bothered me. He knew that Byra and me were very friendly and he always encouraged it. He smiled with us when Crab got his first job on the stage, and even loaned him fifty dollars to get himself started.

During all those months nothing had ever come to light about who killed the old pawnbroker, but I had stopped thinking about that except when George came snooping around. That George was the most steady visitor we had. He always came in and looked around, his upper lip hitched up into a little sort of sneer and his prying eyes going all over the place.

When I told him Byra and me were in love and he better not bother her with his questions, he sneered a little broader and said:

"This Bill is a smart guy. You an' that sweet young girl make a great front fer this joint."

That was the kind of a guy George was. And I never paid no attention to him until that one day I mention when something happened.

Red brought a load of junk into the back room of our place and rushed it down cellar. That was the first time I had ever gone down there. I just followed him down for no particular reason. The cellar had nothing to do with the bales of rags and papers I handled.

But Red was over in the corner and he had a forge there and was melting junk. It was nothing that interested me much until I saw him pick up a basket filled with pieces of lead and brass, and while he held it there, talking to me, I saw that every piece in the basket was marked with the name of the electric power company.

Right away I remembered all about that. Red could be arrested just for having that stuff! So could Bill. They both knew it right well, and therefore they knew they were guilty if they kept it around. Bill himself had told me that. And here was Red melting the stuff right in our place—changing it, I could see, before George or some other cop could catch them with it. Then they would sell it

All of a sudden, with a rush that nearly knocked me down, I realized that Crab had been right—that Bill was a crook!

"What—what's that stuff, Red?" I asked the driver. "That's marked!"

"What of it?" he sneered. "Say, kid, you ain't as dumb as that, are yuh? You ain't been thinking all this time that this racket is on the level?" He looked as surprised as I felt.

"You're stealin' that stuff, Red!" I charged him.

"No!" he grinned, pretending to be surprised. "How could yuh say that, Johnny?" he laughed. "What of it?" he snapped right away. "Who'd ever know it?" With that he threw the stuff into the melting pot, and with it went every faith I ever had in men.

All I could think of was getting out of that place and never going back. I was scared to death. On the way I went through the store and there was Byra. I drew her aside and whispered to her what I had discovered. For a few seconds she looked at me in blank amazement. Then she threw back her head and laughed. She did not believe a word of it.

I started out again, but just the thought of leaving her there alone, in a place where I knew the men were thieves, sent my mouth as dry as a last year's pea pod.

Just then Bill walked in and smiled at us and said, "What's the big laugh, Byra?"

Byra thought it over a second; then, to defend me, she said, "Johnny was telling me a story about one of Crab's funny jokes."

"Crab is a funny kid," Bill said. "He will make a great actor."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THRIFT: OUR BEST-SELLING COMMODITY

(Continued from Page 21)

There didn't seem to be any answer. "But do they stick?" I asked him. "Don't a lot of them start their accounts just to get these premiums, and then never put in any more?"

"Not enough to make any difference to us," he said. "You'd be surprised, brother, how they keep it up, once they've got started. I don't know how it is other places, but New York's got the saving habit. That's what it is, brother—a habit."

It did sound like it. Four thousand new savings accounts out of a single office building—a new building, too, that hadn't been finished more than a year. The salesman was right—I was surprised. Even to a seasoned New Yorker, the idea of the metropolis as essentially and habitually thrifty had an element of novelty. Something to check up on, and when I had done so I was even more surprised. The salesman hadn't told me the half of it.

We, the people of the United States, have been told so often by foreigners and others that we are the most reckless spendthrifts in the world that most of us have come to believe it. As a people, we live from hand to mouth, according to these critics. We blow our money on automobiles, radio sets, silk stockings and such baubles, and mortgage our future to pay for them. Why don't we get thrifty, like the French peasants, who live on nothing and save half of that?

And when it comes down to New York City, these same more or less well-meaning critics throw up their hands. The metropolis is hopeless—a city of gamblers, speculators, bootleggers, wasters and wantons.

That impression didn't seem to tally precisely with what the thrift salesman said, nor do the facts, as evidenced by the figures of savings-bank accounts. The facts are —— Well, let them speak for themselves.

Not only the city of New York but all America has the saving habit. In the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1927, the people of the United States tucked away in savings accounts the not inconsiderable sum of $1,870,000,000, which figures out at a fraction more than thirty-four dollars a head for every man and woman over twenty-one. That was the increase in the nation's savings deposits in a single year; part of what we had left, all of us, after buying a couple of million automobiles, a million or so radio sets, and goodness only knows how many houses and lots, suits of clothes, fur coats, silk stockings and cosmetics.

For the four previous years the annual increment in savings deposits was at the rate of better than $2,000,000,000 a year—a 50 per cent increase in that period bringing the total up to more than $26,000,000,000, which is some $5,000,000,000 more than all the commercial deposits in all the national banks together.

(Continued on Page 113)

Your Present Radio

··can be made an Electric A.C. Set *without changes in wiring or even the cost of new tubes*

NO HARNESSES
OR ADAPTERS
NO NEW TUBES

Of course you want electric A. C. radio reception. Radio was never so convenient, never so pleasureful as now when its only demand upon you is the snap of an electric switch.

But if you have a good radio now don't discard it. A good time-tried circuit with efficient time-tried tubes is naturally better than new untried circuits and tubes. There isn't a better A. C. set made than your present radio converted to use A. C. power.

And Kuprox has made conversion so easy! You don't have to change a single wire or alter the set in any way. Not even new tubes are necessary. Just connect the Kuprox A. C. Power Pack between the A. C. electric light socket and your set, and your radio operates entirely from A. C.

And what reception it gives! Everything your radio did before, it will do even better. And there's nothing to bother about . . . the entire set turns on and off at your light switch.

The Kuprox A. C. Power Pack contains no moving parts, nothing to wear out or break down. It is a permanent addition to your set that will double your radio enjoyment. See the Kuprox A. C. Power Pack at your dealer's. You will find several models, some supplying filament current only, some plate current only, and several compact units that make the entire set A. C. In case you first desire more information we will be glad to send it to you if you will write for it.

Kuprox is being used by leading railroad, telephone and telegraph lines in voice, code and signal transmission. It is rapidly replacing many other forms of power units.

Your dealer also has the new Kuprox Multi-rate Trickle Charger and the Kuprox Replacement Unit for eliminating the acid jar on all standard wet trickle chargers.

The KODEL ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Formerly The Kodel Radio Corporation
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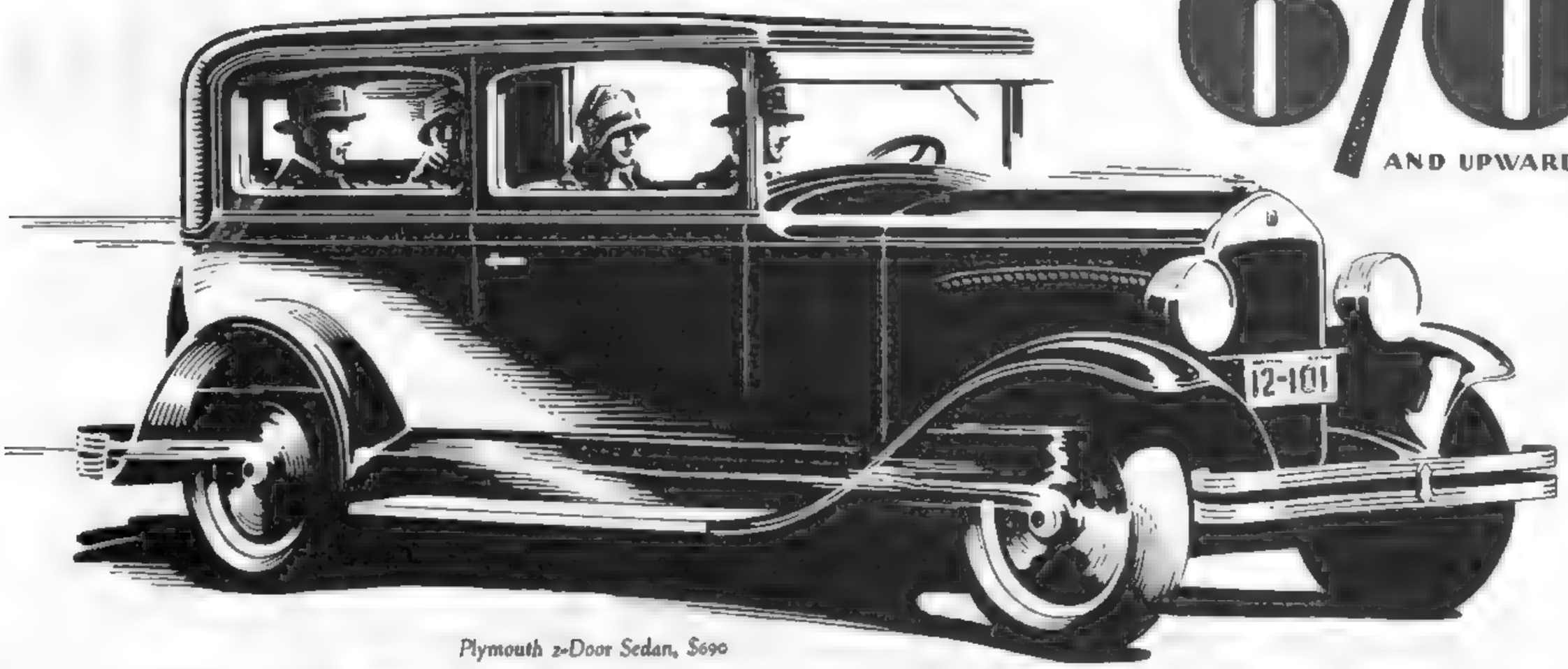
KUPROX
A.C. POWER PACK

CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH

$670 AND UPWARDS



Plymouth 2-Door Sedan, $690

CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH

Coupe	$670
Roadster	670
2-Door Sedan . . .	690
Touring	695
De Luxe Coupe *(with rumble seat)*	720
4-Door Sedan . . .	725

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.

At Last! A New Car Whose Like— *In Style, Performance and Value*— You Have Never Seen Before

An enthusiastic public now acclaims the new Plymouth as the most astounding value in three decades of motor car manufacture.

No one but Walter P. Chrysler and his great engineering organization ever attempted such a car at such a price.

Plymouth is the amazing realization of the Chrysler vision of a low-priced car, embodying the beauty, the quality, the value of the finest cars.

Abundance of power from the new "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine which uses any gasoline. Speed of 60 and more miles an hour.

Luxurious comfort over rough stretches that many $2000 and $3000 cars can well envy. Supreme safety of internal expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, with moulded brake linings, efficient in any weather.

Full-sized bodies with ample seating capacity for adult passengers. Fine, deep upholstery. Swagger body lines in the new vogue created by Chrysler—new slender-profile radiator—new bowl-shaped lamps—new type "air-wing" fenders.

See for yourself that a car of the style and quality of the Plymouth, a car that does the things the Plymouth does, really can be produced at such low prices.

You will find the nearest Chrysler or Plymouth dealer eager to show you this great new car. Ride in the Plymouth, drive the Plymouth—the most astonishing performance, quality, style and value that the low-priced field has ever known.

(Continued from Page 111)

Now $26,000,000,000, growing at the rate of around $2,000,000,000 a year, and all piling up compound interest for its owners, doesn't sound precisely shiftless, does it? It makes $497 a head for every grown-up person in the United States, not counting married couples as one or deducting Indians and other unlikely accumulators. And if you haven't got $497 in a savings account, that simply means that somebody else has more—that the average account is greater than that figure, which is of course true.

"The British Empire is paying the United States $160,000,000 a year on account of the principal and interest of its war debt, and we hear a good deal about it in some quarters," said Mr. Lewis Gawtry, who is president of the oldest savings bank in New York and also of the New York State Savings Bank Association, to whom I went for light on this phenomenon of American thrift. "The mutual savings banks of the Empire State alone paid their depositors last year more than $163,000,000 in dividends—and the newspapers didn't print a line about it," he added.

"Why 'mutual'?" I asked. "And why 'dividends' rather than 'interest'?"

"Because in New York and some other states the word 'savings' cannot be legally used except by a mutual savings bank or a mutual savings and loan association," said Mr. Gawtry. "Commercial banks may have thrift departments and carry thrift accounts, but they are not properly savings accounts within the legal meaning of the term, as laid down by the statutes of New York and the dictum of the Supreme Court of the United States in Huntington versus United States Savings Bank, 96 U. S., p. 388. Here is what the court said:

"'A savings bank is an institution in the hands of disinterested persons, the profits of which, after deducting the necessary expenses of conducting business, inure wholly to the benefit of the depositors in dividends or in a reserved surplus for their greater security.'"

The technical difference between a savings bank and the thrift department of a commercial bank, Mr. Gawtry explained, is that the depositor in the commercial bank is lending his money to the bank at a fixed rate of interest, the bank thereby becoming his debtor, but being at liberty to use his money for any purpose productive of greater returns and keep the difference, while the depositor in a savings bank is placing his money in trust. It cannot be used for any purpose other than those prescribed in the laws governing the investment of trust funds, and nobody concerned in the handling of it may take a penny of profit from its use. Whatever the trustees are able to make it earn belongs to the depositor and to nobody else. There is no guaranty of interest if interest is not earned; so the earnings of a savings-bank account are not even called interest except as a convenient familiar phrase on occasion; they are literally dividends, declared at fixed intervals after they have been earned."

The Habit of Thrift

"Don't get the impression, however, because I have stressed this technical difference, that there is any conflict or rivalry between savings banks and the thrift accounts of the commercial banks and trust companies," Mr. Gawtry cautioned me. "We are all working for the same end—to encourage the habit of thrift in order to bring the surplus income of millions of people into pools of capital large enough to be productively useful. Two-thirds of the nation's savings deposits of $26,000,000,000 are in other than mutual savings banks, mainly because the mutual banks outside of New York and New England are few and scattered, while commercial banks everywhere are establishing thrift departments. Each plan has its place in the scheme of things, and collectively the result runs into enormous figures."

There are about 1450 institutions in the United States called savings banks, of which 618 are mutual banks, and 149 of these—more than in any other state—are in New York State, holding among them 4,808,568 separate accounts amounting to $4,166,906,604, or an average of about $866 per account. And this means that almost half the entire population of the state, men women and children, have savings-bank accounts. As a state, then, New York is not entirely thriftless: but how about the big town?

The thrift salesman was right when he said that New York had the saving habit. About 59 per cent of the inhabitants of Greater New York, including infants and imbeciles, have savings-bank accounts, which average $598 per capita. Nothing surprising in that, perhaps, for one somehow associates thrift with the home-loving residents of the outlying boroughs, conservative Brooklyn, rural Richmond, far-flung Queens and densely settled Bronx. But the big surprise is the heart of the city, Manhattan itself.

Early Savings Banks

Are you accustomed to think of Manhattan in terms of the free-spending hilarious crowds of visitors from the rest of the world? Do you imagine that the night life of the Gay White Way is the habitual life of the Manhattanite? Guess again, brother. This show is staged for you. The theaters and the night clubs, the speak-easies and the gambling joints, the bright lights and the music are the means whereby your real Manhattanite makes his living—by taking it away from you and the rest of the visiting firemen. And when he—or she—gets it away from you, plunk—it goes into the savings bank! It's a good bet that the dollar bill you leave on the pillow for the chambermaid, the quarter you slip to the hat-check girl, the fiver you hand the head waiter to purchase his respect, and all the other tips you spread around when you come to the metropolis for a gay time, to say nothing of a fair percentage of what you expend for taxi fare, theater-ticket commissions, and the like, go into the savings banks by the shortest possible route. For nine out of every ten persons living on Manhattan Island have savings-bank accounts, a fraction more than 90 per cent of the borough's 1,945,000 residents having an average of more than $1050 each tucked away in the mutual banks alone, without taking into account the thrift deposits like that of Miss Smithers in the commercial banks. The savings banks of Manhattan hold $1,937,715,937.08 belonging to their 1,838,627 depositors. And that comes near to making this tight little island pretty nearly the thriftiest twenty-two square miles in the world.

New York has had the savings-bank habit for more than 100 years. So have Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, though in somewhat lesser degree. It was Daniel Defoe, free-lance journalist and adventurer and author of Robinson Crusoe, who first suggested the idea of savings banks where the poor could put their pennies and shillings, and so provide a fund which the government could use and pay interest on; but it was not until 100 years after his time, in 1810, that the first savings bank was actually established, at Rothwell Village, Scotland. Within a few years there were several savings banks in Great Britain, and by 1816 the movement had crossed the Atlantic. In that year New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore business men started almost simultaneously to organize savings banks on the trustee plan. There was delay in getting state charters in Massachusetts, New York and Maryland, so that Philadelphia was first to get its bank actually opened.

On December 2, 1816, the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, still in existence and one of the largest of American savings banks, began business with an initial deposit of one dollar by a negro laborer, Robert Curtis. Eleven days later, on December thirteenth, the Provident Institution for Savings was opened in Boston.

It's the lather that does it!

YOUR shave is only as good as your lather. It's what goes on in the lather that determines whether you're going to get a swift, sweet, cool, smooth shave.

Mennen Shaving Cream with its exclusive principle of *Dermutation* was developed on the proven theory that only when your beard has been properly softened can your razor do its best job.

Dermutation is that special action in Mennen lather which starts to work the minute you touch brush, cream and water to the face. It develops instantly in the rich, luxurious bank that rolls up under your brush. It softens completely the tough, fibrous hair shafts. No more need for messing or rubbing with your fingers. *Dermutation* relaxes and levels the tiny skin mounds at the base of the hairs so that the razor cuts the beard clean and close without nicking or scraping or scratching the skin. No soreness. No rawness. No free caustic to burn or parch or smart. And Mennen works equally well in cold or hard water. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather tone up and freshen the skin, leaving it smooth and fit.

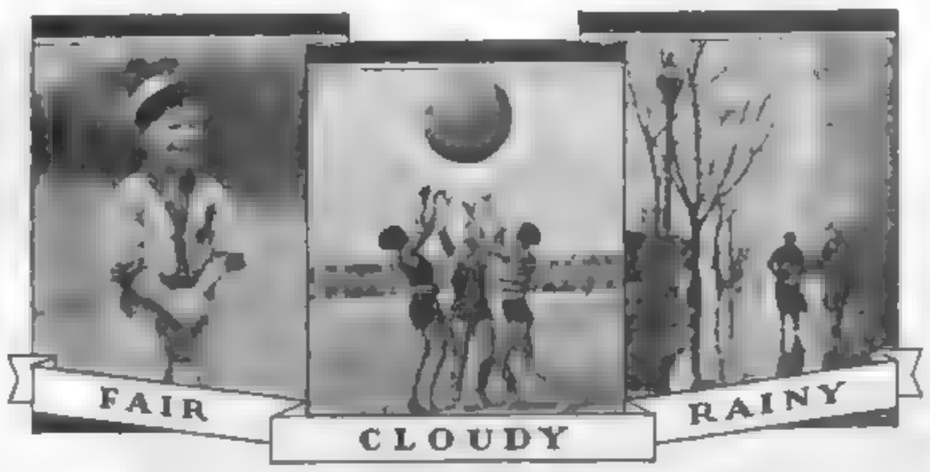
Also Made Menthol-iced

A dash of menthol gives a cool, bracing zip to the lather that's refreshing and reviving. Those who like it, can have it and *Dermutation*, too—because we now make Mennen Shaving Cream two ways—with and without menthol. 50c either tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men

It's a man's face comfort—this Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Removes face shine and soothes the skin. 25c per tin. Also in stick form—50c.

YOU TOO, can have Agfa film!



$7500.00 Prize Picture Contest

AGFA film, the choice of professional photographers, motion picture camera men and aviators in their exacting work . . .

The film that scientists rely upon to retain the most accurate photographic record of their researches . . .

The film that explorers use to get the best pictures of the wild and desolate regions of the earth . . .

This film—Agfa—is now available to every camera owner.

Agfa the "all-weather" film

Agfa is actually an all-weather film. Its efficiency is not affected by Mr. Sun's dictates. No longer need bad weather mean "no pictures today". With Agfa in your camera you are assured of remarkably fine pictures even on dull or rainy days.

Faster, and more sensitive

Agfa is a much faster and more sensitive film. Its greater speed offsets the most common cause of poor pictures: under-exposure.

Its greater sensitiveness sharpens details, giving to pictures a depth and feeling —the professional touch.

Make this simple test

The next time you buy film, ask for a roll of Agfa —now it is available for all cameras and costs no more than other film.

Take your pictures without troubling to wait for the sun to come out, or the rain to stop, or the clouds to clear away. Then compare them with other pictures you have taken.

You'll be amazed to find that your Agfa pictures taken in dull or rainy weather are sharp and clear and have beautifully subdued color contrast.

$7500.00 in prizes

Don't delay to enter the great Agfa picture contest. Your chance of winning is just as good as the next person's.

The contest is divided into four classes: Baby Pictures; Rainy-day Pictures; Fair-weather Pictures; Unusual Pictures.

No pictures from professional photographers will be accepted. Get full particulars from your dealer, or fill out coupon and mail direct to us—*today*.

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Please send me particulars of the Agfa Prize Picture Contest.

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That, too, is still doing business, with above $87,000,000 in deposits. So are the two others of the four pioneer institutions of this kind the Savings Bank of Baltimore, opened on March 16, 1818, which holds more than $59,000,000 in trust for the people of its community, and the Bank for Savings in the city of New York, opened in 1819 under the auspices of a committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, which has above $145,000,000 on deposit.

From these pioneer plantings of the savings-bank idea have grown the 618 mutual banks of the United States, some 800 other banks which, in various states, are called savings banks though not operated as trusts, and the widespread and rapidly growing development of thrift departments of national and state banks and trust companies. Thirty-two of the mutual savings banks have more than $50,000,000 each held in trust for depositors. Exactly half these largest banks are in New York City, twelve in the Borough of Manhattan, including the largest two of all, three in Brooklyn and one in the Bronx. Four of the others are in other cities of New York, but the ancient Philadelphia Savings Fund Society is third on the list, the old Provident Institution for Savings in Boston is eleventh; Ambassador Myron T. Herrick's Society for Savings in Cleveland is sixteenth, with $80,000,000 on deposit; the Hibernia Savings and Loan of San Francisco ranks eighteenth, the 110-year-old Savings Bank of Baltimore comes twenty-second, and the Farmers and Mechanics of Minneapolis is thirtieth, with $52,000,000.

A Fifteen-Dollar Nest Egg

All of them are operated on the same principle of trusteeship, and the lists of trustees, past and present, include almost every notable name in business and finance for the past century. The trustees receive no compensation whatever for their services, but give their advice and counsel freely for the benefit of the depositors. And the job of trustee of a large mutual savings bank is no sinecure. Every investment of depositors' funds has to be passed upon by the trustees, and where large sums are involved, this calls for the exercise of intimate knowledge and experience in the investment market. Absolute safety must always be the first consideration, for these are trust funds to be administered with as much care as if they were the estates of widows and orphans—which, indeed, they frequently are. None of the risks of commercial banking can be taken. State laws govern and limit the character of investments which may be made. Government, state and municipal bonds, first-mortgage bonds of specified railroad and other corporations—the last session of the New York Legislature added some $5,000,000,000 of public utility and railroad equipment and terminal bonds to the list—and first mortgages on real estate comprise the range of permitted investments. And of these, real-estate loans preponderate.

"In more than 100 years of experience we have found that real-estate mortgages are the safest and most satisfactory form of investment of deposits," Mr. Gawtry told me. "More than 60 per cent of savings-bank funds are so invested, and the current rate of interest on mortgage loans therefore largely determines the amount of the quarterly dividends paid to depositors."

In Brooklyn, for example, where the real-estate mortgage rate is 6 per cent, the savings banks currently pay 4.5 per cent dividends; in Manhattan, with mortgage interest at 5.5 per cent, only two or three savings banks pay more than 4.25 per cent to their depositors. Elsewhere dividends as high as 5 per cent are paid by some savings banks, where the first-mortgage interest rate runs above 6 per cent. The first American savings bank, the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, for many years after its establishment paid 3.65 per cent dividends—"a penny a day on a hundred dollars." The rates climbed in the 60's to 6 per cent, in the 70's to 7 in some cities, slid down to 3.5 in the 80's and are now pretty well established at between 4 and 5 per cent almost everywhere.

There are accounts in some of the New York savings banks which have been drawing interest for more than 100 years, and growing mightily; for money in the savings bank is automatically compounded, interest piling up on interest. The oldest live savings account of which I have been able to find a record has thus grown in 108 years from an initial deposit of fifteen dollars to the quite respectable figure of $2598.64, not a cent having been added to the original fifteen dollars in all that time except the accrued interest.

That is the account which still stands on the books of the Bank for Savings in the city of New York in the name of John Thorne. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the announcement of this novel institution, "intended to furnish a secure place of deposit for the savings of Mechanics, Manufacturers, Mantuamakers, Cartmen, Seamen and Laborers," when the parents of a newly born child celebrated the advent of a son and heir by, among other things, depositing ten dollars to his credit. That was on August 16, 1819. When the boy John Thorne was a year old, they deposited another five dollars in account Number 738. John Thorne never needed the money. He grew to manhood, prospered exceedingly and died at a ripe old age, leaving a considerable estate, the heirs and executors of which, as a matter of sentiment, have kept the ancient savings account alive by presenting the pass book at least once every twenty years to have the accrued interest credited. They have expressed their intention of letting the account grow until it is 200 years old. If they do, and interest rates continue to average what they have averaged for the past century, there will be $92,210.14 or thereabouts—a sum which may prove sufficient to set the heirs of that day to quarreling over its distribution.

Searching the old records in this oldest of New York savings banks, I found many accounts even older than that, still kept open on the books, but long since transferred from the live to the dormant classification; for an account whose owner has taken no action concerning it for twenty years, either by making a deposit, withdrawing money or presenting his pass book to have the interest credited, ceases to draw interest. Out of some 600 accounts opened in the Bank for Savings in its first full month of operation, July, 1819, twenty-three are still open on the books. The original depositors are long since dead, their heirs, if any, do not know of the money lying in the bank waiting for them, and the bank has not been able to trace the owners of the money which they have held thus in trust for more than a century.

Dormant Deposits

Individually, few of these accounts are of material size, though the dormant ledger of this particular bank accounts for more than $351,000 in such unclaimed deposits.

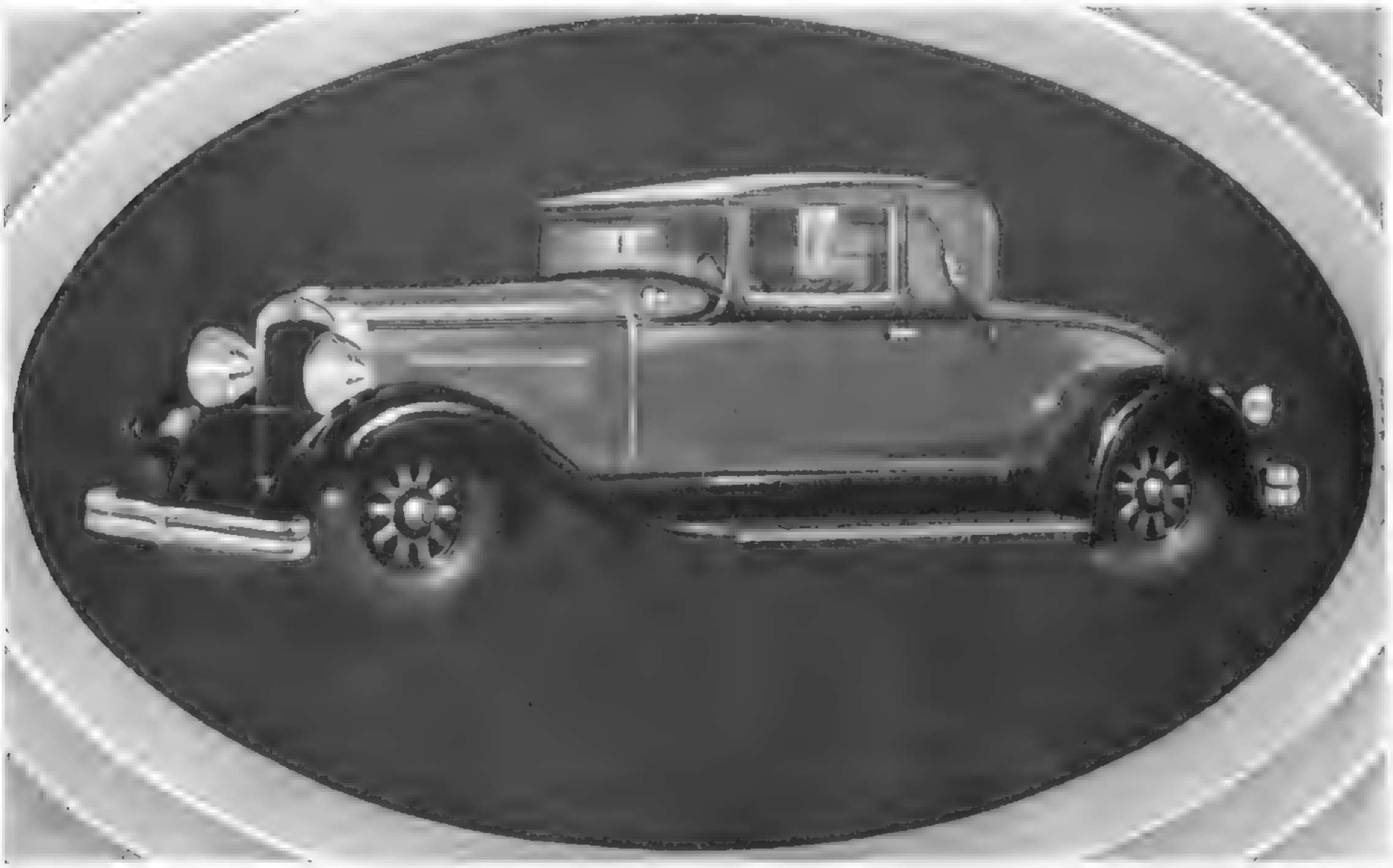
"We can count on 3 per cent of our depositors never showing up or being heard from again after they have made their first deposit," said one of the bank officials. "Thirty accounts out of every 1000 become dormant, though the total of dormant accounts on our books represents less than a quarter of one per cent of our total deposits."

"What becomes of this money which nobody owns?" I asked. "And what becomes of the people who leave it here unclaimed?"

"The money is always here, waiting for somebody to prove a claim to it," was the reply. "There never comes a time when it reverts to the bank or to the state, though many efforts have been made by various legislatures to compel savings banks to transfer their dormant funds to the state treasury. It is a current saying that this or that savings-bank building was built with the interest on unclaimed deposits. To a

(Continued on Page 117)

THE WORLD HAS A NEW AND FINER MOTOR CAR



The correct car today for informal motoring—more and more supplanting the roadster in popular favor—is the open-enclosed type, the Cabriolet.

The illustration shows the Advanced Six, 130-inch wheelbase, Salon-Body Cabriolet in the new "400" Series, just introduced by Nash.

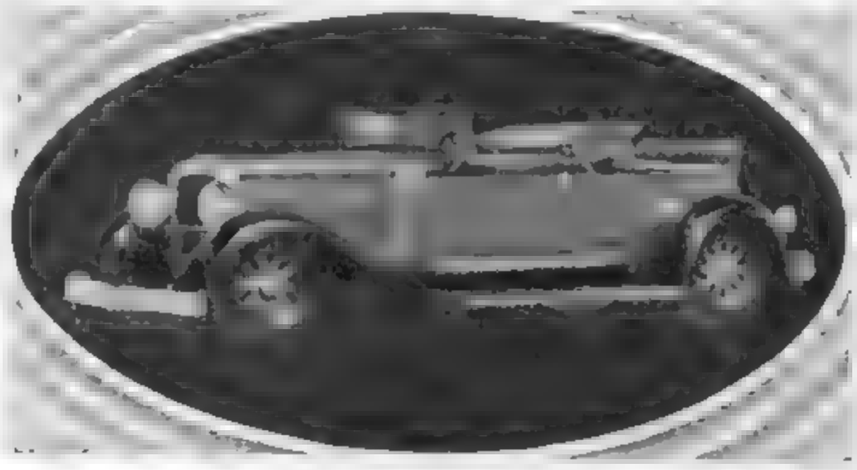
It is a powerful car, and very fast. You can drive it faster than you ever will care to go, due to the extraordinary power in its newly-designed "Twin Ignition," 12-spark plug, high-compression motor.

The colors are cedar and mahogany. The upholstery is smart, duotone Spanish leather. The new Nash-type, low-set, Cabriolet top folds compactly when lowered, for clear vision behind.

Houdaille double-action shock absorbers and the new "400" double-drop frame endow this Cabriolet with exceptional comfort. A new Nash steering design creates the easiest-handling car the motor-car industry ever has produced. Bijur centralized chassis lubrication adds convenience and long life.

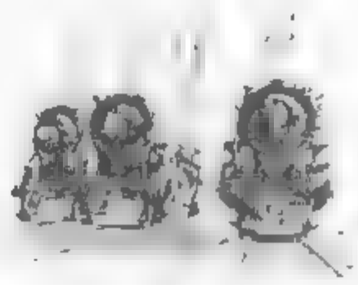
Nash now provides every luxury of travel, every excellence of motoring, hitherto furnished only by those motor cars of very highest price!

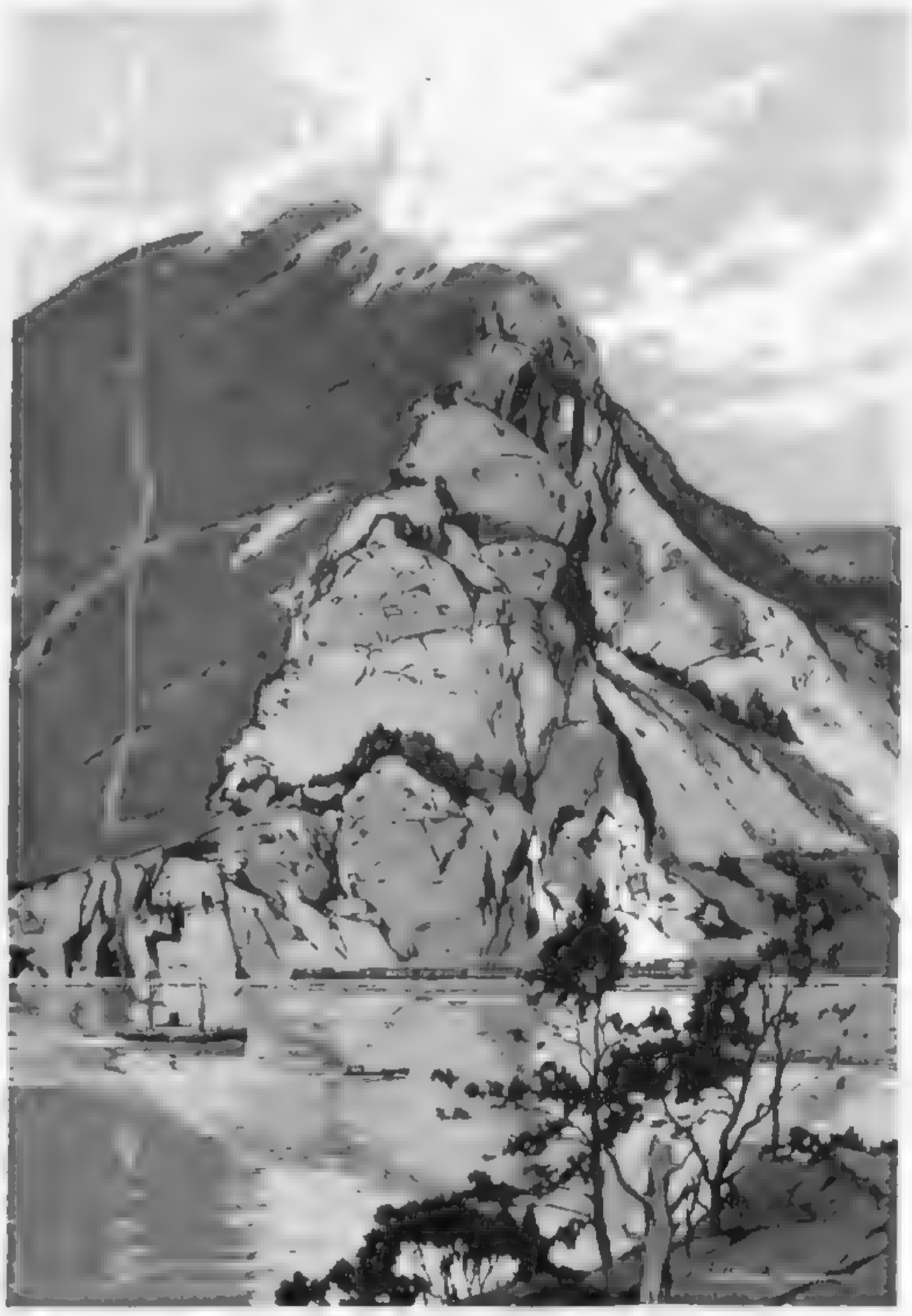
THE NEW NASH "400" SERIES



Nash also builds the Salon Cabriolet on both the 116-inch Special Six wheelbase and the 112¼-inch Standard Six wheelbase

20th Century Limited enters its 27th year





The CENTURY passing Breakneck Mountain in the Highlands of the Hudson —and still at sea level on this unique water level route.

WHEN the fleets of CENTURIES left New York, Boston and Chicago on June 15, they began the 27th year of this famous de luxe passenger service on the *water level route* of the New York Central Lines.

The CENTURY is now carrying twice as many passengers as it did ten years ago, and nearly eight times as many as in the first year of its operation. In eleven of the past fourteen years the CENTURY has made a new high record of passengers carried.

But, while the popularity of the CENTURY has been growing year after year, the increasing demand for fast overnight service between Chicago and New York has called for the addition of a number of other de luxe trains over the New York Central route, all of which are also enjoying an increasing measure of public favor.

On an average day 50 Pullman sleeping cars on New York Central Lines run from Chicago to New York, and the same number from New York to Chicago. The majority of these cars are on the *Lake Shore Limited, North Shore Limited, Wolverine, Fifth Avenue Special,* and other fast trains supplementing the 20-hour service of the 20TH CENTURY LIMITED.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY · · · MICHIGAN CENTRAL · · · BIG FOUR · · · PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE · · ·
NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

Twentieth Century Limited · · · *Chicago* · · · *New York* · · · *New England*
Southwestern Limited · · · *St. Louis* · · · *New York* · · · *New England*

(Continued from Page 114)

degree, that is measurably true, but the bank must always be ready to pay the money out whenever somebody who can prove a claim to it turns up. As to what became of the depositors or their heirs, that is what we are constantly trying to find out, by advertising and correspondence. Sometimes we succeed, at other times we fail."

We ran through the yellowing pages of some of the huge dusty old volumes. There was a story on every page, almost—pathetic, tragic, mysterious. What became, for example, of "Adam, a black boy in the family of John Mowatt of Pearl Street," as he is recorded in the old ledger? Adam opened his account on July 17, 1819, with a deposit of three dollars. Then for eleven years he added to it painfully gained pennies, six cents, twenty-two cents, twenty-five, twenty-seven, once a whole dollar and a half. But on the thirtieth of May, 1830, Adam drew out all but one dollar and vanished. Nothing has ever been heard of Adam since, but his dollar drew interest until 1889, when the law making twenty-year-old accounts dormant was enacted.

Vanished Without a Trace

People vanish, leaving no trace; they change their names; they hide their bank books and forget to tell their whereabouts on their deathbeds; they are lost at sea and none knows who their heirs may be, if any. The Seamen's Bank for Savings list of dormant accounts is filled with such tragedies of the deep.

Perhaps the star mystery of all is that of an account which contains several thousand dollars to which nobody has ever put forward a claim. Back in the days when Astoria, Long Island, was New York's most fashionable suburb, the coachman in a wealthy family there married the housemaid and they started a savings-bank account. They saved enough to buy a farm in Connecticut, where they raised horses for the market. They continued to put money into the savings bank at fairly regular intervals, then suddenly the deposits ceased. Twenty years went by and the account came up for the attention of the trustees as one to be declared dormant. A letter to the last known address in Connecticut brought back the news that the couple had left there nearly twenty years before. They had sold their farm, closed up their affairs, drawn their funds in cash from the local bank and told the neighbors they were going back to Ireland.

They never got to Ireland. They never got to New York, so far as can be discovered. For thirty years the bank has been corresponding with Irish officials, asking parish priests to search their church records, in the hope of finding relatives to whom this fairly comfortable sum may be paid over, but without result. Advertisements in newspapers in New York, Connecticut and Ireland have brought forth no claimants. It seems impossible that two persons could so completely vanish from the face of the earth and leave neither traces nor heirs. The only plausible theory advanced is that they were followed by thieves who robbed them of the considerable sum in cash which they had drawn from the Connecticut bank, killed them and successfully concealed their bodies, before they could get to the savings bank to get the rest of their money and sail for their old home in Ireland.

Most of these dormant accounts are small—a few dollars or a few hundred at the most—not big enough to tempt the unscrupulous to try to get the money under false pretenses. There are enough of them with sums in the thousands to their credit, however, to make it worth a criminal's while to get them, if he can find out about them. The savings banks are careful not to let the amounts in these accounts become public for that very reason. Though I found no records obtainable of such claims on evidence proved to be false, several savings-bank officials told of certain lawyers whose clientele seemed to include a suspiciously large number of "heirs" of the owners of some of the larger dormant accounts. But when a probate court grants letters of administration on the estate of a person whose name and description tally closely with the bank's own records, and the administrator offers a surety bond for the bank's protection, there is nothing for the bank to do but to pay over the money and rely upon the surety company in case someone comes along later with proof that the money was paid to the wrong person.

Not long ago a man from New Jersey presented such letters of administration for the estate of an old woman whose name, let us say, was Jane Jones. Her name had been published in a list of dormant accounts held in this bank. The administrator had not found her pass book among her effects, but the supposed date and place of her birth tallied pretty well with the bank's own records, and the money was paid to the administrator. Soon afterward a lawyer of standing called at the bank with the Jane Jones pass book. A client of his, an elderly man, had found it in cleaning out an old desk and remembered that Jane Jones had given it to him for safe-keeping many years before. The lawyer had investigated, discovered that Jane Jones was dead, and had found her heirs. Everything tallied up to this point, but the heirs whom the lawyer had found were not the ones to whom the bank had already paid the money! Further investigation disclosed the fact that there were two Jane Joneses, cousins, of about the same age, born in the same county, and that both had died at about the same time. One had been poor, the other well-to-do. The money had been paid to the administrator of the poor Jane Jones, while it really belonged to the other.

The principal heir of the real owner of the account called at the bank. It was explained to her that the bank could call upon the surety company for the amount, which would be paid over, but that the surety company would then try to collect it from those to whom it had been paid. But, as it turned out, the two families of Joneses, grandchildren of the two Janes, were now on an equal social and economic footing, and, moreover, were close friends without ever having suspected the relationship. The real heiress thought it over for a minute, decided that it would probably break up a pleasant friendship if she pushed her legitimate claim, and as the amount involved was not enough to be worth her while to worry about, asked the bank to let the matter drop right there.

A Woman Who Kept a Secret

Hidden pass books that turn up after their owners' death are almost everyday affairs in savings-bank annals. The tendency to secretiveness seems to be marked among those who place their money in savings accounts. One well-to-do contractor came to a Manhattan savings bank recently with a pass book in his wife's maiden name, which he had found under the kitchen-table oilcloth after her death. He had never known that she had a bank account; she had never told the bank of her change of matrimonial status. And when the bank officials, verifying the record, disclosed to the contractor that his wife's two sisters had opened accounts at the same time he was amazed. He had never known that his wife had any sisters, although they had been married for forty years before her death. Tracing the sisters with the aid of the bank, he learned that one had been dead for years and that the other was a charity patient in a state insane asylum. Determined to do for her whatever money could do, he discovered that she, too, had hidden bank books indicating her ownership of more than $14,000 in several different savings banks.

In many cases the failure of the savings banks to discover claimants is undoubtedly due to some change of name, the heirs knowing nothing of the name under which the account has been kept. Unless the pass book turns up and somebody takes the

"I thought any jack would do --till now!"

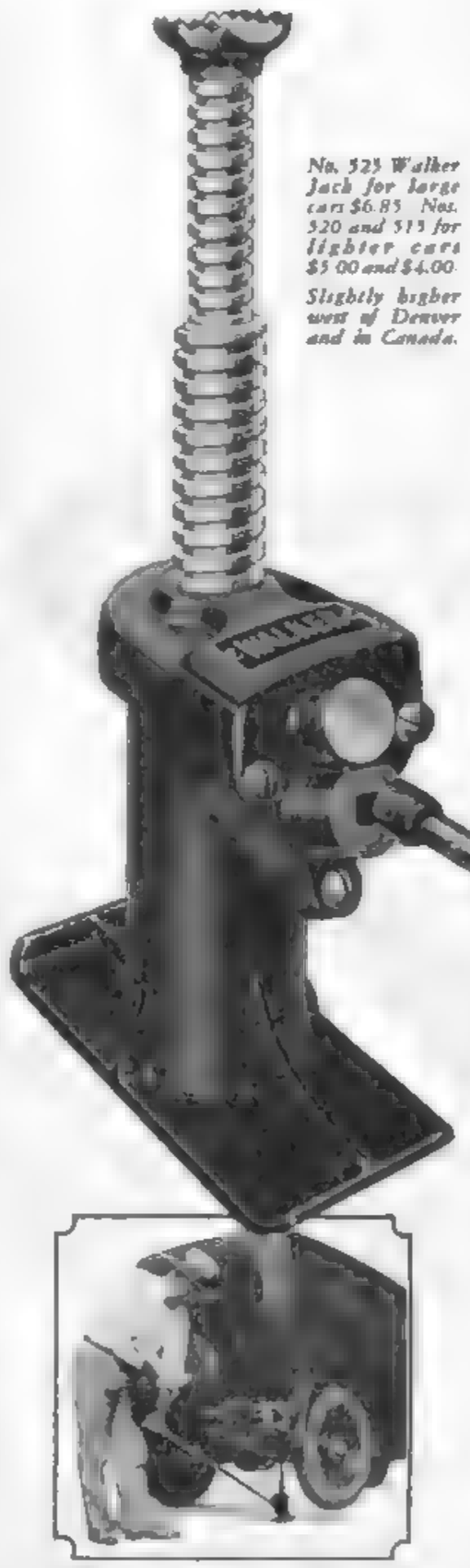
HE lost his temper—the skin off his knuckles—and several hours' time. He ruined a good trip—learning that any old jack won't do.

You can save yourself this grief by looking in your tool box now and finding out about *your* jack. The chances are it's an old-fashioned, inadequate, or decrepit contraption—and you'd better *throw it away!* What you should have is a Walker Jack (Series 500).

With one of these modern Walker Jacks you'll always feel secure. The long handle lets you raise a wheel without getting down in the dirt. The skid base slides right under—and the double-extension-screw gets way down low and lifts up high. No soiled clothes—no skinned knuckles—and almost no effort to use . . . Select the right jack for your car from the chart below and tell your garageman or accessory dealer that you want Walker Jack protection. Do it NOW. You may have a flat tire tomorrow.

Walker Manufacturing Company, Racine, Wis.

A nation-wide survey of all makes and model cars shows that half of all car owners are taking chances with inadequate jacks, broken jacks or no jacks at all.



No. 525 Walker Jack for large cars $6.85. Nos. 520 and 515 for lighter cars $5.00 and $4.00.

Slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada.

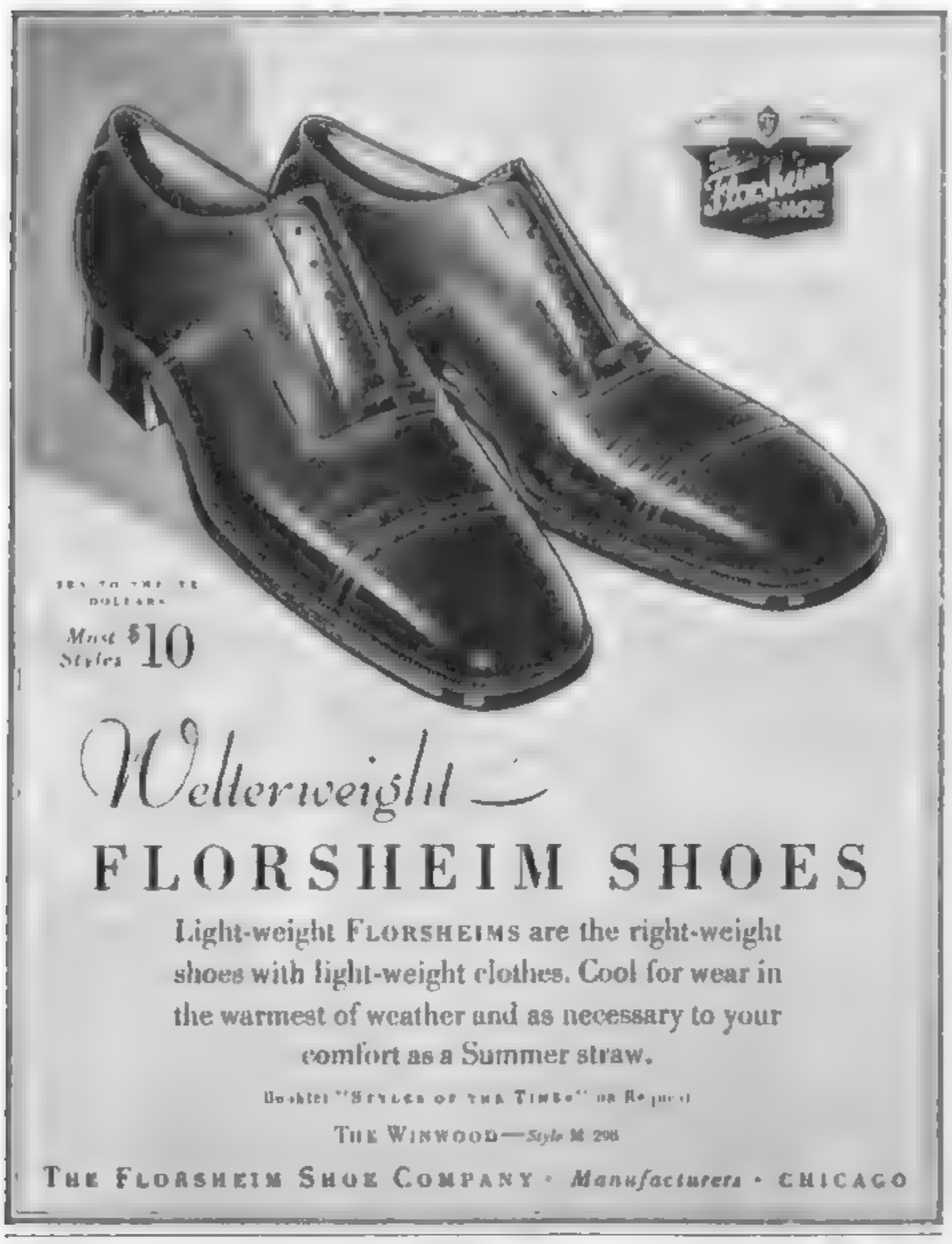
He takes no chances. He has a Walker Jack in his tool box, ready for any emergency.

THE RIGHT WALKER JACK FOR YOUR CAR

Make	Model	Walker Jack Numbers	
		1st Choice	2nd Choice
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cadillac	All Models	No. 525	
Chevrolet	Spec. & de Luxe	No. 520	No. 515
Chevrolet	Big 6, Royal 8	No. 525	No. 520
Chevrolet	All Models	No. 515	
Chrysler	60	No. 515	
Chrysler	66, 62, 70	No. 520	No. 515
Chrysler	72, 80	No. 525	No. 520
Dodge	6	No. 525	No. 520
Dodge	6, Std. & Victory	No. 520	No. 515
Dodge	Senior	No. 525	No. 520
De Soto	65, 65	No. 520	No. 515
Essex	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Ford	6	No. 515	
Ford	Super 6	No. 520	No. 515
Ford	60, 12	No. 520	No. 515
Ford	A & T	No. 515	
Franklin	11 B, 12 A & 12 T	No. 525	No. 520
Gardner	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Graham Paige	8-10, 8-12, 8-20	No. 525	No. 520
Hudson	Super 6	No. 525	No. 520
Hupmobile	A	No. 520	No. 515
Hupmobile	E & M	No. 525	No. 520
Jordan	Line 8, Air Line 8	No. 525	No. 520
Kissel	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Lafayette	8	No. 525	No. 520
Lincoln	8	No. 525	
Lincoln Zephyr	Junior 8	No. 525	No. 520
Marmon	68, 78 & 79	No. 525	No. 520
Nash	400, 4 A	No. 520	No. 515
Nash	4-70, 8-80	No. 525	No. 520
Nash	Light 8	No. 520	No. 515
Nash	Spec. 6, Ad. 6	No. 525	No. 520
Oakland	6	No. 520	No. 515
Oldsmobile	6, F 28	No. 520	No. 515
Packard	6, 8, Clipper 55, 645	No. 525	
Peerless	A 5	No. 525	No. 520
Pierce	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Pierce Arrow	80, 36, 81	No. 525	No. 520
Pontiac	6	No. 520	No. 515
Reo	Chassis, Wasserine	No. 525	No. 520
Stud	6	No. 515	
Studebaker Knight	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Studebaker	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Terraplane	8 88	No. 525	
Viking	60, 60, 66, 72, 80	No. 525	No. 520
Whippet	4, 6	No. 515	
Willys Knight	66	No. 520	No. 515
Willys Knight	66, 70	No. 525	No. 520

Walker Jacks

DEPENDABLE IN EMERGENCIES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Most Styles $10
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FLORSHEIM SHOES
Light-weight FLORSHEIMS are the right-weight shoes with light-weight clothes. Cool for wear in the warmest of weather and as necessary to your comfort as a Summer straw.
Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" on Request
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Bearing Bronze At Its Best—
Users of Bearing Metal for emergency repairs and specially made bronze parts will find Bunting Phosphor Bronze a revelation.
The long experience of this company in bronze metallurgy, constant research in laboratory and field, and absolute control of mixtures and pouring temperatures result in a high quality of bearing bronze never before known.
Once a machinist "works" a bar of Bunting Phosphor Bronze he insists on using it always. The metallic structure of Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bars offers an amazing superiority.
They are accurately cast and free from the blow holes and imperfections which result in costly waste.
There are 88 sizes of Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bars carried in stock at Bunting Branches in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and by leading Mill Supply Wholesalers in every market. We have patterns for hundreds of other sizes and can promptly fill all special orders. We will gladly send you a list of these stock sizes upon request to the factory or any Bunting Branch.
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trouble to connect it with the person who died under another name, there is hardly a chance that the money will ever be claimed.

Only a few months ago a woman who had worked as a chambermaid in one of the large New York hotels was taken ill and sent to Bellevue Hospital by the hotel management. She died there without being able to tell the names of relatives or friends. Among her effects was found a savings-bank pass book bearing another name than that under which she had worked. A teller of the bank who thought he could remember her face went to the morgue and identified her, and the bank paid over her little account to an undertaker who gave her a decent burial, which was probably what she was saving her money for. Savings banks are authorized to pay out up to $500 of a depositor's account for funeral expenses without waiting for the processes of administration.

One bank official told me of finding the owner of a dormant account in his own front yard. No word had been had from this depositor, with a peculiar German name, for more than twenty years. A letter sent to his address as shown on the bank's books came back from New Orleans with forwarding addresses scribbled all over the envelope by a dozen different post offices. One day the official was watching a man who was cutting grass in the yard of his suburban home.

"You're a German, John," he said. "Did you ever hear of a man with this name?"

"That's my name," said the gardener.

"Then why don't you send in your bank book and get the interest credited?" asked the banker.

"Oh, I know it's safe," said John.

That is the feeling of the general run of savings-bank depositors—they know their money is safe. And in the long run that is what counts most with them.

"Why do so many savings-bank buildings look like jails?" I asked the president of one of them which is housed in a structure whose granite walls and iron-barred windows make it look much like a penal institution.

"Because people associate jails with safety," he replied.

Safer Than a Mattress

The savings-bank depositor feels confidence in a magnificent structure, which is why the Bowery Savings Bank, for instance, has built something almost cathedral-like on its new site opposite the Grand Central Station, the old Greenwich Savings Bank welcomes "mantuamakers, cartmen, seamen and laborers" in an enormous marble rotunda under a huge domed skylight, the Seamen's Bank for Savings inhabits a Gothic temple in Wall Street.

Largest of all the mutual savings banks is the Emigrant Industrial of New York, with $294,468,729 deposits and more than $40,000,000 surplus. As its name implies, its accounts are largely among the foreign-born and their second-generation descendants, though not exclusively so. It was a pioneer in the work of going out after deposits, employing solicitors speaking many languages to go among the new arrivals and induce them to take their money out of the mattress and put it into the savings bank.

In the regions where the mutual savings banks operate they command the confidence of the general run of workers to a degree that no commercial bank has ever achieved. Among the older generation of wage earners they are regarded as almost the only safe places in which to put money. No manner of inducement will persuade most of them to invest anywhere else. But with the greater stabilizing of commercial banks which has come about since the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, there has grown up a new generation which inherits none of the tradition of distrust of the ordinary bank, and it is to this younger generation of wageworkers and salaried employes that the thrift departments of the commercial banks make their appeal.

Savings, or thrift, departments in commercial banks are no novelty in sections of the country where the mutual banks have never taken root, but they are spreading everywhere now, and their activity in soliciting new accounts, starting the young workers off in life with the right ideas of thrift, are indicated by the episode of Miss Smithers which I have already related. Their effect is not to diminish the deposits in the mutual banks, at least so far, but to increase the total volume of savings. And in doing this they are bringing the small savings of a large number of people into large investment pools wherefrom to draw money power for the wheels of industry and business no less than are the mutual banks, but with this difference—that the money of the mutual banks can be invested only in real estate or in a limited selection of stable bonds, while the thrift deposits of the commercial banks become part of the bank's general funds, to be used for any and all legitimate banking purposes. They have a wider range of economic usefulness therefore, and the depositors, by mere contact with the bank's activities, are in the way to broaden the range of their own economic vision, which is one of the objects sought by the banks that are most vigorous in building up their thrift departments.

Invest After Investigating

"Our purpose in promoting our thrift-accounts department is twofold," said an officer of the National City Bank of New York in charge of these accounts. This largest of all banks in America has now about 185,000 thrift accounts, distributed among its thirty-one local branches. "We want to extend the facilities of modern banking to a great number of persons to whom they are not otherwise available," said this banker, "and we want to develop as many young men and young women as possible into capitalists by starting them on the road to financial independence. That will be for the ultimate good of all concerned and of American business and industry."

Three per cent is the prevailing rate throughout the country paid as interest on thrift accounts—a little more in some places, but generally a little less than that paid by the mutual banks. Under the rules of the New York Clearing House member banks are forbidden to pay more than 3 per cent on such savings, but some nonmember banks offer four. The matter of interest seems, however, to be of less concern than that of safety. The biggest and strongest banks get the largest proportion of new accounts. And how they are saving! Thrift is becoming a best-selling commodity.

"It is getting harder and harder for promoters of shaky or fraudulent schemes to get wage earners and salaried workers to put their money into them," said the president of one big New York bank to me. "When they have been saving long enough to become accustomed to the atmosphere of the big bank, to acquire confidence in its personnel, they begin to ask the advice of the officials before drawing their money out for any purpose. That gives an opportunity to show them the difference between a sound investment and an unsound one. Our primary purpose in building up our thrift department is not to sell securities to the depositors, but we do want to teach them all to become investors, after they have accumulated enough to warrant them in tying up some of their funds in bonds or shares which will return them a higher rate of interest than can be paid on savings accounts as such."

Which is another way of putting the warning which hangs beside the tellers' windows in many of the savings banks, issued by the New York State Chamber of Commerce:

Before you draw your money, think it over. Do not invest without investigating. Ask your banker.

One is perfect— one lies shattered

. . and only Nature can tell you why

You can mold a vase from the gumbo clay you find on country roads. But the heat of the kiln will break it down, shatter it—leave it a charred and crumbling mass. For only one kind of clay can withstand the terrific temperature necessary in making the finest porcelain art objects.

But why should one clay possess heat-resisting qualities other clays lack? You'll have to ask Nature for the answer. She has a habit of playing favorites—in clays, in woods, in stones—and in oils.

Nature favored Pennsylvania Motor Oil with heat-resisting qualities found in no other oils

UNDER the sustained heat of a motor—especially a modern high-speed, or high-compression motor—many oils thin out, "break down" rapidly—lose their lubricating value. Before you know it, your motor goes wrong—you're in for a big repair bill.

Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil stands up under heat. Under normal conditions, it gives super-lubrication for at least 1,000 miles—many more miles with an oil filter.

Why, only Nature knows. She made this one oil of different materials—gave it qualities no other oils possess. That's why experts call Pennsylvania, "The highest grade oil in the world". That's why 2,100,000 motorists use it exclusively.

Because of its superior ability to resist heat, Pure Pennsylvania Oil effects a better piston seal, gives greater power, reduces dilution, lowers gasoline consumption. Advantages no motorist can afford to overlook!

You can identify this finer oil by the emblem shown below. It appears on many different brands of motor oil—it is your proof that all of them are made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude Oil. No other kind, or grade of oil can use it.

With this emblem to guide you, it's the height of folly to take a chance on unknown oils. Instead, go to the nearest dealer who displays this emblem. Order any Pennsylvania brand you wish, but be sure to specify "Pennsylvania", too! Have your crank-case drained and filled with this oil. Then drive! Maintain the oil level of course. But you won't need to drain again for at least 1,000 miles!

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SELECTING A FUNERAL DIRECTOR IN YOUR CITY

THERE is an important duty that most people neglect or avoid. It is the designation of a funeral director in advance of actual need. This selection is a task that should not be left for others to make. Your failure to investigate carefully and make intelligent selection may impose an unfair responsibility on the family. You buy life insurance in advance of need, draw a will, leave instructions for guidance on many things and your sound judgment should govern in the selection of a funeral director.

The Funeral Service Bureau makes it possible for you to select a funeral director unerringly. The Bureau emblem itself is your guarantee of complete services and fair prices. Only those funeral directors can become members who meet the Bureau's rigid requirements. They must have complete establishments. The report of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Advisory Committee on Burial Survey said: "In general, operating costs and prices to the public are lower in 'complete establishments' doing a large volume of business than in establishments with small volume."

Look for the Bureau Emblem in Your City

FUNERAL SERVICE BUREAU OF AMERICA

Satisfactory Service for every purse

Analyzing the Funeral Service Bureau of America, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Advisory Committee on Burial Survey said:

"Fortunately, our study was preceded by a movement within the industry looking toward a thorough study of the business problems *** and to a program for the elimination of the more flagrant evils. *** On October 8, 1927, the funeral directors who had installed cost-accounting met in Chicago and organized the Funeral Service Bureau of America. ***

"The strength of the new association *** lies in, (1) adequate funds for administration, business and legal counsel and publicity, (2) its rigid qualifications for membership, with suspension or expulsion as a penalty for deviation from the Bureau's business and ethical standards, and (3) its provisions for full co-operation with governmental agencies, courts, insurance companies, civic, welfare and charitable agencies. Only firms of good reputation may apply for membership. ***

"It is apparent that funeral prices can never be lowered until the volume of business is concentrated in fewer hands. *** We already see the beginning of such a movement in the organization of the Funeral Service Bureau."

What the Bureau Member Offers

Never before and nowhere else available

When you designate the Funeral Service Bureau member you obtain the most complete service to be had and at prices that are fair whatever your station in life may be. Under the Articles of Organization subscribed to by all members of the Funeral Service Bureau, each member establishment must submit to periodic inspections by a representative of the national Bureau. These inspections have been started and are now in process. These inspections are made to further assist all members in improving the services rendered to the public.

The Funeral Service Bureau is the first nationally approved funeral service ever offered. Only Bureau members can render it. It gives you all the local, personal values you have sought heretofore. It adds the assurance of complete service at fair prices.

You will reduce grief and worry within your own family when you select a funeral director in advance. Look for the funeral establishments of your city listed in the Bureau membership. Select any of them with complete confidence.

The Funeral Service Bureau of America

Headquarters Office

111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

ALBANY, NEW YORK
Marshall W Tebbutt & Sons
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
Chester T. French
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
H M. Patterson & Son
BOSTON, MASS.
Frederic J. Crosby
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
Wm Dunigan & Son
Fairchild Sons, Inc.
CASPER, WYOMING
Shaffer-Gay Co.
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
John B. Turner & Son
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
J. M. Harry & Co.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Boydston Bros.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
W. Mack Johnson
ST. BERNARD, *Cincinnati, O.*
The Inwalle Memorial
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
The D. F. Law Company
COLUMBUS, OHIO
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DALLAS, TEXAS
Ed. C. Smith & Bro. Undertaking Co.
DAVENPORT, IOWA
Hill & Fredericks
Henry Runge's Sons
DENVER, COLORADO
The Rogers Mortuary
The Ollinger Mortuary
The Yeager Mortuary
DES MOINES, IOWA
Dunn's Funeral Home
EL PASO, TEXAS
Kaster & Maxon, Inc.
EVERETT, WASHINGTON
Challacombe & Fickel, Inc.
GREELEY, COLORADO
Macy Undertaking Co.
GREENVILLE, S. C.
James F. Mackey & Sons
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Flanner & Buchanan
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
Chas. K. Wetherby
KANSAS CITY, MO.
Mrs. C. L. Forster Funeral Home
The Freeman Mortuary
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
E. B. Mann Undertaking Co.
LANCASTER, PA.
Fred F. Groff
LANSING, MICHIGAN
Jarvis-Estes Co
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
Castle, Roper & Matthews
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
Frederick T. Hallett, Inc.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
[illegible]
John Mann & Bro.
MIAMI, FLORIDA
W. H. Combs Co., Inc.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Feerick Funeral Home
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN
Davies Mortuary Co
Quist Funeral Chapel
Welander Undertaking Co.
MOLINE, ILLINOIS
Knox Funeral Home
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.
Burr Davis & Son, Inc
MUSCATINE, IOWA
Fairbanks Home for Funerals
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Beecher, Bennett & Lincoln, Inc.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Bultman Mortuary Service, Inc
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
Geo. T. Davis, Inc
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA
Grant D. Miller
Truman Undertaking Co
OMAHA, NEBRASKA
[illegible]
[illegible]
Hoffmann Mortuary
[illegible]
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA
J. B. Draper Company
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN
Fish & Bills
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
Ives and Warren Co.
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
D. W. Bellows & Son
PITTSBURGH, PA.
H. Samson, Inc.
PLAINFIELD, N. J.
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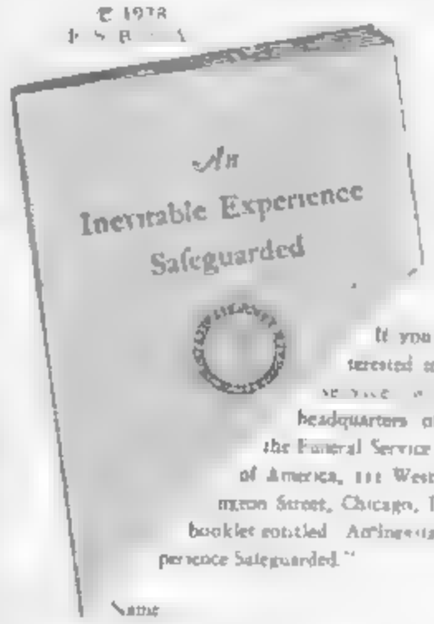

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WILD SWAN

(Continued from Page 9

The nurse took on weight, the lines of his face relaxed and he smoked countless cigarettes, squatting on his heels in the shade of a bunk house.

But once or twice a week "a real expedition" was undertaken. This consisted of going for the day down to a pool in the river a mile or so below the ranch buildings, but still within the ranch fences. There April tried unsuccessfully to catch trout.

At night the grizzled nurse would overtake Sharon and whisper to him mysteriously: "Had a sure-enough big day."

"You did?"

"Yessir, fatiguing. Made two miles an' come in all worn out an' hot. But there wasn't no mountain lion—at least I didn't see no signs—not clost."

"Well, I'm glad of that. But you won't relax any, will you?"

"No, sir. You can trust me."

All this, you understand, with the utmost gravity and portentousness. None the less, there were moments when Sharon pitied "my fiancée, Miss Kerr." She was young and strong despite her sinuosity. Also he could not help but admire her patience, even if it was exercised toward what he considered to be an evil end. She was a good business woman—Miss Kerr. Only once did her patience crack, also her refinement, and that was when, April having departed for a moment to fetch a glass of water, or a wrap, or whatever it was, she looked at Sharon from the depths of her palanquin with level, expressionless blue eyes and murmured languidly "My gawd!"

There was nothing especially personal about the exclamation. It might have referred to any number of minor discomforts.

Otherwise her conduct was perfect, save in a single respect. And even in that respect it was cautious. Miss Kerr had beautiful eyes and she knew how to use them. She used them for a few days on Sharon, but finding not the slightest response in that direction, transferred her gaze to some of the handsomer cowboys.

Sharon, despite his sympathy with youth, even youth in the person of Miss Kerr, and despite his appreciation of the difficulties of her situation, did not like this. April was a nice little fellow, even if in some ways he was a great fool. If you had made up your mind to marry him and were such a good business woman as to hold firmly to that intention, then you should not look for extra dividends elsewhere.

But April seemed happily innocent of these wanderings on the part of Miss Kerr's eyes, and his waist continued to shrink while his sense of adventure and what he could accomplish grew. The latter grew until, toward the middle of August, he demanded a pack trip—a real pack trip, a fairly long pack trip. What is more, he insisted that Sharon make one of the party. The ranch was running fairly smoothly; Sharon decided that he would go part of the way anyhow. He wanted April to have a good time; he doubted just how good a time he would have unless there was someone like himself to reassure constantly Miss Kerr and her mother.

Sharon had become very fond of April. From merely enduring him, he had reached a point where he wished him well. This situation into which April had got himself was a shame. Every now and then Sharon sat up late before a fireplace talking to April. And eventually, as Sharon knew he would, April had spoken to some extent of the original Mrs. April, now in Nevada getting a divorce. Sharon imagined that it rather salved April's conscience to compliment Mrs. April so warmly.

"She's a fine woman," said April—"in many ways the finest woman I know. But for the past five years we just haven't been able to get along, and that's all there is to it."

Sharon, a silent listening figure in the shifting light from the fireplace, stirred.

"That's a pity," he observed. "You don't often come across the finest woman you know."

"No, that's a fact. But there're other things besides fineness."

"Yes, of course, but ——"

"I still carry her photograph with me. Want to see it?"

"Yes."

Sharon was a trifle embarrassed. He was a secretive man himself—proud, self-contained. This was just the sort of thing he would not have done. But as he grew older he found that most people were not so uncommunicative. They liked to talk about the intimate things that were happening to them.

April leaned forward and opened the back of his watch. Sharon saw a pleasant-looking woman of about fifty, not without humor in her eyes, not without some tenderness about her mouth.

"What happened to you two?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It began about five years ago—just as soon as I got a little money and leisure. I wanted to do a lot of things and Mrs. April—Mary—didn't. There was the new house, for instance. She liked the old one. And she hated New York and the parties I went to there. I never did have much fun when I was young, you know."

"No." Sharon leaned over to the wood box and threw another log on the fire. A shower of sparks crackled upward and died down. "Women usually hold to old things," he said. "It takes a lot of tact to persuade them the new's going to be better. They're adventurous physically, but not mentally. They like to travel, for example, but not to change their mode of life. Also they're realists—they know when they've lost a thing forever, such as youth. That's why it doesn't bother us half as much when old men try to be young as when old women are kittenish—the latter is so much rarer. But the trouble is that few of them carry their realism to the point where they realize that the unrealities the male pursues are just as real as anything else. . . . You started at the wrong end, April. Instead of planning all these parties and clothes for yourself, and then asking your wife, you should first have planned clothes and parties for her and got her into the right frame of mind. Mrs. April's a pretty woman."

April stared at the fire and sighed.

"Yes, I suppose so, but it's too late now: there've been too many bitter things said." He jumped to his feet. "Come on. Let's go to bed. It's late. This sort of talk isn't good for a man."

He rubbed his hands together briskly and laughed and went to the door that opened onto the two-sided courtyard of the rambling log house, a well in the middle of the courtyard.

"What a night!"

Still and clear the darkness stood like a quiet giant, a plume of stars on his head. To the west, the black mountains were like a cloak on the giant's shoulder.

Two figures came up the path from the corrals and paused at the well, laughing and talking softly. It was late at night, remember—almost twelve.

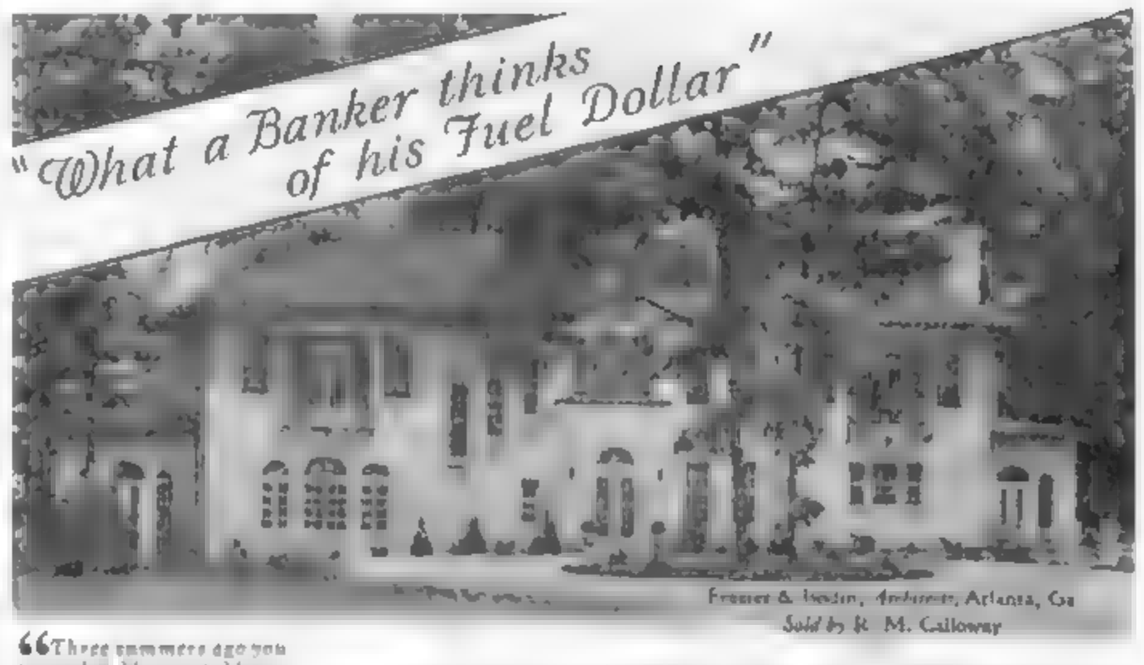
"Why, Gladys," said April, "my dear child, you ought to have been in bed hours ago. You rode all afternoon."

About the figures at the well there was a sense of uneasiness, of embarrassment.

"Oh, is that you, Jimmie?" came the voice of "my fiancée, Miss Kerr." "I couldn't sleep. We were down at the Manners' cabin. They were giving a party. I got Johnnie, here, to come down. They wanted him to sing some of his songs."

"Well, you come along to bed," said April, and walking over to the well, took her by the arm. They disappeared into the darkness.

"Are you getting ready for that pack trip, Johnnie?" asked Sharon somewhat



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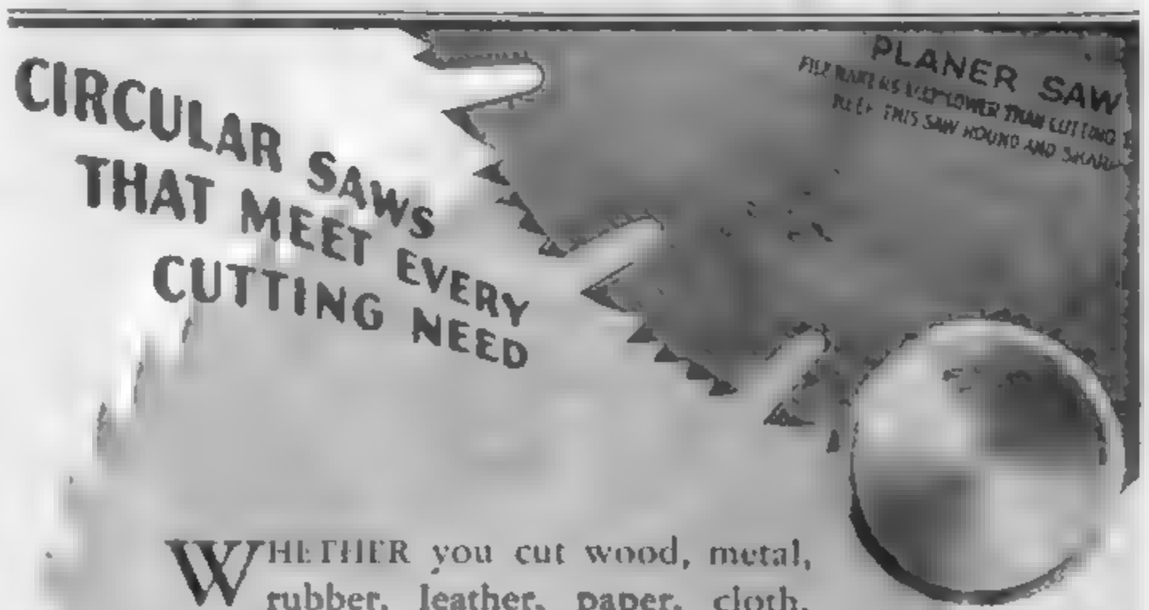

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dryly. "We're going out day after tomorrow."

The young man walked forward, his high-heeled boots ringing on the hard ground. In the darkness you could see the gleam of his fine eyes, the thin, tall, wiry bulk of his body.

"Yes, sir, Dave and me and Lennie started this afternoon. We've got all the tents and camp stuff together, and tomorrow we'll get to the grub."

"Good. I'll check it up when you're through." Sharon hesitated and cleared his throat. "Johnnie, this is the first big dude outfit you've cooked for and I want you to do your best. I've sort of brought you up, my son. There'll be twenty-seven horses and seven people—you, myself, Lennie to wrangle, Dave to guide, and our three dudes. And they're terribly particular dudes. At least, Mr. April is. He's paying a lot of money. You'll remember that, won't you?" He paused once more and his voice, when it resumed, was filled with meaning. "You won't have much time for anything else," he observed. "Besides, don't forget, I'll be watching you always."

He wished that he could convey to Johnnie in some manner, so delicate that the proud sensitiveness of the Far Westerner would not be offended, the primary rule in the etiquette book of the dude wrangler—the rule that you must not flirt too seriously with your lady dudes. Mildly, yes. That often helps to pass pleasantly their time. But seriously, no. And especially not when these lady dudes happen to be engaged to gentleman dudes. This is a technic artists know concerning their models, those in the hotel business know concerning their hotels.

Sharon was particularly fond of Johnnie, and certainly the young man could not help being good-looking and charming. Neither could "my fiancée, Miss Kerr" help being in her early twenties and so, no doubt, often rebellious at the fact that money and youth so seldom go together. Furthermore, the more Sharon thought about it the more he was inclined to hope that in some way or other this engagement between her and April would find itself broken. But he did not want Johnnie to be the cause of the breaking, nor to have the breaking occur on one of the Tumbling H pack trips.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Sharon, I certainly will do my best," said Johnnie earnestly. And Sharon went to bed with the hopeless feeling that so often overtakes the mature male when he reflects that the world is filled with males doing their best, but handicapped by the presence of Miss Kerrs. Also that, but for the grace of God, and so on, there might go the mature male in question himself.

Oh, yes, fair enough. But then the Miss Kerrs were handicapped too. Poor little tramps, they hadn't many ways of making a living. One couldn't blame them too much. It must be difficult to feel under the necessity of marrying for money, and then to look about and see a planet filled with handsome young men like Johnnie Davis.

Sharon was nothing if not broad-minded. Life in various countries, and a great deal of it on ranches of one kind or another, had taught him a fairly universal sympathy.

But he came to the conclusion, after the pack trip had been on the trail for a couple of days, that April was either curiously blind or else deliberately self-blinded. His patience was exhausting to a spectator as interested as Sharon; his undiminishing warm, buzzing solicitude for Miss Kerr's comfort.

This solicitude had, if possible, suffered an increase when the trip was being planned, and it had risen to an apex just before it started. In good-humored desperation Sharon had finally taken twice as many blankets as were needed, twice as many supposed comforts of varying degrees of uselessness, and an unheard-of quantity and variety of food. The moment camp was reached, April would work for an hour or two helping to arrange Miss Kerr's tent, her bed, her belongings. For the most part he was in the way and the cause of considerable secret vexation.

Miss Kerr received these attentions with her usual calm, save for an occasional gentle protestation. She rewarded them in no obvious fashion; Sharon wondered how she rewarded them at all.

During the long, sleepy days in the saddle, followed by the cold clear nights that turned again into long sleepy days, Miss Kerr, although clearly she was making a heroic effort to maintain her position and was aware at times of the disapproving glances of her mother, none the less sought out, whenever she could do so without attracting too much attention, the company of Johnnie. On the trail her horse had a way of lagging behind until it was abreast of, or just behind, the horse of Johnnie, whose duty it was to drive the pack string forward; around the camp fire, after somewhat transparent attempts to placate and entertain April, in one way or another, after Johnnie had finished washing his dishes, he and "my fiancée, Miss Kerr" would be found sitting next to each other.

Sharon studied the circle of faces in the small circumference of illumination made by the flames—the round, kindly, undisclosing face of April; the shining, golden good looks of Johnnie; the near-loveliness of the Kerr girl; the immobile face of her mother; the lean, eaglelike thinness of Lennie, the horse wrangler; the wise, lined face of Dave Runion, former "nurse" and now happy once more in the difficult and dignified undertakings of a guide. Perhaps April was a shade more silent than usual. But this silence might be the result of fatigue. In going on a pack trip these people were doing something they had never done before. Sharon had been very careful of them—he had kept each day's journey down to twelve or, at the outside, fifteen miles.

On the fifth day they came, just before dusk, to Sabre Lake, where Sharon had planned a lay-over of almost a week. He intended to occupy himself mostly with teaching April to fish. Fly fishing is an antidote for many of the inevitable ills that befall a mature man. Sharon foresaw more than the normal amount of these ills as part of the approaching marriage of April and Miss Kerr.

In the late afternoon the long pack string, Runion in the lead, twisted its way over a small pine-clad divide and dropped down into a shallow draw that led to the green shores half a mile away. The lake, curved like a scimitar, two inlets at one end forming the hilt, lay shimmering in the placid light of approaching sunset—pure gold as yet untouched with color. The hills on the other side were dark with forest, radiating, as forests do, that sense of quiet expectancy with which massed trees meet the more dramatic changes of the day or night. Very slowly rose color began to overlay the gold.

Back of the divide the pack string was descending the sun changed to a huge orange ball.

"What's that?" said April suddenly, pointing to the lake.

Sharon's trained eyes had picked up the two white flecks far out in the waters long before, and he had suddenly remembered what the forest ranger had told him. Runion, in the lead, looked back and grinned, and raised his arm.

"Swan!" he called in the woodsman's voice that has great carrying power and yet disturbs but little the silence.

"Yes, I know," Sharon called in answer. "They're swan," he told April—"wild swan. I heard they were here. They're the loveliest and queerest birds there are."

"Why so queer?"

"Well, you watch them. You'll find out. I've played with them before. And they never ——" He stopped himself in time. He didn't know this round little man riding beside him with sufficient intimacy to say quite that. At least not now, when his own realization of what he had been on the point of disclosing would make the disclosure apparently so pointed.

(Continued on Page 125)

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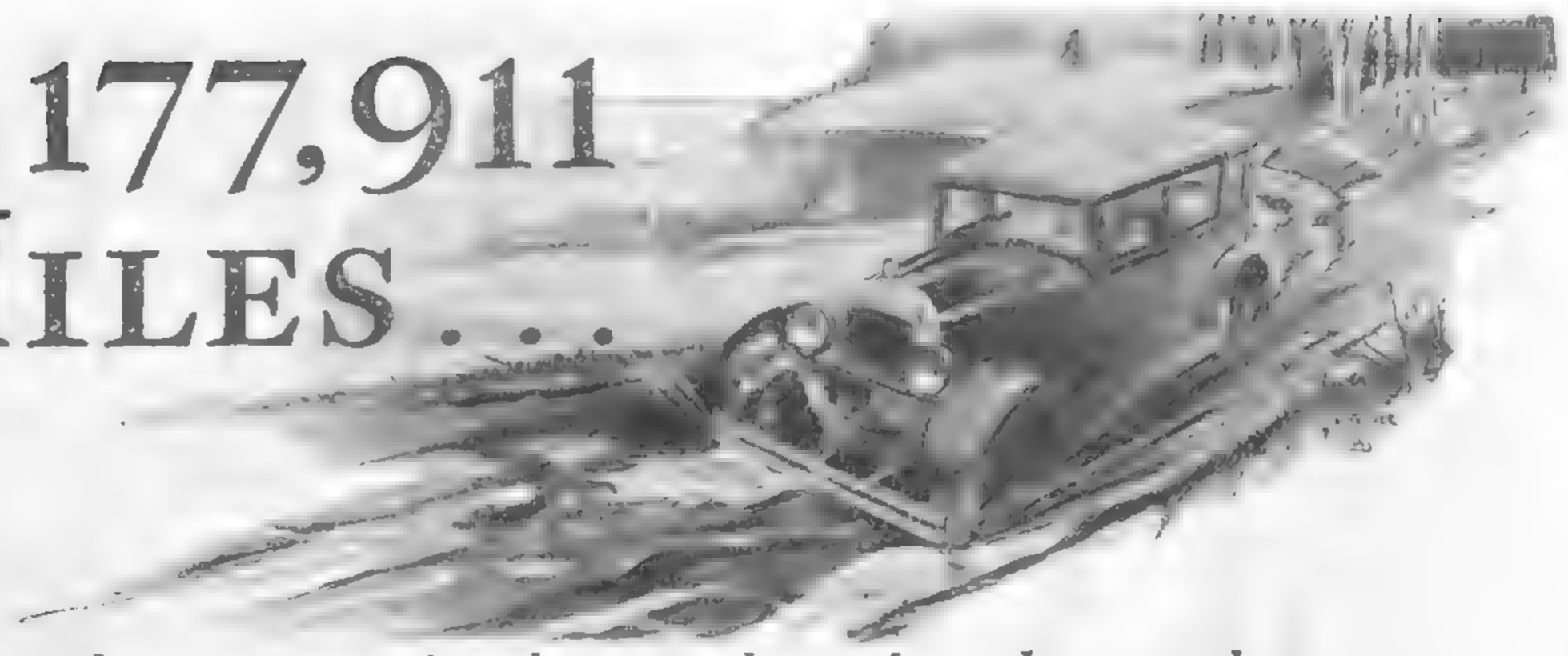

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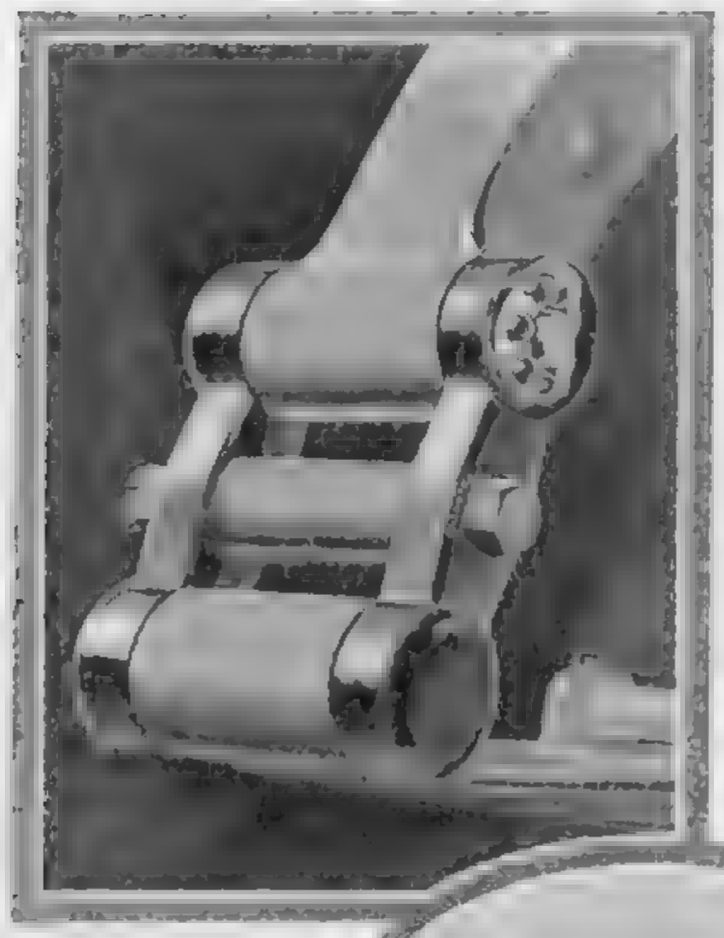

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(Continued from Page 122)

April grinned. "Why, you're blushing, Sharon. What are you blushing for?"

Sharon raised cold and skeptical eyes. "I? Blushing? I haven't blushed for twenty years. That's the reflection from the sun."

He stopped his horse on a point of pines that ran out into the lake.

"How about this, Dave?" he called. "There's plenty of good feed just beyond."

Runion raised himself in his saddle, studied the situation, and then, with a rustling of chaps and clinking of spurs, climbed to the ground. Immobile, unmoved by heat, dust or the prospect of rest, Mrs. Kerr followed him. Always and without question she did what Runion did.

"When we've made camp," Sharon said to April, "I'll show you something."

A round moon came up over the hills to the east. The lake turned to silver. The tepees and the tents were magic toadstools in the cold light. The moving orange of the fire, where Johnnie was bending over his pans and kettles, spread itself, a shaken, flame-tinged shawl, before the darkness of the trees. In the meadow beyond, the bells of the horses tinkled.

Sharon put down his coffee cup. "Now watch," he said, and pointed to the lake. "See; they come in to hear the bells. They always do that. I've studied them often. They like sound—melodious sound especially, I think."

Just beyond the point of pines, ethereal in the moonlight, two white shapes floated. Apparently they made no movement, and yet they drifted slowly, as an almost imperceptible wind drifts.

"Once," said Sharon, getting to his feet and rolling a cigarette, "I spent a whole afternoon on a raft down in Utah singing and whistling to a couple of them. Wherever I went they went too. You'll notice another thing—the male bird never makes a move without consulting the female bird. He turns his head and looks at her. So—like this."

With the unconscious and perfect imitation of the animal world some outdoor men possess, he slowly twisted his neck and peered at an imaginary mate. He was touching and unwittingly humorous. Exceedingly masculine—with the pathetic last-ditch inability of the male to decide. There was nobody there with a sense of humor save the men of the outfit. They grinned appreciatively.

"They're husband and wife?" asked "my fiancée, Miss Kerr" in her flat young voice.

"Yes," said Sharon soberly, "always husband and wife."

Miss Kerr laughed.

"That's the way you've got to be to me, Jimmie," she said.

Sharon permitted himself a rare indulgence.

"Well, I hope he's not any more so than he is now," he remarked, and walked down to the shore of the lake. After a while April joined him. The two men stared at the moonlight.

"What's so queer about them?" asked April.

"Well, don't you think they're queer? What I've already told you? After you've been here a few days you'll agree with me."

"Yes, I know, but —— What is it they never do?"

Sharon stooped, picked up a flat stone and skipped it out into the lake. It jumped like a silver flying fish. The swans turned and regarded this disturbance with disapproval.

"They never remate," he said in a level voice. "That's why they're so queer and why it's so cruel to kill one of them. They won't remate. There're not many animals like that, you know."

"Oh," said April, after a moment's silence.

From the fire the faint sound of Miss Kerr's laughter reached them. The swans raised their heads suddenly and looked at each other. For some reason April frowned.

"Oh," he said again, and walked back to the camp.

Sharon was tired of pack trips. At least, he was tired of all but small and compact pack trips where, with just an extra horse or two, you went into new country alone or in the company of another man equally at home in the hills as yourself. He was tired of these large dude caravans with their strings of horses to be unpacked at night and repacked the next morning, and their varied impedimenta. But he never grew tired of camp itself—the long cool nights in front of the fire; the tarpaulin out under the stars so that you went to sleep with the sense of Orion above you; the quietness of dawn when you stole down to a lake in the mother-of-pearl light and, just before you plunged in for a swim, raised your head at the solitary jump of a trout. He enjoyed that week at Sabre Lake and he took pleasure in teaching April how to fish. He felt that he was giving the little man a new interest in life, keen, swift, absorbing.

Sabre Lake was an odd lake; its bed was a sulphur formation and here and there along the shallow edge were narrow cuts, ten to fifteen feet deep, where great trout lurked in satisfying quantities. Sharon and April would start out in the morning, taking a little lunch with them, and would fish the shore line a distance of five or six miles. This would bring them back to camp just about sundown. "My fiancée, Miss Kerr" had tried one of these expeditions, but had abandoned it a quarter of the way through. She objected to the occasional wading that was necessary, to the frequent underbrush encountered, and fishing bored her anyhow—the patience required in the pursuit, the wriggling of the victim when caught. She preferred to practice with a .22 rifle which Johnnie was teaching her to shoot. Sometimes, when the wind was right, Sharon and April could hear the faint echo of the shots.

"You're developing into an all-round sporting family," observed Sharon. "You fish, your future wife shoots —— Now, if we could get Mrs. Kerr interested in something. . . . They're not striking very well on that Professor. Why don't you try a Royal Coachman?"

Fishing certainly had brought a new interest into April's life. Sharon remembered, with a distinct feeling of achievement, that first expedition during which Miss Kerr had turned back. For a moment April had hesitated between abandoning fishing forever or going on. Then fishing had won—a spiritual victory.

April reeled in his line and changed his flies, and cast once more with astonishing length and ease. From the opposite shore the tapping of the rifle sounded like the distant blows of a hammer in the hands of a lazy carpenter.

Sharon recalled the time, two days before, when he had come upon Miss Kerr shooting at a squirrel. He had watched her for a moment, leaning against a tree and smiling, before she was aware of his presence. He would have interfered sooner had he not been sure that the squirrel was perfectly safe.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he had said. "He's a harmless little fellow. Rifle shooting's fun, but there's no sense killing anything unless you intend to eat it."

To his astonishment she had lost her temper. Something he had never seen in her before had broken through her excellent self-control. Her blue eyes were human, but in no very pleasant manner.

"I wish you'd mind your own business!" she had snapped. "I don't like people like you—you walk too quietly. I wish we were off your old ranch."

For a moment the red had come up into Sharon's cheeks, and then he had laughed.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was perfectly friendly—only, my business or not, don't shoot squirrels where I can see you, or I'll take that rifle from you and throw it in the lake. This is my country, you know."

He had turned and walked away. He had seen another thing in Miss Kerr's eyes, equally astonishing as her outburst of temper—a sudden wavering look of admiration. Now how was a gentle creature like

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April, utterly ignorant of women, to get on with a person like that? Utterly ignorant, as were most American men, of the directness of feminine action and the obliqueness of feminine statement; ignorant of the almost universal feminine yearning to be at moments, and of course metaphorically speaking, spanked. Miss Kerr wouldn't be such a bad girl in the right hands.

The tapping of the rifle ceased.

"Let's move on," suggested Sharon.

Out on the lake in the slanting sunshine of the declining afternoon, the swans floated in gathering iridescence. April followed them with his eyes. April had adopted them as completely as Sharon had. He spoke of them as if they were members of the pack trip. For half an hour at a time he would study them through field glasses borrowed from Sharon.

"They lead a nice life," he commented as he and Sharon made their way along the shore. "Ideal. Nothing to prevent them from getting to know each other. No distractions. They'll be turning in toward camp now to hear the horse bells. Funny the way they do that every dusk."

He paused at another sulphur cut and a great trout rose lazily and struck.

"Got him," breathed April.

"Keep your tip up. . . . So. So. . . . Give him line! . . . So. . . . Give him line!"

Sharon reached out with the net and captured the plump, orchidlike fish.

"That's about enough," he said. "Twelve is plenty. It's getting dark. We'd better be starting home."

They had a shallow inlet stream to cross and then some little hills where stunted pines grew and the moss was white with wild flowers. Beyond that was a ridge of pines between them and the camp. As they tramped up the reverse side of this the tapping of the rifle broke out again.

"She'll be the greatest shot since Annie Oakley if she keeps that up," commented Sharon. "She's getting good. I hope she's not shooting in our direction."

They came to the crest of the ridge and below them were the tents and tepees and the altar of the fire, with Johnnie stooping over it. To the right hand the lake was taking on its bewildering evening colors—rose pink, flame color, tawny, light green near the farther shores. Above the forest on the farther shore was the tip of a snow mountain twenty miles away. It was an immensely silent moment. Sharon, halted by the beauty of it, was staring at the horizon, when suddenly, and in a voice swift as the falling of an ax—a voice Sharon had never heard him use—April called out.

"Hi!" he called. "You! What are you doing?"

"What's wrong?" asked Sharon. He looked toward the edge of the lake. "Oh!" But April, a grotesque, square, leaping and stumbling object in the hush of the evening, had passed him on a run and was halfway down the slope.

By the lake a figure that had been lying prone in the grass got to its feet and faced about.

Sharon started to run too. "Look out!" he called. "Don't do anything you'd be sorry for!" Then he slowed down and walked forward, a grim little smile on his lips.

April had paused before the waiting figure and with a single swift gesture had plucked a rifle from its hands and thrown it out into the lake. It turned butt over muzzle and struck the water far out with a galumphing sound. Beyond the farthest ripples of the rings it made, the swans, completely dignified, unhurried, but with unvarying speed, were putting themselves at a safe distance from this vexatious scene.

By the fire Johnnie, idle for a moment, was watching, his hands on his hips. Over in the trees, oblivious of what was going on, Mrs. Kerr, Runion and the horse wrangler were shaking out blankets and arranging the beds for the night.

As Sharon passed the fire he spoke out of the corner of his mouth: "How did you happen to let this come up, Johnnie?"

Johnnie looked hurt. "I didn't know she was shooting at them, Mr. Sharon."

"Oh." Sharon paused beside April and Miss Kerr.

She met this interruption with a fierce sideways glance and then transfixed April again with her angry eyes. Their faces were close together; hers white and furious, his unrevealing. But Sharon noticed that he was breathing very fast.

"You rotten little fool," she said. "Do you think I'll stand for this sort of thing? Who do you ——"

April's eyelids flickered. "Hush," he cut her short. "Don't make a spectacle of yourself."

She stamped her foot. "I wasn't trying to hit your stupid old swans," she said. "It was the only place I could shoot. I was only trying to see what would happen if I frightened them. Dave told me not to shoot except out into the lake."

"All right," said April, as if he were tired of the whole incident. "All right. Now you go to your tent and get ready for supper."

She stamped her foot again.

"I won't ——" she began.

"Oh, yes, you will."

For a further instant her eyes held his and then she shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"Very well."

April watched her take a step or two toward the fire.

"We'll go home tomorrow," he announced disinterestedly to her retreating back.

She paused without turning around, as if she was thinking this over. Finally she turned swiftly and laughed.

"That suits me a lot better than you think," she said. "The whole thing suits me a lot better than you think. Lord, how I've suffered!"

"Thank you," said April.

"Don't mention it." She laughed again and spun on her heel and walked off toward the tents.

April remained staring after her for a long second; then he turned to Sharon, the muscles around his plump smooth chin quivering.

"She doesn't even know what she did," he said hopelessly.

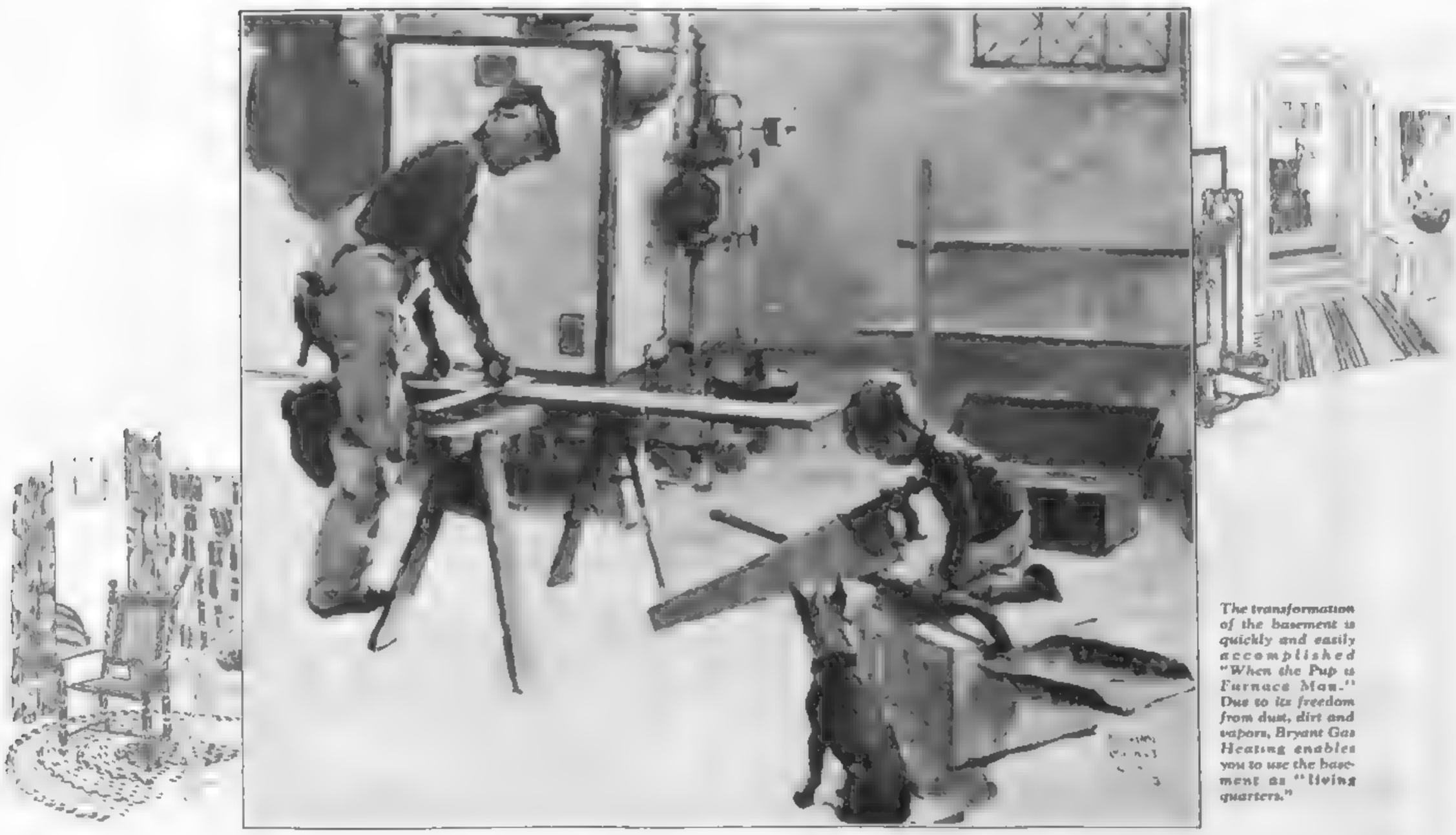
Sharon smiled. "No; but then, she really didn't do it."

"She might have," said April. His voice suddenly cracked. "Why, it's awful—awful when you come to think of it. One of those bullets might have ricocheted. They don't remate."

He twisted his head as if he were shaking reason back into it. His voice lost the faint shrill note it had taken on and he smiled.

"Well, let's wash up for supper—although I'm not very hungry." They started toward the tents. April paused. "How

(Continued on Page 130)



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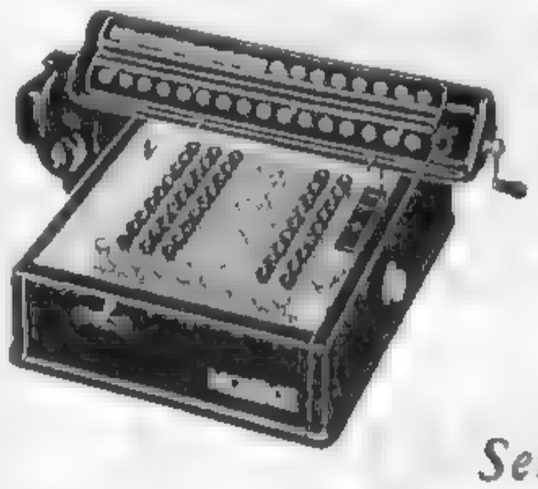

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(Continued from Page 126)

long would it take me to get back to the ranch, Sharon?"

"You mean with the outfit, or just with a single man and a pack horse or so?"

"Just with a single man and a pack horse. It would be a little embarrassing for me to travel with all of you now."

"Yes. Well, if you make an early start tomorrow, you'll be back at the ranch in a couple of days. I'll send Dave in with you and bring this outfit along myself."

April reflected

"I won't be there when you get back, Sharon." He hesitated. "I'm awfully fond of you, Sharon. I'll see you again sometime—maybe next summer. And of course you'll send me in a bill for all the unexpired time on this trip and at the ranch. We were going to stay into September. Make Mrs. Kerr and Miss Kerr comfortable."

"They won't stay," said Sharon.

"No, I don't believe they will. This is hard on me, Sharon. I don't like to reverse decisions, especially one as important as this. I feel like a fool. I've been thinking about it for a long while, however. Yes, quite a long while. Do you think Gladys Miss Kerr—will feel very badly? I'll have a talk with her this evening. I'll make everything all right of course. I'll give her enough money to make her comfortable all the rest of her life."

Sharon was very grave, although inside of him was a desire to chuckle—not flippantly, however. He put his hand again on April's shoulder.

"Let me get this straight," he said. "You're going to Nevada—to try to make it up with Mrs. April? Is that right? . . . Good. Well, don't worry. I believe Miss Kerr will recover. And now that we've broken through the ice, as it were, I'll have three or four days to talk things over with her on the way back. I believe, now she's independent, she'll look at the world differently. She's not a bad girl."

"No, she's not a bad girl. . . . Well, see you later."

Sharon watched the short, square figure of April pass the fire and melt into the shadows. Then he turned and walked back to the edge of the lake and stared at the swans, distant white specks, almost invisible in the fantastic glory of the fading sunset.

By this time they would have recovered their impeccable calm. The male, ruffled by the slings of outrageous fortune, would have been reassured by the steady, small-eyed gaze of his mate.

Sharon chuckled—this time openly. "Now that," he said to himself, "is an interesting idea and not in the least exaggerated—now that we know so much of the unconscious workings of the human mind No, it's not exaggerated at all. I doubt if that was merely brutal carelessness, or casualness, or perversity on that girl's part. I believe she couldn't help herself, although she was totally unconscious of her motives. They fascinated her, those swans, just as they did April, only in an opposite way. She couldn't help shooting in their direction. Poor little devil. Goldfish and swans have different ideas of life."

He sat down on the heel of his left boot and rolled a cigarette.

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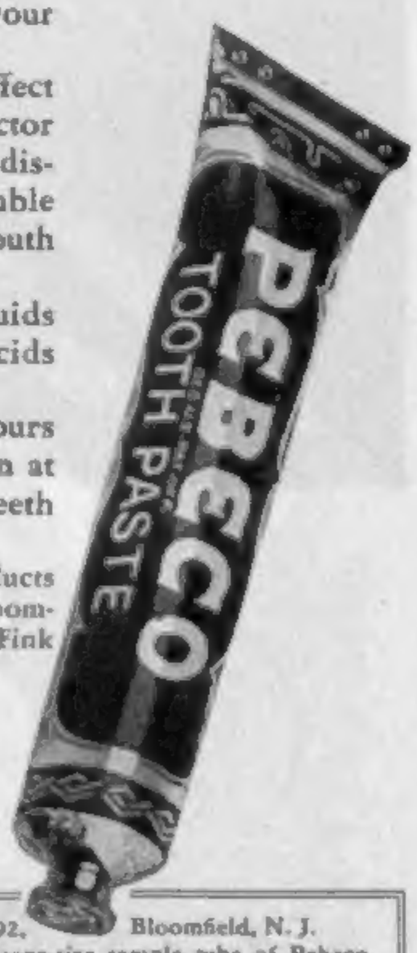
Use it tomorrow morning. Notice how for hours your mouth tastes clean and wholesome. Then at night give Pebeco a chance to protect your teeth while you sleep.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



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Send coupon today for generous tube.

Keeps the mouth young . .

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-92, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

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Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER JULY, 1929)

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Confections for Town & Country

Johnston's
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GLORIOUS summer weekends . . . charming hospitality . . . pleasant memories . . . The amenities of social custom dictate some thoughtful little gift to bring one's hostess . . . What more delightful selection than confections *for* Town and Country . . . a summer assortment for just such occasions . . . One dollar the pound . . . At the special Johnston agency nearby

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Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

The Lifetime® pen has become an American classic

A magnificent leadership in the pen field has come to the Lifetime because of its downright merit. It was the first pen of colorful beauty, first in supreme mechanical nicety, first in high dependability. Its iridium nib easily makes three clear carbon copies of your personal letters and memoranda. Instant response to lightest touch makes it the ideal pen for the Palmer handwriting system. And its non-corrosive alloys, costly gold and brilliant radite build it to endure for a lifetime, guaranteed free of all repair charges. Ask any Sheaffer dealer to show you how mechanically nice the Lifetime pen is made.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25. Others lower
De Luxe "Lifetime" pen, $10, pencil, $5

At better stores everywhere

Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Set, $11

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Use Old Dutch and guard your utensils with

Healthful Cleanliness

an important rule in good cooking

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

So safe is Old Dutch Cleanser that you may confidently use it to clean your colored cooking utensils as well as those of aluminum, white enamel, glass and earthenware. A clean, sweet, wholesome utensil is the first essential in good cooking. Use Old Dutch and keep your utensils healthfully clean. You will be delighted with their bright sparkling appearance, for Old Dutch preserves their beauty—keeps them looking like new.

Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness because it removes the invisible impurities, as well as grease and tenacious food particles. Clean the percolator, tea and coffee pot regularly with Old Dutch; it removes stains and keeps utensils wholesomely clean. This assures a more delicious beverage.

Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character. There is nothing else like it. To the eye a fine powder, through the microscope you see thousands of flaky, flat-shaped particles.

This drawing of a highly magnified particle shows how they work. A clean sweep without marring. This explains why Old Dutch preserves the beauty of fine surfaces. These particles possess a natural detergent quality and by a process similar to "adsorption" take up and carry away the invisible and often dangerous impurities, assuring *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch contains no harsh, scratchy grit. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit scratches and mars surfaces. Scratches are catch-alls for dirt and impurities. Avoid harsh, scratchy grit.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch
—doesn't harm the hands

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